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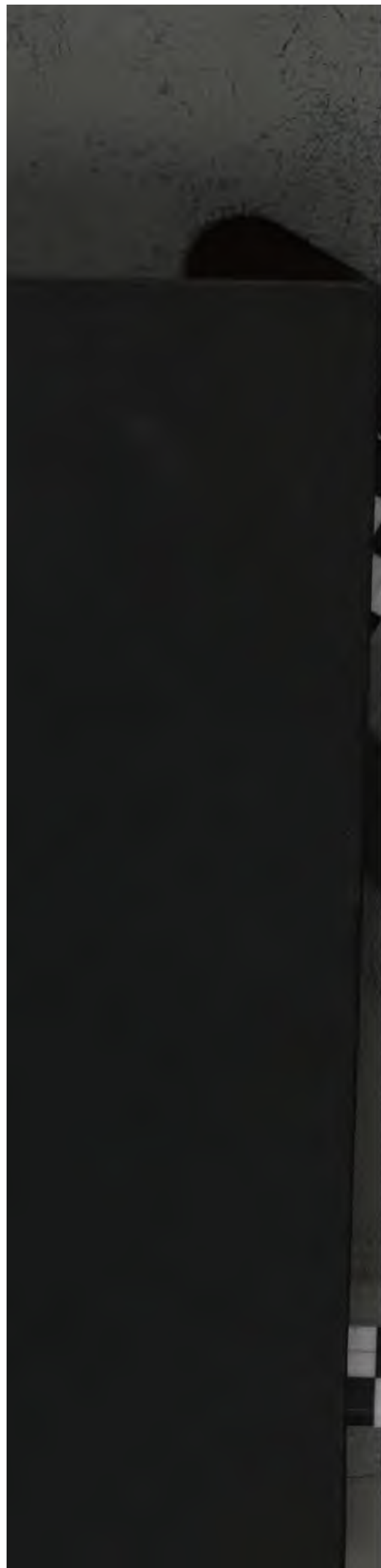
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DOMINICANA

A MAGAZINE

OF

Catholic Literature

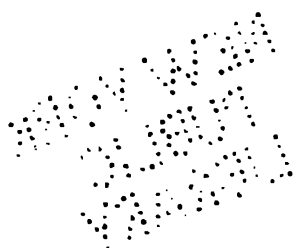
VOLUME IV.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE

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DOMINICANA

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DOMINICANA

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1903.

No. 1

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SISTER M. GERTRUDE, O. P.

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
And the Christmas hymns are winging
Softly through the wintry air.
Every heart with love is bending,
O'er the Saviour Child, descending
All our cares and griefs to share.
Angel choirs, in rapt devotion,
Earth's lone exiles, with emotion,
O'er life's dark and stormy ocean,
Calming all its restless motion,
Hail the Star that ne'er grows dim.
May its glories
Linger o'er us,
While thus we chant our glorious Christ-
mas hymn.

Hark! the glorious anthems, swelling
O'er the lowly Eastern dwelling,
Through the far-off ages rise,
Dear and blessed tidings bringing
Of our home beyond the skies.
Childhood's heart looks up to meet it,
Sending forth glad songs to greet it;
And when youth's bright hours have
faded,
And its radiant peace is shaded,
And the light of earth grows dim,
May those voices
Still rejoice us,
Whene'er we chant our glorious Christ-
mas hymn.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER, M. D.

O happy morn! so bright and fair,
With jeweled star-gleams in thy
crown!
Come, send thy angel blessings down;
For, hearts are weary and their prayer
Expectant, glad, steals everywhere!

O happy morn! the star so bright,
That lingers in thy love-embrace,
Is smiling on the earth's sad face
Wrapped in darkness, black as night,
With blinded eyes, that long for Light.

O happy morn! a wise man, gray,
Is kneeling at your dewy feet;
A watchword, low, he doth repeat
And, there, he waits the Light of day,
While kneels the shepherd-star to pray.

O happy morn! in bated breath,
All nature waits, with throbbing heart,
Thy joyous Dawn, that will impart
The promised Hope, that Love bringeth
To light the fields of Sin and Death.

O happy morn! See, now appears
The Light to bless a course, well run—
'Tis Christ! the new-born King—the
Sun
That lights the rocks of human fears
And dries, O world, thy sinful tears.

THE FRENCH REALISTIC AND NATURALISTIC ROMANCE.

THE DE GONCOURTS—ALPHONSE DAUDET.

II.

JOHN A. MOONEY, LL. D.

After one day's illness, in the house of Alphonse Daudet at Champrosay, Edmond de Goncourt died on the sixteenth of July, 1896. About the immediate condition of his liver, he had informed a yearning public year after year; it was a troublesome liver, whose abnormal vagaries were not symptomatic of an uninterrupted Lenten diet. Indisposed suddenly, he ventured to diagnose the usual hepatic disorder; but the physicians found a congestion of the lungs. Death, as he relates in his diary, was a topic at every convivial gathering of his associates; gatherings that were not infrequent. His own exit from the world, Edmond had forecast—stretched on the artistic eighteenth century bed in his famed Parisian home, amid the Eastern tapestries and carpets, violet toned, sulphur toned, crimsoned; amid the loved, though unlovable, Kakemonos of the cunning Japanese limners, Gankou, Ounki and Yukinobu, the uniquely bound and illustrated editions of his own sweetly perfumed books, the interesting portraits of the romancists who, permitted by some invisible power to live in his day and to sit at a restaurant table with him, had been honored as only the superlatively great should be—portraits, too, of the Master himself; amid the ivories and bronzes and embroideries and women's gowns. In this private museum of costly trifles, Edmond de Goncourt expected, hoped, to lie stark. He imagined perhaps that, dead, he could still be vain of the toys. Death, however, is an implacable anarchist. His own time, his own place, he chooses for his baleful work. An upper room in Daudet's country house he singled out for De Goncourt's ending, on the eve of a grand dinner at which he was to

have been one of two dozen chatty guests.

Daudet and himself had been friends for a quarter of a century. At Champrosay or in the Paris apartment, the family welcomed Edmond at all times. A sufferer during the greater part of his life, Daudet had been for years as helpless as a man afflicted with locomotor ataxia must be; nevertheless he tried to be, and he was, a light-hearted companion, and of such a companion the moody Master of Zola felt the need as he aged among the bronze crabs and turtles, the Dresden and egg-shell china, the varicolored lacquers, the painted tigers and dogs and monkeys that environed him in the home that he called "a microcosm of tasteful things, of elect things."

Daudet's earlier experiences were more romantic than De Goncourt's, but much less agreeable. An impractical father so mismanaged affairs that the old home had to be abandoned while Alphonse was yet a child. Miserably poor, mother and children wandered here and there, while the father tried to find some place in which he could be more incompetent than he had been yesterday or a week before. A good mother, passive, solicitous but faint-hearted, could not, under the circumstances, train her little son with intelligent and befitting care. However, he was admitted into a provincial college, where he received a fairly good classical education. Unformed, a mere youth, he had to seek a livelihood, somehow, anyhow. For a time he was an assistant tutor and monitor in a boys' academy. Sensitive, half blind, delicate in health, he was wholly unfitted to manage the burly, mischievous fellows committed to his charge. A ravenous reader from

childhood, he was now impelled to write literary exercises, rather because writing helped to shorten the dull hours in a cheerless room than because of any ambition to be a *littérateur*. When no more genial diversion wooed him, Alphonse made verses. Rehearing them to himself, he could not help dreaming that, perhaps, one day he might turn off a poem, shaped and smoothed at leisure, perfect of its kind, and worthy of renown as a classic. When weary, mortified, resentful, he forsook the wicked schoolboys and migrated to Paris, a desire for creature comforts, and a portfolio of poems, were his whole capital.

Moneyless and therefore hungry when he was not starving; rambling day or night through the inhospitable streets; reading in popular libraries; comforting himself in cheap cafés, writing in a mean garret poems that rarely charmed a munificent publisher; amusing himself with the eccentric and unpolished, though not unspotted companions that poverty thrust upon him, young Alphonse passed many uncomfortable days and nights. Fortune at length placed him in the way of the notorious Duke de Morny, the natural brother of Napoleon III. De Morny engaged him as a literary secretary, an acceptable sinecure whose most exacting requirement was, probably, the stringing together of frippery verses, which, not unaided, the Duke set to music.

The association with De Morny—who, by the way, was a kindly patron—permitted the youthful southerner to familiarize himself with the chief personages of the imperial court, to hear all the scandals current among the attachés of His Grace, and to observe the manners, morals, *manœuvres* of a crafty politician who was no more scrupulous, though he was more bold, than the Emperor. A secretaryship under such a patron could not elevate the mind or ennoble the ideas of a weak-willed, volatile young man, who had been, unfortunately, deprived of wise paternal guidance, and who, temperamentally fervid, impressionable, superficial, heedless, had never enjoyed

the advantages of a sound, a learned training in religion, philosophy or morals.

At the age of thirty-five, so little had Daudet's literary adventures profited him, that he thought seriously of accepting a clerkship in a library, with a salary of six hundred dollars a year. His annual income, fifteen years later, was close on twenty-five thousand dollars. Of the writers we have mentioned, Daudet had the most natural style, the most pleasing style. A delicate wit, prettily malicious; an unrestrained, though a gentle, humor, were gifts conferred on him and denied to the others. In his first trifling book, a book suggested by the sombre experiences of his own early life, he displayed these gifts. Unambitious originally, if we except the childish longing to write a poem that would live in the pages of French literature, success pushed him well along on the road of notoriety followed by his fellows in the trade of romance-making. The ambition born of success was not lessened by his marriage to a Parisian woman of a good family; a woman who proved to be a devoted wife and mother. Madame Daudet wrote daintily herself; fancifully and after a fashion quite feminine in its affectation. She was her husband's daily critic, literary assistant, and, too seldom, his guide. She induced him to be studious of words and helped him to be nice in the description of the natural beauties his nearsighted eyes could see but imperfectly. Had her influence been the only one to which he submitted himself, it is not unlikely that more than one of his books would have remained unwritten.

Desirous of condemning the inexcusable faults of the volumes we shall not name, one could say no worse of them than the artistic naturalist, Edmond de Goncourt, said in his diary, as far back as 1883, by way of praise. Between the puffs of smoke from a pipe, Alphonse disclosed to Edmond the plot of a romance he was busy contriving. "The thing"—and here De Goncourt offers us a fair sample of his bizarre style—"seemed well arranged and

well *architected*. In Daudet's improvisation, spoken and acted, of his work, I am struck by one thing that gives me pleasure: his observation is about to rise to great, to severe, to *brutal* observation." And then, lest we should have any doubt as to what he means by "brutal observation," De Goncourt adds that in Daudet's coming book there will be one scene "of the most *ferocious* beauty." Finally he announces, with the patronizing air of a Master, that "*his little Daudet is growing tall, growing tall, growing tall.*"

We shall not affirm that Alphonse Daudet sank down to brutality or ferocity; but it is a duty to denounce the unseemly subjects he chose for several of his romances, and the concessions he made to the indecencies of that "naturalism" so disgustingly practised and vaunted by Flaubert and by the brothers De Goncourt. Like Flaubert, however, like the De Goncourts, Daudet had neither imbibed nor acquired sound philosophical, ethical, or religious principles. Well satisfied with his own crude opinions upon all subjects, he contradicted one day what he maintained another day. To his son, Leon, he once said admirably that a writer should have respect for the reader, the writer being morally responsible for souls. As he may corrupt a reader, the writer becomes culpable if he abuses his talent; if he destroys nobility of soul; if, contrary to the dictates of an honest conscience, he descends from the high to the low. And yet, after Alphonse had disported himself on the banks of the fetid pool of naturalism, he addressed the same son in these words: "We"—and by "we" Daudet clearly states that he means Flaubert and his continuators: Zola, the Goncourts and himself—"claimed the right to speak of everything, to handle all subjects, to take our characters and our pictures in any and every class." Here we find him defending the unconscious and the immoral, while there he preached conscience and morality. From a character so uncertain, so illogical, little care for souls, for nobility, for the lofty, could be expected.

Though more agreeable in style, and less nauseating at his worst, than any one of the three with whom he insisted upon allying his name, Alphonse Daudet was far from being a great romancer. His pretty wit, his expansive humor, his gayety, his lightness of touch, his fantastic imagination, fitted him for sprightly subjects, sketchy, small, picturesque. Always a true Southerner, emotional, ready to cry or to laugh, garrulous, a bit boastful, convivial, generous, fond of life and the sensual pleasure of life, Daudet had only to miniature himself in order to interest one in the very human folk of the land that he loved—his country—the land of Provence. To whose heartiness and poetical unworldliness and sincerity he returned joyously as often as he could. In *Tartarin de Tarascon* he created a character that every Frenchman welcomed as original; original because of its untruthful reality. Daudet wittily said that every Frenchman was a *Tartarin* sometimes; one might say that Daudet himself was always a *Tartarin*, more or less repressed. By his word-etchings—as Master de Goncourt should say—of this laughably whimsical, Quixotic hero, and the "*Lettres de Mon Moulin*" or "*Contes de Mon Moulin*," Alphonse Daudet will be remembered long after his discreditable adventures into the morass of "naturalism" have been forgotten. In the art of composing a long story, he was more expert than either Flaubert or De Goncourt, though his art was imperfect enough; but in a short story, and especially when the subject was emotional or sentimental, or when a delicate irony mingled with tears and laughter seemed to be nature's own expression, he was the superior of the men we have mentioned and of others we shall not mention.

Of Daudet's intellectual powers and aims; of his philosophical and religious ideals, a judicious estimate might be formed from an article he published just a month after De Goncourt's death; an article in which he described the progress of his friend's fatal illness, the scenes in the sick room, and the deathbed parting.

Though the editor of the Paris "Figaro" pretended that he discovered in this article "some of the most moving and beautiful pages ever written by Alphonse Daudet," a critical reader could see no more than an ordinary bit of journalism, innocently advertising Daudet, and valuable especially because of its unstudied portrayal of the writer by himself.

Selecting details from Daudet's article, we shall now and then quote his own words. After the physician had announced that De Goncourt's ailment was a congestion of the lungs, a vigorous treatment was adopted. Long as they had known Edmond, the Daudets were acquainted with no member of his family. However, telegrams were sent to those of whom he had been heard to speak. An assistant physician was summoned; he was to remain all night with the patient. No fears of a sudden death did physician or friends entertain. What happened Daudet himself shall tell.

"The little bell of Champrosay had rung the twelve strokes of midnight. Every one in the house is asleep, except the doctor on guard and myself. Like Macbeth, I have killed sleep for years back, and every evening I take a potion of chloral. To-night I wait awhile before drinking it, not because I have any evil presentiment, but the sound of the doctor's footsteps overhead arrests my attention; I follow him, I see him approach the bed, lean over the sick man, return to the lounge on which he stretches himself, only to quit it hastily. What's wrong? Nothing at all. yes, something. Someone is descending the stairway. Oh! the anguish of that nearing, stealthy step. There's a knock at the door and a low voice: 'The doctor begs Madame to come upstairs at once.' Lower still the voice whispers: 'Let Monsieur come also; M. de Goncourt is much worse.'"

"What mysterious nervous force set me on my feet, dressed me in a minute, carried me right up to the top of that stairs whose ascent is customarily impossible for me? The room door is open, and in the corridor the sound of a horrible, deep

breathing reaches me. Can it be possible? Is it he that I hear? It was he. There was a rattle in his throat; his features were motionless, his face was swollen, his beautiful white hair, like moistened silk, was scattered over the pillow. Momentary distraction and terror. I question the doctor: What happened? Nothing. Suddenly the pulse rose, the fever increased, the face grew inflamed. The end is coming. To satisfy us, the doctor tries an injection of ether. No; further treatment is useless, almost profane; the agony is upon him. Around us, in his room, where ordinarily everything is so proper, so nicely disposed, the disorder of death is already apparent. The doctor who, involuntarily, speaks in a loud voice, these open drawers, these vials, these cups upon the table where the leaves covered with his even handwriting are still spread....And always the deep breathing, interrupted now, then renewed, but each time shorter and more distant, as this noble mind, this soul of light, sank into the night. My wife prays and weeps, on her knees at the foot of the bed; I, *who know no prayers*, I took his hand in mine—fire and water that poor hand was—and leaning over him, my tears mingling with his death-sweat, I spoke to him softly: 'Goncourt, my friend, it is I. Here I am, close by you.' Whether he could understand me, I do not know; I imagined so for a moment; especially when his breathing halted and his handsome face when the heavy eyelids seemed to hear what I said to him of his brother, his brother Jules, whom he loved above everything. Suddenly his hand, whose fever had lessened within a minute, his hand was withdrawn from mine hurriedly, almost roughly. The agony, it seems, has these spasmodic movements. As for me, it was like the hurried departure of a friend who is pressed for time and who brusquely tears himself away from your adieus. Ah! Goncourt, loyal and faithful companion."

Poor Goncourt! Poor Daudet! we exclaim. Sad as this death-scene was, the story might have been more mournful

still had Goncourt been stricken at home in the prized eighteenth century bed. Not one of the Chinese or Japanese idols, not one of the painted favorites of kings, in the Parisian museum, could have said a prayer for the departing soul. Did a generous Providence permit De Goncourt to breathe the final stertorous breath at Champrosay, so that a Catholic mother, kneeling and weeping, might pray the good God, whom he had so long neglected, to have pity and mercy on him! Could words be more distressful than Daudet's own: "I, who know no prayers!" His mother was a pious woman. As a boy he had served the altar, and during his youth, so his son relates, his piety was "excessive." From poverty he has risen to wealth, his name is known the world over, and yet, during the agony of his loyal and faithful companion he is poorer spiritually than many an outcast; not a single prayer can he command. His mind, soul, heart are empty of even one little word of supplication—the mind, heart, soul of the man who toiled at vain words, year after year, slavishly. Poor Daudet! Poor Goncourt!

From a sentence in his nervous account of his friend's death—the sentence in which he says: "this noble mind, this soul of light, sank into the night"—shall we argue that Alphonse Daudet had no religion and that even his philosophy was as vague as Buddha's own? To answer this question we turn to his son, who writes thus: "Was he absolutely an unbeliever and a sceptic? These are secrets that the conscience guards to the end. He was happy because my mother went to pray at the tomb of his family. He manifested a desire to see us baptized and go to Communion.... I have heard him speak of Christ with a vigorous unction that any preacher would envy.... Nevertheless, when some one pressed him concerning the problems of faith, of the mysteries of miracles, he had answers sharply sceptical, or he was doubtfully silent... I think that he desired to have the Catholic faith, that atheism and materialism were absolutely odious to him, but that

his potent and sweet love of life for life's sake, of justice without recompense and of pity that ignores itself, replaced in him the narrow conceptions of a future and better organized world." Poor Daudet!

But we interrupted our translation of Daudet's article upon De Goncourt's death; let us continue it for the sake of three of four illustrative sentences: "How long did we watch by the bed of death? What hour was it, the candles lighted, a rosary twined about his beautiful inert hands by his friend, we went below stairs, crushed down by stupor and sorrow? I cannot say. I do know that a little daylight whitened the window-panes, that in a cowardly fashion I flung myself at my chloral and that, falling asleep, I heard my son Lucien, in his room, sobbing softly."

The friend who twined the beads around De Goncourt's cold, damp hands was, of course, Alphonse Daudet's wife. In the catalogue of the artistic possessions of the Master of Zola, we have found no mention of a rosary. At Champrosay they were richer than he; and dead, his hands held a treasure more valuable than any that, alive, the same hands were wont to touch with delight. Owning and using a cheap pair of beads, Edmond de Goncourt would have been spared the disgrace of having his name closely allied with one of the foulest monsters—if not the foulest—that ever desecrated the pages of any literature.

And De Goncourt, did he have a religion? Jules Lemaitre wittily said that literature was Edmond's religion. In fact he had several other religions: a religion of bric-a-brac; a religion of potent and sweet love of life, for life's sake, like Daudet; a religion, a worship of the I, of the unique Edmond; finally, a religion, an idolatry, of his dead brother, Jules de Goncourt.

When, in 1851, the two printed their first book, Jules was only nineteen; the other was twenty-nine. Edmond had determined their career; he "architected" the plots of their books, Jules worked up the details. Together they concocted their

peculiar style. The younger brother was the artist; he drew, etched, painted. We imagine that he was lighter, sprightlier than Edmond, and that he had some wit, some humor, and more taste. They lived together, worked together, amused themselves together, cultivated a community of vices as well as of opinions, published all their books under their joint names, and were not unhappily called "the Siamese twins."

With his own mad ambition for money and notoriety the elder brother had enthused the younger, and so hard did he work Jules that, late in life, Edmond began to ask himself whether, perchance, he had not hastened his brother's death. The younger man's illness was much more painful and longer than Edmond's. Was his death more Christian? Listen to Edmond as he writes in his diary twenty-one years after the separation from Jules: "This morning during our walk, Daudet asked me if my brother had been tormented by 'the beyond.' I said no, and that during his illness he had never once made an allusion to this 'beyond,' in his conversations. Then Daudet asked me what were my convictions on the subject, and I answered him that notwithstanding all my desire to meet my brother again, I believed in the complete annihilation of the individual after death, that we were beings of nothingness, ephemera existing a few days longer than those of one single day, and that, if there be a God, the accountability occasioned by a second existence of each one of us was too enormous to impose upon Him. And Daudet said he thought just as I did." Serious as the subject is, with difficulty can one refrain from laughing and laughing again at the logic and metaphysics of these infantile wiseacres, and especially at the ludicrous condescension of the great Edmond, who, rather than permit God to exist, preferred to annihilate himself and Daudet and us, lest by persisting to live in "the beyond," Edmond and Daudet should impose upon their Creator an accountability too enormous for the Infinite to bear!

The influence of Edmond upon his younger brother cannot have been salutary; and one should not be astonished at his asking himself from time to time whether it might be that he had hastened the death of Jules. For nineteen years of his life, the younger brother had been a drudging animal, torturing himself over nouns, adjectives, verbs and phrases, and over the trifling or unclean books that, it was hoped, would bring fame and fortune; associating with dead and living sensualists, repleting his mind with mean vulgarities. The only intellectuality the brothers enjoyed was the intellectuality derivable from ill-balanced, sneering, voluptuous actors, poets, physicians, artists, chemists, journalists, romance writers, overflowing with words and void of principles. Weak nerved, his habits did not serve to lessen a tendency to disease. In January, 1870, his brain gave out. Week by week, one faculty and then another collapsed. Awhile an idiot, awhile violently insane, so repulsive sometimes that Edmond could not bear the sight of him, Jules lingered for six months. When, after terrible sufferings, death freed the body from pain, the elder brother's first words were, "Thank God!"

From this painfully realistic narration, it will be evident that the silence of Jules concerning "the beyond," during the six months of his progressive mania, should be counted neither against him nor for him. More important is Edmond's own statement that, looking on the face of his dead brother, he saw there an expression of moral suffering such as he had never seen on the face of any other dead man—an expression of "heartrending sadness." Whatever the unreflecting views of Jules may have been about "the beyond," his body was carried to the Catholic church; and the elder brother was careful to write down in his diary the following words: "In spite of all the frightful reality my eyes see, my senses touch, the idea of an eternal separation can make no lodgment in my brain. The pitiless 'Never' cannot become a permanent part of my thought."

And Edmond, where and how was he buried? The corpse was transferred from Champrosay to Paris, a good hour's ride. In the De Goncourt museum it lay, surrounded by lighted candles; about the waxen hands the rosary was still entwined. To the church of Antueil, the church of our Lady, the mourners followed the corpse, and from the church to the grave.

Reading the romances of the "natural-

ists," few thought of the tragedies in which the writers would be the victims. If, as a warning to writers and readers, an idealist should venture to tell the truthful, unexpurgated story of their naturalistic lives and deaths, the world will have a work no less realistic than a romance of Flaubert, Zola or Zola's master—a work admonitory, threatening, prophetic. The tragedy of Zola's death was not the first. Will it be the last?

O'er the holy Manger bending,
Where, upon his bed of hay,
Her Celestial Babe was lying
In the dawning Christmas Day,
Stood the Mother fair to see,
Lost in joy and jubilee.

Oh, what glowing exultation
Through her sinless bosom thrilled:
What felicity unbounded
All her soul and being filled,
Gazing on her glorious Son,
Perfect God and Man in One.

Could your mortal eyes have witnessed
That dear Maiden-Mother's bliss,
Fondling now, and now adoring,
Now returning kiss for kiss,
How transported had you been
In the pure and lovely scene.

Oh, the wonder: Angels singing;
Shepherds kneeling round in prayer;
Beasts of burden o'er their Maker
Breathing through the frosty air;
At the stable of an inn
Ransom pledged for human sin.

All the while our great S. Joseph,
Guardian of the Heavenly Bride,
Standing with a heart astonished
At his Holy Spouse's side,
Silent rapt in speechless awe
At the mysteries he saw.

Lovely Mother, Love's own Fountain,
Mother of my Lord and mine,
Intercede for me, I pray thee,
With this lovely Child of thine;
Gain me grace to please him well
All the days that here I dwell.

Let me share in those compassions
Which your tender bosom fill,
For your little gentle Jesus
Born of his own sweetest will;
Born for us in winter sore,
Eden's summer to restore.

Here I live in painful exile,
Banished from my native home;
Here I have my only comfort
In the hope of life to come;
Where below is joy for me,
Save in thy dear Christ and thee?

Let me in your loving worship
Of your Jesus bear a part,
Let me kiss the Life Incarnate,
Let me hold him to my heart,
Who in taking human breath,
Dying comes to conquer death.

Of his mighty Spirit's fullness,
Let me drink with thee my fill;
Let me all his life and being
Into all my veins instill;
Every sense obscured and dim
In the very thought of him.

Now and ever may communion
With the Father's Son and thine
Be my joy and jubilation,
Be my energy divine,
Be my spirit's dance and song
Through my lifetime all along.

In the secret of his presence
May I find my earthly rest,
In his grace my perseverance;
And, oh, be his Vision blest
In another world my bliss,
When I leave the light of this.

From the Latin of Blessed Jacopone da Todi (Thirteenth Century), by Father Edmond Caswall, Oratorian.

BLESSED MARGARET OF HUNGARY, VIRGIN.

In the year 1242, Hungary was governed by a devout king, Bela IV. His territories were overrun by hordes of Tartars, whose sacrileges and cruelties filled the entire kingdom with scenes of bloodshed and violence. In their distress, Bela and his Queen vowed to dedicate their first daughter to the service of God, if He would grant them victory over their enemies. Then, full of trust in the Divine goodness, Bela led his little army against the Tartars, who were utterly defeated and driven from the country. Margaret's birth occurred shortly afterwards, and in consequence of her parents' vow she was taken to the Dominican Convent of Veszprim, when only three years old. Even at that tender age she showed extraordinary signs of devotion. In less than six months she knew the Office of our Lady by heart, merely from hearing the Sisters recite it. She was clothed in the religious habit on her fourth birthday, on which occasion she was shown a crucifix and she asked for some explanation of the sacred symbol. On hearing that it represented Jesus Christ, who shed His blood for us even to the last drop, she immediately covered it with kisses, exclaiming, "Lord, I give and abandon myself to Thee forever." Her parents built a magnificent monastery for her in an island of the Danube, about a mile from Buda, and thither she removed with several other Sisters when she had attained the age of ten. When she was twelve years old, she made her solemn profession in the hands of Blessed Humbert, the General of the Order. Her parents afterwards obtained a Papal dispensation in order to marry her to the King of Bohemia, but this only gave Margaret an opportunity of showing that her religious life was the result of her own free choice, for no prayers or entreaties would induce her to quit the cloister. In order to protect herself from further annoyances of this kind, she was solemnly veiled and consecrated to God according to the rite given in the Roman

Pontifical, in presence of the Archbishop of Strigonia and a number of other prelates. This ceremony took place at the altar of her aunt, S. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Blessed Margaret looked upon herself as the vilest person in the Convent and rendered the most menial services, not only to her Sisters, but even to the servants. It was her delight to wash the dishes, sweep the house, and discharge the lowest domestic duties. She had a tender love for the poor and wept when she had no alms to bestow on them. But it was above all upon her sick Sisters that she poured forth the treasure of her charity, claiming it as her right to render them all the most loathsome and repulsive services which their condition might require.

Her life was one of continual prayer and hard labor and she practised the most austere penance. Her tender love for the Divine Spouse made her hunger after a share in His suffering and humiliations, and she often compelled her companions to scourge her with pitiless severity. Her habit was worn out at the knees and elbows by her genuflections and prostrations. She thirsted for martyrdom; and, on hearing a rumor that the Tartars were about to invade Hungary, she exclaimed: "I pray God that my father's kingdom may be spared so terrible a scourge; nevertheless, if they are to come, I trust that they will come here, that we may receive our crown at their hands." Her love for our Blessed Lady was so great, that, at the mere sound of the name Mary, she would fall upon her knees and bow her head to the dust, to do honor to her whom she delighted in saluting as "The Mother of God and my hope."

Blessed Margaret died at the age of twenty-eight. Almost innumerable miracles have been worked through her intercession. Petitions were repeatedly presented to the Holy See for her beatification, and Pius VII. extended to the Order of S. Dominic the permission to celebrate her festival, which was already kept in many churches.

IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

A TRIP FROM SAN DIEGO TO SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

REV. BONAVENTURE HAMMER, O. F. M.

Returning to San Diego, we take a train on the Southern Pacific Railroad north. For some miles out the road crosses an uncultivated country, then approaches the coast, which it follows for about sixty miles. At times we hurry on close to the beach, where the blue ocean stretches away to the horizon line and the waves come tumbling in on the shore in endless succession. Oceanside, about forty miles from San Diego, is the first station of consequence; a distributing commercial center for a large and fertile farming district. It is also the stopping place for those who wish to visit the old Franciscan Mission of San Luis Rey. This Mission is now the novitiate of the Franciscans in Mexico. The Mexican Government does not permit the reception and education of novices in that country, hence the Fathers established their novitiate in the United States, on the ruins of this Mission. After a four miles' drive through the beautiful valley, we stop before the buildings, now all in ruins, except the church. It is a sad sight. Of the once spacious and grand monastery only a few of the great cloister arches and the front wall of the ancient cemetery remain. The church has been restored as far as the means at hand permitted. A few unpretentious frame buildings serve the Fathers and novices for a dwelling. But the site of San Luis Rey is the grandest and most picturesque of all the old Missions. And how simply and saintly the good Fathers and pious novices live! They have retained all the old Spanish customs and traditions. They rise for midnight choir, which lasts one hour and is followed by a half hour's meditation. At 5 A. M. they rise again for choir, meditation and Mass. Their meals are more than frugal. The day is divided between prayer, study and manual labor. The in-

terior peace dwelling here is reflected in each face and in all the surroundings.

We return to Oceanside, and after boarding the train speed on to San Juan, the last point on the coast, and thence to Capistrano, where the ruins of another old Franciscan Mission stand close to the track. The first attempt at founding this Mission was made October 30, 1775, but owing to a revolt of the Indians at San Diego, it was abandoned until November 1, 1796. The church, which was the finest of all the California Missions, was begun March 31, 1797, and dedicated September 7, 1806. It was built of stone, cement and mortar, and was one hundred and eighty-five feet long, seventy feet wide and fifty-three feet high, with a tower one hundred and twenty feet high at the south end. It was destroyed by an earthquake in 1812. After its rebuilding in the same grand proportions the Mission prospered well, and the country around it came under a high state of cultivation. The town of the present day, which surrounds this venerable ruin, has about five hundred inhabitants, mostly Mexicans, with about twenty-five American families. About Capistrano, and through much of the district on to Los Angeles, there are beautiful orchards of English walnuts. There is also much good grazing land, where herds of fine cattle range over meadows and hills.

We presently reach Santa Ana, in the midst of a fine fruit country devoted to the cultivation of oranges, lemons, olives and walnuts. Here, as in other garden spots of California, the visitor is surprised to see great hedges of calla lilies bordering the streets, shooting their fine broad leaves and golden-centered calices high into the air. The same description applies to Orange, a town two miles farther on. Continuing, we pass the quiet

little town of Anaheim, largely settled by Germans. At one time a colony of distinguished Poles undertook to experiment here in agriculture, but found that even in California fruit-growing could not be made a success without experience and application. Two members of this colony have since won world-wide distinction in other callings than the one that brought them here—Mme. Modjeska as a noted actress, and Henri Sienkiewicz as a famous novelist, best known as the author of "Quo Vadis." Mme. Modjeska still spends some time every year on her beautiful ranch, some seven miles inland from the railroad.

Another hour of travel through a fertile and picturesque region, and we approach Los Angeles. The city, set upon hills and spreading over the adjacent valley, lifts its towers, spires and smokestacks high above us. The charm of Los Angeles lies in its combination of hills and level ground, of massive business blocks, and, but a few squares removed, residences set in the midst of gardens where tropical plants and brilliant flowers thrive all the year round. The city is noted for its extensive park system. The beautiful Sierra Madre Mountains form an imposing background for the grand scenery.

The Dominican Order is represented by a number of Sisters, who conduct the flourishing schools of S. Joseph's Parish and that of the Sacred Heart. Reverend Father Viktor, O. F. M., rector of S. Joseph's, has just completed the erection, at a cost of about \$125,000, of a beautiful new church. It looks imposing, like a cathedral, and is certainly a convincing evidence that pastor and people are working together harmoniously and successfully for the advancement of religion. Near the Church of the Sacred Heart, in the eastern part of the city, the Sisters of S. Dominic are erecting a large and commodious convent and school. On Main Street, near Second, stands the Cathedral, an imposing building in the renaissance style of architecture. In a niche over its main altar are preserved the relics of Saint Vibiana, patroness of the church.

We now come to the oldest church edifice in the city, the church of our Lady Queen of Angels, another landmark of Franciscan missionary zeal. It is located on Main Street, opposite the Plaza, in the immediate neighborhood of the Mexican and Chinese quarters of Los Angeles. From this church the city took its name. Another notable church in the more retired portion of the widespread city is S. Vincent's, on Grand Avenue and Washington Street, served by the Vincentian Fathers, who conduct, in the large and imposing buildings adjoining, a flourishing college for the education of young men.

The growth of Los Angeles has been marvelous. Founded by the Franciscans in 1781, its population in 1880 was eleven thousand; in 1900 the census showed one hundred and two thousand five hundred, and in 1902 it claimed one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Much was added to the city's population and resources, but not to its beauty, by the development during the past few years of a great number of oil wells on some of the hills within the city limits. In this district, about two miles northwest and southeast, derricks are the rule—you may see one standing in a person's front yard, perhaps blocking the door to his house, and others in the back yard. It has, however, become a question whether the oil development has benefited or damaged the city. A few made big fortunes, but the great majority have been losers by it.

That Los Angeles is well on its way to establish its claim to the title of a large and progressive city is evidenced by its excursion service over all the electric car lines which traverse its streets in every direction. Every day at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. an observation car starts from the center of the business district, and proceeding through all parts of the city, covers a distance of about twenty-five miles, the tour occupying about three hours. An entertaining young lecturer points out all the principal places and objects of interest, with explanatory comments on the history and characteristics

of each. The afternoon spent on this excursion was one of the most interesting and pleasant of our trip.

A favorite excursion, one that is scarcely ever missed by the tourist who visits Los Angeles, is the one to Catalina Island. The trip is about fifty miles, twenty four of which are by rail to San Pedro, a small harbor on the California coast. There the passengers take the steamer for the port of Avalon, the only town on the island. As we passed out, the little steamer rolled somewhat, and then plowed the waves unmindful of the emotions of her passengers. Now and then a wave slaps up against the ship's side and throws a shower of salt water on the lower deck, wetting some unwary passenger, to the great merriment of those that escaped. It is only a little romp of the mighty sea, a playful assertion of its power.

In not quite three hours the voyage is accomplished, and we enter the little half-moon bay which forms the harbor of Avalon. Along its main street are stores where curiosities—shells, shell ornaments, Indian baskets and blankets, photographs, etc.—are exhibited for sale. The Hotel Metropole stands out as the most conspicuous structure in the place, while all about are boarding houses, and, during summer, a village of tents where hundreds of tourists live for a month or two in pleasure and ease.

One of the most interesting sights to be seen anywhere is obtained by taking a ride in one of the many glass-bottomed boats that are placed at the visitor's disposal for a small sum. From these boats it is possible to look down into the water to the depth of from fifty to one hundred feet and observe the life on the ocean's bottom as clearly as we look about us on land. How often, in looking over the broad expanse of the sea, we wonder what mysteries are hidden in the deep and imagine the strange creatures that dwell there. Scientists have given us their descriptions, poets their fancies, but what a revelation to see it for ourselves! Rowing over the kelp beds, the observer is suddenly transported into a wonder-world

which surpasses his most fantastic dreams. Great trees loom up out of the gloom and spread their corrugated amber leaves in the sunlight. They wave and sway with the gentle motion of the water, and in and out swim the fish, now darting into the shadow of the kelp, and again flashing in the sun's bright rays. The boat floats over beds of green, red and blue seaweed, and over rocks that are alive with the curious creatures of the deep, spiny sea urchins, sprawling starfish, floating jellyfish, and other strange and interesting sea animals too numerous to mention.

On shore, every mile of the island is of peculiar interest. The lofty cliffs and rocks breasting the ocean in fantastic formations arouse our enthusiasm, and up the ridges that overhang the town climb cottage homes on every side. Near the stage road which leads inland and passes, at the top of the hill the new wireless telegraph station, stands the picturesque little Catholic church keeping guard over the town. The higher we climb, the deeper grows the blue haze about the island that once belonged to Philip III. of Spain, and later became a Spanish grant to some adventurous conqueror. Later, to follow its modern history, it was granted by Mexico to Governor Pio Pico, ceded by him to Nicolas Covarrubias, and was finally purchased by James Lick, who fought the squatters who had established themselves there and defeated them in the courts. He gave it over to herds of sheep and goat. The present owners of the island are the Banning Brothers, and to their enterprise it is due that Avalon has become a favorite summer resort.

In the aquarium close to the shore we saw a display of marine creatures, the like of which we had never imagined to exist—sea anemones, starfishes jelly fishes, sharks, whitefish, large goldfish, swordfishes, etc. The collection is said to rival in its variety and beauty that of Naples, and tourists who have seen both say that it does. It is the first attempt to establish an aquarium in Southern California, and the first time the fishes of the region have been shown alive.

(Conclusion in February.)

THE BIBLE.

REV. JOSEPH O'REILLY.

Long before the appearance of Christ upon earth, long before paper and printing machines were invented, the ancient peoples used to engrave public inscriptions and laws upon stone or some other hard substance. They used to write epistles, essays, books on soft substances made principally from papyrus—bulrush. The Greek word for papyrus is *biblos*—Bible—which word or name was finally given to the Sacred Book to emphasize its superiority over all other books. The inner bark of trees, called in Latin *liber*, was also used to write on; and from this circumstance the word *liber* in course of time came to signify book.

Parchment for writing on came into use about 250 years B. C. On these substances the writing was done by a reed with a fluid like our ink made from charcoal, gum and water. In olden times, leaves made from the papyrus, barks of trees or parchment were not arranged the way leaves of paper are at present. In those olden times, the leaves were sewed one to the bottom of the other, and the end of the last leaf was fastened to a stick around which the whole volume was wound.

You see, then, how the beginning of the Bible was written, and the meaning of the word Bible. The Bible was, and is, regarded as the greatest, most beautiful and profitable book in existence—above and beyond all other books.

The Bible contains the Old and the New Testaments, the inspired word of God. Most of the seventy-two books of which the Bible is composed were written in the Hebrew language. Some of the Bible writers wrote in Chaldaic; some used Greek and others the Latin language; and the books of the Bible were written at different times, places and in various circumstances. It would take a large book to detail the history of the Bible from Gen-

esis to the Apocalypse, the reverential attention paid to its preservation and translations, and the tributes of love and admiration paid to it by the most comprehensive and brilliant minds.

There is great necessity for reading the Bible and studying it with well-educated minds and hearts. When in doubt about any part of it, one should consult those who have made a profound study of it in order to secure the clear, definite meaning.

Since the Reformation, a few hundred years ago, the Bible, the word of God, which up to that time was read, revered and well interpreted, has been abused, misinterpreted and made to account for every ism and absurdity that the weakness of men's minds and the corruption of poor human nature have begotten. This unholy and disastrous state of affairs seems to become daily more acute. Now-a-days, short-haired women, who do not know how to sew on a button, who fail to keep house religiously, economically and well, and long-haired men, who know not enough to have their hair cut, many men and women without a special vocation and education for the interpretation of the Bible, farmer preachers who would be obliged to think a whole day before they could tell you the proper rotation of crops; too many ignorant and unstable in their own calling or occupation—will take upon themselves the task of unreasonably and impertinently interpreting the Bible for others and pushing their opinions upon the unfortunates who listen to them. The meaning of many parts of the good Book is not plain and clear to every mind, ignorant, prejudiced or even well educated; and many wrest it, twist, obscure it, to their own destruction, to the detriment of their own morality and souls, as well as the conduct and immor-

tal souls of others. It sometimes takes a well educated man with many learned authors or commentators at his hand, several days to get a right conception of what a sacred writer meant.

The Bible itself says: "Search the Scriptures;" that is to say, study deeply and exhaustively the Sacred writings. The Greek word for "search" means to dig down, to get to the bottom. Notwithstanding this advice, command or injunction, ignorant impostors, who cannot construct two correct grammatical sentences, who do not know whether Boston is in North, South, East or West America; who cannot say whether Jerusalem is in Judea or Africa; who cannot tell whether the Bible was originally written in Chinese, English, Latin Hebrew or Greek, will, with glib and superficial fluency, expatiate on the mysteries, difficulties, and apparent contradictions of the Bible.

It is sad to see and know how God's word, as well as many of His other gifts, are and have been abused by His own people, His own creatures, accomplishing their own destruction. People cannot un-

derstand the Bible, or the greatest portion of it well, except they become acquainted with the language in which it was written, and the character of the times, places, and peoples referred to in the Book.

Be on your guard against ignorant, puffed-up, self-conceited interpreters of the Bible. Read the Bible, the sacred book, reverently, and frequently; and when you come to unintelligible passages, pass over them until you have time to consult those who are well trained to examine the scope, the age, the Latin and Greek texts, and other considerations which help to arrive at the true meaning of them. Being on your guard against street bible-cranks, farmer bible-cranks, old-women bible cranks, and untrained, unthinking minister cranks; also, reading your Bible with caution and reverence, you will not be exposed to wrest or misinterpret the word of God to your own destruction. On the contrary, the grace of God accompanying your sensible reading may cause you to lead a better life, and bring you to a life of eternal bliss.

OUR LADY OF THE SEA.

(A Legend of Boulogne.)

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

O days of legend-glory,
To dark oblivion flown!
Ye shrined no sweeter story
Than this, of belle Boulogne,
That tells how Love most tender
Led Mary Blest to be
The fair town's true defender,
Its Lady of the Sea.

Once saw the warders—keeping
Their watch from fortress grim—
A boat o'er billows leaping
Unsteered at dawning dim—
While at its prow loomed brightly,
Thy Form O Virgin mild!
In fond clasp holding tightly
Thy Blest, Eternal Child!

From Paynim's profanation
Had fled that Heav'nly Queen
To France, her well-loved nation,
From faithless Palestine.
(With strength supernal gifted,) High on the rocky shore
Behold! the bark is lifted
The breakers safely o'er.

And now, the guards, to heeding
Of others, true and bold,
Left massive gates, and speeding,
Abroad the tidings told.
Full soon, in robes of splendor,
Befitting stately Feast—
All homage meet to render,
Came many a holy priest.

And from the wave-worn batteau,
In consecrated hand
Was borne the wondrous statue
Of lofty height to stand.
That long, in loving pity,
Fond watcher thou should'st be
Of "belle Boulogne's" fair city,
Sweet Lady of the Sea!

DOMINICAN MISSIONARIES.

The lives of some of our early Dominican missionaries in America exhibit an astonishing fidelity to the Constitutions of their Order. In the midst of labors and suffering, which rival those of the Apostles, the precision of their observance is to be found still as exact as in the most regular monastery. Father Dominic Salazar remained on the mission of Spain for forty years, and during that time his observance was so uniform and punctual that it was held as a certain thing that he never even once broke the most trivial ordinance of the Rule. It mattered little what those regulations were and perhaps the obedient clung with more fondness to those of less importance, the observance of which could take their value only from the virtue of obedience.

There was one condition under which dispensations were allowed and enjoined; when the rigorous adherence to the letter might hinder the greater fruit of souls. The Order of Preachers was established for preaching and teaching, and to save souls by communicating to others the fruits of contemplation. "A Friar Preacher," said Blessed Jordan, "has three things to do; to live well, to learn, and to teach." Blessed Humbert in his letter to the Order, in the year 1255, sketches the Apostolic character of its institutions in animating terms. "Rouse yourselves, my brethren," he says, "you who are called by God; and let us consider the example of the Apostles. Were they not men of Galilee, and yet behold them pilgrims and wanderers in every country of the world. But some of you will say, 'we are weak and cannot do like them'; but, I say, woe to us if we would be called Friar Preachers, and not be ready to tread in their steps. What thoughts of repose had our first fathers? Not only those who had grown old in religion, but the very novices whom S. Dominic sent forth. Therefore, let us, who are the chosen and elect of God, give not place in our hearts to

thoughts so low and base, but fixing our eyes on the vocation of our profession, and the rewards of obedience, offer ourselves with joy to every kind of labor for the salvation of souls and the greater glory of God." This spirited call to labor is followed by an earnest exhortation, not to grow remiss in the rigors of the Order. "Let us occupy ourselves," he said, "in continual prayer, performing the Divine Office with diligence and devotion, religious in our silence and peaceful with the whole world. If we turn to the example of those first fathers of whom we speak, we shall see that those men, the most fervent in their Apostolic labors, did not certainly consider a dispensation from the rules, or relaxation of the religious character a necessary condition to enable them to labor for the salvation of souls. We will content ourselves with one extract from Castiglio's History, which may show us in what sense religious obedience was understood by the first missionaries of the Order."

After enumerating the austerities of the rule he goes on in these words: "Nevertheless these disciples did not rest content with these, but strove together with a holy emulation most perfectly to imitate their saintly master. It verily seemed as when after the glorious ascension of our Lord, the Holy Spirit descended on His disciples moving them to go preaching through the world, inflaming them with the love of souls, and strengthening them to endure all sufferings and fatigue; even so, after the death of S. Dominic. He seemed to have obtained from God for his children the grace of the Holy Spirit. So that, burning with its holy flames, they illuminated the world with its light. They had no other thought save that of sacrificing their own wills to God, in such a manner that with them they also suffered their bodies, souls, lives, thoughts and desires, making of them a perfect holocaust, so that they were perfectly consumed for

God's honor. They kept such a guard on their hearts that they gave themselves no time to grow tepid. They made no account of the world; when they did think of it, it was to weep over the sins they had committed in it. They came to the recital of the Divine Office with a joy which made them feel that it was of itself enough to console them in all their hardships.

Their love for the Sacrament of the Altar was such, that at no hour of the day or night was the church ever seen empty. There was always a number of the religious scattered here and there, visiting the Altar or praying in retired corners; some wept, some sighed, others prayed and meditated, all made sweet music to the ear of God. Compline was their favorite hour and the one to which they

looked forward as beginning their night prayers when they would enjoy the sweets of uninterrupted silence and devotion. Then might be heard the sounds of their terrible disciplines; for in those days the blood of S. Dominic was still fresh within them. His scourge, dyed with his own gore, was still to be seen, and to see it was alone enough to animate and yet to humble them. Then, as each one could best arrange, they began their long and profound prayers; some kneeling, some leaning against the wall or standing, others prostrate on the ground. The sound of their sighs and tears filled the church, and moved many a one who witnessed them to weep also with the servants of God. Thus the night passed, and it was time for them to go take a little rest before Matins.

O Life! thy chequered web is hard to scan,
Each tangled thread a new-born mystery;
We ask the Psalmist's question, "What is man?"

How read the sense of our own history?

A mighty force within a puny sphere—
A love that vainly seeks and cannot find—
Quenchless desires never granted here,
A frame of dust linked to immortal mind.

A vast machinery whose ceaseless wheels
Their strength and cunning art at random spend;
The busy brain that plans, the heart that feels,
All incomplete, a tale without an end.

So to the skeptic's eyes the world must seem,
Empty alike its beauty and its pain,
The fitful fancies of a restless dream,
Action and end, all meaningless and vain.

He walks the world, and claims it for his own,
Ruling with royal hand o'er earth and sea,
Solving all problems; this and this alone,
Unskilled to answer why he came to be.

To be— the mystery of mysteries;
To be, and then to cease, and all for naught;

Life and its schemes commenced, the schemer dies—

"Alas! with nothing done!" his dying thought.

Not so the feeblest, most untutored soul
Who in meek faith the church's aisles has trod.

He needs no art to read the open scroll—
"Our life *enigma*, and its answer God."

God First and Last—the Principal and End—

Unsounded Deep from whom all fullness flows,

Towards whom each tiny life must lean and tend,

In whom alone our life completeness knows.

As to the light the flowers unbidden turn,
We feel for God if haply we may find;
Prisoners of Hope, who in their exile yearn

For Home, and all with that dear name entwined.

Vain, incomplete, we own, are all things here;

Our little life too short its aims to span;
In One at length, the only Finisher,
We find the measure of the perfect man.

—Augusta T. Drane, O. P.

THE JEWS—THEIR PROPHETIC BEARING ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

III.

We left our friends, the dispersed of Judea, in our last article, in the possession of Palestine, whither, as we have reason to presume they had been invited by the anti-Christian monarch. They accepted him agreeably to our Saviour's complaining prediction (viz: John, C. 5, 43 v.) as the one, whom they would accept in preference to Him, their true Messiah.

Before proceeding to write out the agency by which their conversion to the Christian religion will be accomplished, we desire to state, not in justification of the unparralleled crime of the crucifixion or Decide of the Messiah, but by way of minimizing their guilt, and for them, somewhat of an extenuation. Whilst it is true their old and principal prophets had predicted the time of their Messiah's coming with his character described, with the command to accept Him: and although they were living at a time when the Scepter of Judea had fallen, as foretold, into strange hands (viz: the Romans), a little antecedent to His coming, and announced by their prophets as a precursor of his advent; and although they had been ocular witnesses of His great and numerous miracles; yet they remained blind and stubborn when He proclaimed himself, the "Son of God." This announcement we can imagine must have been a shock to them, and we can conceive how a people, taught from earliest childhood and accustomed to a strict observance of the great commandments given to Moses from Mt. Sinai must have been astounded. We can well imagine how this announcement of the Divine Messiah, proclaiming himself the Son of God, must have fallen upon the ear of a people accustomed to a monotheistic belief under their strict Mosaic commandment, to adore one God and one only.

A trinity of persons in Godhead was

to them a doctrine hitherto unheard of and in their minds, especially of their Priests, Pharisees and Doctors sounded like blasphemy and meant multiplicity of Gods, which according to their idea of monotheism, would make the chosen people of God no better than surrounding idolatrous nations. To them the command of adoring one only God must be paramount; and not one God in Trinity of person, which they could not understand and to them savored of Polytheism. We can imagine, too, the active display of venom that filled the hearts of their Priests and Rabbis against the Messiah, jealous and envious of his humble and more saintly life. Perhaps, too, had we been of their number, under the circumstances, taught as they had been from their earliest recollections to a religious observance of the Mosaic commandment of believing in, and adoring one only God, might have joined in the cry of "Crucify him."

But to return, more especially to our subject, the agency by which the Almighty will bring about, their conversion to the Christian religion. It may seem startling to the infidel as well as to an unbelieving and mammon-worshipping age, to announce the re-appearance of characters that lived thousands of years ago and have not yet died. We allude to Enoch and Elias as the two, whom the Almighty in his gracious designs, has so far preserved from death as his instruments to bring about the conversion to Christianity of his chosen people. In proof of this fact we will adduce, as vouchers, quotations from the Old and New Testaments. By the mouth of his prophet Malachi, thus speaks God to His people, the Jews: "Behold I will send you Elias the Prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn

the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers; lest I come and strike the earth with Anathema. (Chapters 5 and 6.) It is here clearly announced that after their re-assembling in their own country, Judea, from the four quarters of the globe, as already shown, that the Prophet Elias will not only convert the Jews, but will bring about a reconciliation between them and their Patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who longed to see the day of the Messiah's coming. (See John C. 8, vs. 5 and 6.) Thus a reconciliation will be produced between their fathers, the patriarchs and prophets, and the Israelites, their children. The division and separation since Christ's coming as Messiah, will then be healed. As further proof that Elias is still alive, and reserved for this great work, the conversion of his people, we read in the book of Kings, ch. 2, v. 2, "As they (Elias and Eliseus) went on walking and talking together, behold a fiery chariot and fiery horses parted them both asunder; and Elias went up by a whirlwind into Heaven." It is evident that the Heaven alluded to could not be the Heaven of the Angels, as Christ had not then appeared on earth, and none of the human race could enter therein before the gates should be opened by His death and resurrection. The heaven mentioned in the text must have been the atmosphere; and the transportation, effected by the Almighty power, through the air, to some place to mankind unknown.

We read likewise in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, 48, in verses 4, 9 and 10, a confirmatory account of this ascension and removal of Elias to some place on earth, at present unknown, where he is detained until he enters upon his extraordinary commission, the conversion of his people to Christianity. The text reads: "Who can glory like to thee, Elias? Who was taken up in a whirlwind of fire, in a chariot of fiery horses. Who art registered in the judgment of times, to appease the wrath of the Lord to reconcile the heart of the father to the son and to restore the tribes of Jacob." We see in these verses of Ecclesiasticus a remark-

able similarity to those uttered by Malachi, quoted above, and both refer to a reconciliation between the patriarchs, their fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their children, the Jews. At the time appointed by the Almighty, Elias is here said to be destined to be a mediator in appeasing the wrath of God against the Jews and restore the tribes of Jacob. This restoration, we apprehend, will be the re-ingrafting of this singular people on the true Olive Tree (Christ their Messiah) from which they had been cut off since the crucifixion. For what other construction can be put on S. Paul's language in Romans, Ch. 11, v. 20 to 25? "Because of unbelief," says he, "they were broken off, and if they abide not in unbelief they shall be grafted in; for God is able to graft them in again. For if thou (Gentile) were cut off the wild olive tree, which is natural to thee; and contrary to nature wert grafted into the good olive tree (Christ), how much shall they (the Jews) that are the natural branches be grafted in their own olive tree? For blindness in part has happened in Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in; and so all Israel shall be saved."

Our Saviour, in Matthew 17 and v. 2, confirms both the statement of S. Paul and the Prophets above quoted. For he expressly tells His disciples in that verse "Elias indeed shall come and shall restore all things." It is worthy of remark just here that the Divine Master, in making the announcement of Elias' reappearance, qualifies it with the word "indeed," as if to emphasize the importance of the event. Another and older teacher of extraordinary power will be sent conjointly with Elias to convince the Jews of their Messiah's advent. In Genesis, v. 24, is to be found this sentence: "Enoch walked with God and was seen no more, because God took him." S. Paul gives us the same sentiment, as we read in Romans, ch. 11, v. 5. "By faith Enoch was taken away that he should not see death; and he was not found because God had taken him away." In Ecclesiasticus (44, v. 16), Enoch is likewise referred to. The language used is, "Enoch pleased God and

was translated to Paradise that he might give repentance to the nations." It would seem from this statement that the Paradise alluded to (as it could not be the Paradise of the Angels for the reason just expressed) might be the same from which our first parents were driven after the fall, and where both Enoch and Elias are at present detained. But it is said in the above quotation that the ministry of Enoch is especially assigned to give repentance to the nations. What a venerable preacher! nearly four thousand years old and his co-laborer, Elias, nearly three thousand! In commenting upon this portion of Scripture regarding Enoch and Elias, the venerable consecrator of the first Bishop of Baltimore and of the United States, John Carroll, thus gives beautiful expression inferentially to the words of the text. "The object, therefore, of Enoch's ministry is to give repentance to the nations to withdraw idolaters from idolatry (mammon-worshippers especially), to move bad Christians to repentance and to bring them back into the ways of virtue, and, in fine, to stem the prevailing tide of infidelity and iniquity. In the same manner, then as S. Peter was appointed the Apostle of the Jews and S. Paul the Apostle of nations (Gal. ch. 2, v. 7 and 8), so Elias will be sent chiefly to the former and Enoch to the latter; but as the preaching of each of the Apostles was not confined to either body of people, but sometimes extended to both; so likewise Elias and Enoch will sometimes mix their labors in favor of both Jews and nations. It is here further to be observed that Enoch here represents the ancient patriarchs and people who lived under the law of nature; and Elias the Jewish prophets with that people who were bound to the Mosaic institution; so that by their preaching the Christian religion we understand that both the patriarchs and the prophets, both the law of nature and the Mosaic, will appear again, if the expression be allowed, upon the stage of the world to concur in giving testimony to Christ."

S. John in Revelations (ch. 11, v. 3), thus alludes to Enoch and Elias: "And I

will give unto my two witnesses, that they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and sixty days clothed in sackcloth," and in verses following, "These are two olive trees and the two candlesticks that stand before the Lord of the Earth. And if any man shall hurt them, fire shall come out of their mouths and devour their enemies, and if any man hurt them in the same manner must be slain." Thus far have we quoted the language of our Saviour, His apostles and the prophets of the old law regarding the re-appearance of those two venerable old men, Enoch and Elias, and the part assigned them in the conversion of the Jews. The Fathers and Doctors, too, of the Church are very explicit on this interesting subject. As our library does not embrace the writings of the Doctors and Fathers of the Church we hope to be pardoned for making extracts in proof of our position from the lucid and excellent history of the Church, written by the Venerable and Right Reverend Dr. Charles Walmsley of England, who died in the odor of sanctity in 1797. "We begin with S. Justin, who says: 'Our Saviour Himself teaches that Elias will come, and we know what will happen towards the time that our Lord Jesus Christ is to come from Heaven in His glory' (Dial cum Tryth). Tertullian speaks in the following manner: "Enoch and Elias have been taken away, nor do we find any account of their dying, because their death has been delayed; but they must, however, one day die, that by their blood anti-Christ may be extinguished." (De anim, C. 50.) S. Hippolytus, martyr, says: "S. John the Baptist was the precursor of the first coming of Christ, and Elias and Enoch will be the precursors of the second." (Orat de anti-Christo.) S. Ephrem comforts us by saying: "God in His mercy will send Enoch and Elias, who will exhort mankind not to believe in anti-Christ." (Serm. de anti-Christo.) Lactantius indicates Elias in the following words: "When the end of time will be approaching, God will send a great prophet to recall mankind to the knowledge of their God, and who will have

power of doing great wonders." (Inst., lib. 7, c. 1.) S. Hilary, explaining the words of our Saviour says: "Christ told His disciples that Elias would come and re-establish all things," that is, that Elias would come to bring back all Israelites that remain to the knowledge of God, their Saviour. (Chap. 17 in Math.) S. Jerome tells that "According to the prophecy of Malachi, Elias will appear before the second coming of our Saviour and will announce the approach of judgment." (In Math. 11.) And in another place (in ch. 4, Zach.), he says: "When the fullness of the Gentiles will be come in, all Israel shall be saved; because then the Prophet Elias will come and will reconcile and turn the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers, and the new people will be united to the ancient." And in his letter to S. Marcella, he tells her that according to the Apocalypse Enoch and Elias are to come again and then die."

We read in S. Ambrose "that the beast, which is anti-Christ, will rise up from the abyss to fight against Enoch and Elias, who will have been sent again on earth to give testimony to Jesus Christ, as we learn from the Apocalypse of S. John." (In Psalm 45.) S. Augustine informs us of the opinion of his time. "Nothing is more common," says he in the discourse to the faithful, "than the belief that the Jews will be converted to the faith of Christ by the great Prophet Elias; for it is with reason believed that he is yet living and is expected to appear before the coming of our Saviour to judgment." (De Civ. Dei lib. 20, c. 19.) And again: "It is believed that Enoch and Elias will return to pay the common debt of nature, that, though their death has been deferred, they will nevertheless die." (Ad Cap., 6 Gen.) S. John Chrysostom tells us; "The prophets announce to us two comings of Christ and say that Elias will be the forerunner of the second."

(In Math., hom. 58.) S. Prosper writes as follows: "As God sent against Pharaoh two witnesses, Moses and Aaron; and against Nero two witnesses, S. Peter and S. Paul so likewise he will send against anti-Christ two witnesses, Enoch and Elias." (Dimid temt, c. 13.) In fine, S. Gregory the Great speaks thus on the same subject: "Those two eminent preachers, Enoch and Elias, have been taken away, and their death delayed; that they may return to preach in the last days." It is of them that S. John says in the Apocalypse: "These are the two olive trees and the two candlesticks that stand before the Lord of the Earth; of whom Christ has promised one in the Gospel, saying Elias will come and restore all things; they are two stars that are covered, and do not appear at present, but will appear hereafter for the advantage of the world, and great numbers of the Jewish people will be converted to the faith." (In Job, lib. 9, c. 3.) These quotations from some of the eminent and learned Doctors and Fathers of the Church we presume will abundantly show their opinions and teachings explanatory of the functions and ministry of those two illustrious characters, Enoch and Elias.

But what will be the outcome and issue of this conversion of the chosen people of God? The rage of the impostor, seventh and last head of the beast (i. e., of the temporarily revived Roman Empire) we can conceive will know no bounds; and actuated by the devil, his constant attendant, will order the destruction and martyrdom of the returned Israelites, now become Christians, and who but previously had acknowledged him as their leader and promised one. We learn this from S. John in his prophetic history of the Christian Church in Ch. 7 from first to eighth verse, where he states that one hundred and forty-four thousand, or twelve thousand from each of the twelve tribes of Israel, will signalize their conversion to Christianity by martyrdom.

Each life of man is but a page
In God's great diary; each age
A separate volume, and each race

A chapter. For a little space
We write, and, childlike, cry our powers,
Nor deem His hand is guiding ours.

—Post Whistler.

EDITORIAL.

To our readers whom we hold as friends, DOMINICANA offers cordial greetings in the joy of these glad some days. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" are precious words when spoken from friendship's heart and in the true spirit of the season—the spirit of divine charity, the grace of the Incarnation, the infinitely tender proof of the sovereign love of God for man.

The very interesting paper by Father Hammer, which will be concluded in our February number, calls for an acknowledgement of our indebtedness to the author whose name is so honorably identified with the cause of Catholic letters. We are very pleased to be able to promise to our readers further contributions from this learned Franciscan.

The Apostolic Letter which the Sovereign Pontiff addressed to Cardinal Macchi, on October 30, 1902, discusses in a luminous and admirable manner, the work of the recently appointed Commission of Catholic theologians for Biblical Studies.

"This Commission," His Holiness writes, "will have as its task, to regulate, in a legitimate and suitable manner, the principal questions which are pending between Catholic doctors, in order to arrive at a conclusion. To settle them, the assembly will lend sometimes, the light of its judgment, sometimes the weight of its authority. Their investigations will also have a result of the greatest importance, namely, that of furnishing to the Holy See an opportune occasion to declare what ought to be inviolably maintained by Catholics, what ought to be reserved for more profound research, and what ought to be left to the free judgment of each."

Leo the Thirteenth, despite the weight of ninety-three years, twenty-five of which have known the solicitude of all

the Churches, stands forth as the champion of Holy Writ, at a time of great peril, when rationalists, the advocates of the "higher criticism," and scoffers in general would rob the word of God of its divine authority, and when the voice of the Church of England, inasmuch as Anglicanism may claim to have a voice, is raised in ridicule of inspiration and in denial of the Bible as the fountain of all morality.

In this repudiation of Protestantism's fundamental doctrine, we have another dreary and distressing proof of the utter inconsistency and confusion which must follow the rejection of the principle of spiritual authority, of which the Sovereign Pontiff is the highest exemplar. We have, furthermore, (and it is a logical conclusion) the demonstration that as the corrupt claim of private judgment first hailed the Scriptures as the only Rule of Faith and conduct, so it has been reserved for that unhappy principle, after the many travesties which it has put upon God's word, after the many contradictions it has blasphemously proclaimed in His name, to relegate the Bible to the domain of mere literature, as worthy only of human genius.

The "giving of Christmas presents," now a generally recognized custom, should not be allowed to degenerate into a rivalry or barter of gifts betokening not friendship, but merely a vulgar display. In such commerce there is no share of Christ's spirit, and without His spirit Christmas tokens are only worldly symbols. Moreover, to the true followers of our Infant Lord, whose inspiration comes with memories of a manger-crib, surrounded by the lowly shepherds, the thought is always present, at this blessed season, of His beloved poor, and to them, as representing Him, His faithful servants bring their offerings of good will, that gladness may be theirs on the day of universal joy.

Now that we have come to the time when New Year's resolutions are so freely made, the feeling that frequently such resolutions might seem to have been made only to be broken, should suggest the prudent lesson that a few, well kept, are better than many, neglected. In this connection we would set before our readers two thoughts from Thomas à Kempis:

"Lose not, brothers, the confidence of going forward to spiritual things; there is yet time, the hour is not yet past. Why wilt thou put off thy resolution from day to day? Arise, and begin this very moment, and say: Now is the time to act, now is the time to fight, now is the proper time to amend."

"Think always of eternity, and temptations shall cease to allure."

We avail of the opportunity afforded by the publication of "The Land of Sunshine and Flowers—A Trip from San Diego to Santa Barbara," to express our grateful appreciation of the kindnesses shown to the Editor of DOMINICANA and to different members of our staff by the officials of the Santa Catalina Transportation Company, Banning Brothers, and by Mr. Gentry, the manager of the Mt. Lowe Railway. These gentlemen have been genial and generous, and with grateful recollections of their courtesies, we gladly join in Father Hammer's praise of the delights in store for the fortunate traveller who will include, in his itinerary, Mount Lowe and Catalina Island.

Our veracious journals that pretend to give the public all the news, have carefully concealed from their readers, when discussing King Oscar's recent decision adverse to the United States, in matters Samoan, that the original trouble in those islands, in the affair of kingly succession was brought about by a bigoted American officer who endeavored to exclude the rightful heir because he was a Catholic. The "missionary" harpies, in Samoa were worthy brethren of the looting crew that went to the Hawaiian Islands to divest the natives, in the name of religion, of all worldly possessions,

while inducing them to put on superfluous clothes.

As a partial offset to the work of the meddling missionary officer to whom we have referred, it is with pleasure that we mention the action of the present commandant in American Samoa, Captain Sebree, who has abolished some of the London Missionary Society's regulations which were a practical persecution of Catholics.

A new and revised edition of Marshall's "Christian Missions," brought up to date, would make edifying reading for the "truly godly" of our commercial times.

In our December number we quoted from a letter sent to the International Catholic Truth Society, by a Dominican in Manila, Father Fermin San Julian. From another letter written by the same Father, in defense of the Friars as landlords in the Philippines, and in which he shows that their administration was paternal, generous, beneficent to the Filipinos, we make this extract: "The courts have been closed against the Friars. Even the tribunal of public opinion has been prejudiced with monstrous calumnies and errors innumerable. Governor Taft says our statements cannot be accepted as accurate."

"As a sample of Mr. Taft's accuracy, read page 28 of his last report, wherein he claims that the Religious Orders are stocked with members brought from the peasant class of Andalusia, whose education did not enable them to resist temptation."

"Among the Religious Orders here, there is but one from Andalusia, and he comes from a noble family. So much for Taft's accuracy."

Referring to accusations made against the Franciscans by the correspondent whom he is refuting, Father San Julian continues:

"The Franciscans whom he includes among the quasi-Irish landlords do not possess any land in the Philippines to rent. He must, therefore, abandon his contention that the Friars are hated be-

regards being civil agents of the government, in any substantial way we never were. We were often asked by government officials, but we under no obligation to give information to make out reports, etc. Titles were put upon us even by law, but they had no duties with them. The Jesuits were in charge of parishes occupied by the same attitude towards the government that we did. During the last year and a half that I have been in my present parish, I have been asked by government officers to explain their behests to the people. I have also been asked for information concerning the character of our parishioners. I was consulted in the same way during the Spanish

reading of Father San Julian's will help the work of "spreading the light," in which several of our Catholic priests are zealously engaged.

In the *San Francisco Chronicle*, December 3, 1902, we take the following:

SAN DIEGO, December 2.—Agent John of the Fort Yuma Indian reservation who was recently made defendant in a suit brought by Agua His, asking damages because he was locked up and had his hair cut, filed his answer today. He admitted that the complainant was guilty of disobedience and had resisted arrest. He admitted being guilty and was sentenced to a month in prison, and while there was required to cut his hair. The agent holds that this is justified, and in support of his position cites the following letter from W. A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, under date of January 20, 1902.

Indians are hereby directed to induce your reservation Indians to cut their hair, and both to stop painting. With some of the Indians this would be an easy matter; with others it will require considerable patience and perseverance. With your Indian agents and those who draw rations and supplies it should be an easy matter; disobedience with the order may be the reason for discharge or for withholding rations and supplies. Many reservation Indians should be dealt with summarily, especially returned students. Returned students who do not voluntarily comply should be dealt with summarily. Employment, supplies, etc., should be withdrawn until they do comply, and if they become obstreperous

about the matter a short confinement in the guard-house at hard labor with shorn locks should furnish a cure."

This is paternalism in excess, and in the name of all the long-haired "poets," and the short-haired women reformers who paint their blushing cheeks, we protest against this exclusive solicitude of the Government, for the noble red man. If some Department at Washington (let one be established, with the proposed secretaryship for Commerce) would expend a measure of pent-up zeal among the deserving whites, forgetting for awhile, such petty tyranny as Czar-like Indian agents exercise, more desirable reforms might be effected. Soon the only good brave will be not a dead one, but a clipped one, and the only lovely squaw, not a charming belle, radiant as a rainbow, but a be-washed creature suggesting a "pale-face" dose of arsenic—for the complexion.

Oh, how we Americans cultivate hypocrisy and humbug and fraud.

Against the proposed divorce law which Italian infidels would introduce into the "United Kingdom," the Holy See is making most strenuous efforts. As the guardian of morality, of the home, of the foundation and security of the State, the Church is Italy's true friend, while the rule of Continental Freemasonry is her greatest scourge. Commenting on the situation American journals mention Italy as the only country in Europe which, as yet, has no divorce law. They forget Catholic Ireland, to whose honor be it said, and despite English domination, that no divorce law defiles her statute books.

The Roman writer's declaration, in the days of paganism's power, that the people had become so degraded that they hailed with applause their executioners, may today be well and unhappily applied to those Frenchmen who have slavishly eulogized the life and works of Zola. And the same note of condemnation should be put upon that numerous class in other lands, and notably in our own, whose maudlin exaltation of the unworthy Frenchman is only a sad proof of their

mental insufficiencies, their moral dullness. W. D. Howells, who enjoys a certain vogue as a writer (we have never heard that even his admirers claim that he is a thinker) filled ten pages of the November (1902) number of *The North American Review*, with a turgid and verbose laudation of Zola, whom he unblushingly calls "an artist and one of the very greatest, but even before and beyond that, intensely a moralist as only the moralists of our true and noble time have been."

And, referring to the Frenchman's relations with Dreyfus and the army of France, Mr. Howells, while his dilating eyes behold, as in rapture, "the monument to Zola which has already risen in the hearts of his countrymen," tells us that when this monument "shall embody itself in enduring marble or perennial bronze, the army will be there to join in its consecration."

This is a desecration of words as well as a deplorable manifestation of incompetence or moral dishonesty, either unpardonable in a man who poses as a leader of youth seeking guidance in ways of truth and virtue.

The feast of the Circumcision on the first and the Commemoration of the Holy Name of Jesus on the fifteenth (celebrated in the Roman calendar on the third Sunday) are solemn reminders to us of the apostolate of the Holy Name Society, under the banner of which devoted men are pledged to the work of reparation, of praise, of thanksgiving, of glory to the Name of Jesus, in which alone are salvation and life. We are very pleased to be able to state that this noble work is making headway in California.

The recent action of the French Premier, M. Combes, in blacklisting fifty-four religious Orders of men, and the persistent efforts of the Government of France to hamper the external action of the Church, have caused regret and indignation in the hearts of Christian people. The phenomenal spectacle of the creation of a law of liberty in behalf of French lay citizens which at once becomes an instrument of proscription to citizens of

religious congregations, is all the more wonderful since the dramatic details are presented in the gorgeous paraphernalia of legality. The attitude towards the religious Congregations would now assume an air of forbearing character, of reasonableness.

To better understand the present situation in France it is necessary to recall the fact that from a civil view point there are two kinds of Congregations existing under the Government—the authorized Congregations and those which, not being authorized in the legal sense, have been tolerated. The former Congregations, having obtained a civil personality under the Restoration in 1817 and 1829, or under Napoleon III., were nearly all communities of women employed in teaching or in conducting hospitals. The communities of men enjoying the privilege of civil personality were about five in number, the Sulpicians, Mission-Etrangères, Lazarists, Fathers of the Holy Ghost and the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

In its primary sense, legal authorization was a favor which conferred upon those who had obtained it civil personality and the power to possess as a Congregation. The patrimony of these Associations also escaped the inheritance shares that death entails; but these advantages had their drawbacks. To enjoy rights of conveyance the Associations having civil personality were subjected to a special regulation called *mortmain*. They were subjected to inspection and to exceptional restrictions—not being able to acquire, nor to alienate, nor to receive gifts or legacies without authorization of public powers.

To avoid these restraints the majority of the Congregations had not asked authorization, preferring to live simply under the common law. Their members could possess individually, or place their patrimony in common, enjoying the fruits of their industry—neither favored nor privileged, but by the laws of exception or of servitude; they paid taxes as every one else and they could perform all civil acts. Illumined by "science," however, the framers of the Association Bill of 1901 have discerned in the "civil acts" of

the Congregations no fault or offence so grave as the virtuous education of youth. Hence, exception is made for religious who have hitherto enjoyed the privileges of association in common with other fraternities recognized by the law of Waldeck-Rousseau.

The ingenuity exerted by framers of the Bill for the accomplishment of their design—the exclusion of dogmatic teachers—will be seen from the following Articles: "No religious Congregation can be formed without authorization given by a decree which shall define the *conditions of its functions*."

"It cannot found any new establishment except in virtue of a decree rendered in Council of the State.

"The dissolution of a Congregation or the closing of every establishment can be pronounced by a decree rendered in Council of the Ministers."

Angels defend us! The *Ministers* by a simple direct decree (cut and dried before hand) rendered in Council, can destroy that which a *law* has established.

"No one is permitted to direct a teaching establishment, of whatsoever Order it may be, or teach in it, if belonging to a religious Congregation not authorized."

All are familiar with the scenes that preceded and accompanied the enforcement of the "decree of the Ministers." Remonstrance has availed nothing; protest, appeal, reasonable demands on the part of the Congregations were ignored. Two hundred thousand religious women and twenty thousand religious men are thus deprived of the rights accorded to the citizens of a free republic. Two thousand five hundred schools closed to the light of Christian truth, and this in Catholic France, at the beck of a Council of Ministers "brought up amid the illumination of science." But, alas! the shadows of ruin and destruction hover near!

Fools talk, even boast about "killing time." Madmen, time is killing you, and when for you "time will be no more," your regrets for it will be as bitter as your vaunting is now unwise. "I wasted time," Richard the Second lamented, "and now doth time waste me."

We feel no indelicacy in saying to our readers that an acceptable gift, and one that would have a permanent value, with its added reminder, month by month, of friendship's thought, is a subscription to DOMINICANA placed to the credit of an absent friend.

The calendar for the month of January is rich in feasts which bespeak the special devotion of clients of our Infant Lord and our Lady—the Circumcision, the Epiphany, the Finding of the Divine Child Among the Doctors, the Holy Name. We avail of this occasion to remind our readers that the monthly calendar is published with a view to promote piety in the more devout celebration of the various festivals of the Church.

From a recent number of *The Sun*, New York, we take the following:

Concord, N. H., Dec. 2.—The Seventh State Constitutional Convention met in this city at 11 o'clock to-day. Dr. E. H. Everett of Nashua sprung a resolution this afternoon which was voted down and caused much comment. The resolution was:

A resolution to take God out of the Constitution.

In view of the surprising forethought and the thoroughly demonstrated good judgment of the framers of the Constitution of the United States in omitting any reference to a personal God, and believing that the people of New Hampshire have reached an age of intelligence when it is safe to discard superstition and that the proper place to start should be and is with our State Constitution:

Be it resolved that the following proposition be submitted to the people:

Shall all reference or inference to God, Deity, or Protestant Christians be stricken from the Constitution?

The resolution was tabled. An effort will be made to bring it up to-morrow. That part of the Constitution which it was desired to modify and which has stood since 1776, reads:

As morality and piety, rightly grounded on evangelical principles, will give the best and greatest security to government, and will lay in the hearts of men the strongest obligations to due subjection, and as the knowledge of these is most likely to be propagated through society by the institution of the public worship of the Deity and of public instruction in morality and religion, therefore to pro-

mote these important purposes, the people of this State have a right to empower and do hereby fully empower the Legislature to authorize, from time to time, the several towns, parishes, corporate or religious societies within this State to make adequate provision, at their own expense, for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion and morality.

We desire to mark this sad evidence of religious decline in the heart of old New England, the home of Congregationalism, the scene of many persecutions, in early days, "for conscience's sake."

We also call our readers' attention to the union of church and state constitutionally recognized in New Hampshire, where until recently no Catholic could vote or be voted for!

We make another excerpt from the journal named:

WANTED, A GODLESS WIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Inclosed is a clipping from a publication in Massachusetts:

MATRIMONIAL.

J. B., Freethinker, widower, four small children, of some wealth, owns his own home, with good business, wants to find a wife to care for his home, a young blonde woman, Freethinker, who has made her living as a housekeeper and is used to and loves small children—a good, moral, godless girl. Address J. B., care JOHN WOODMAN, 90 Lincoln street, Lowell, Mass.

Free thought is spreading perhaps more rapidly than it knows. L.

To the correspondent's comment we add our own, namely that if these things be done in the greenwood of New England "culture," what must it be in the dry wood of less favored (?) regions!

The rapid development of unwholesome conditions prevailing in American public life to-day, emphasizes the truth that for the maintenance of the nation's honor, as it is indissolubly linked with public morality and the integrity of the home, the Catholic Church is the strong bulwark and the hope of earnest and anxious men and women.

"Time restores all things." "Wrong!" writes the Abbe Roux who adds: "Time

restores many things", but eternity alone restores all."

"Every moment of time," says Father Faber, "may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal."

"Time *trasted* is existence; *need* is life," is Young's epigrammatic way of presenting a valuable New Year's thought, the meditation of which we earnestly suggest,

MAGAZINES.

From a recent number of *The Living Age* we quote a delicate sonnet entitled "Twin Brothers."

A soft and gentle voice spoke unto my heart--

"I am so small and tender; let me in,
I will not harm thee: Sure it were a sin
From one so bright and innocent to part."
And my heart echoing "It were a sin,"

I rose
And opened wide the portals of my breast,
Saying this love shall be my honored guest,

My choice and sweet companion till life's close.

But soon, meek love became a tyrannous thing,

And from my heart he cast out all beside,
Ambitions, hopes and fears, desires and pride.

For in my bosom he would be sole king.
One inmate only might with him remain,
And share his kingdom—
Love's twin brother—Pain.

From *Harper's Magazine* for December, which contains a generous supply in text and pictures, of good things, we take the following, with due acknowledgments to the editor, and with compliments to the author, S. H. M. Byers:

THE CROWING OF THE COCK.

The cock crows loud from yonder barn
His midnight bugle call;
Though darkness hangs o'er field and tarn,

And silence over all.
He watches for the setting star.
The daybreak coming on,
And trumpet-throated, near and far,
He welcomes in the dawn.

O bird of joy, no saddened note
From thee has ever sprung.
No ring-dove's moan is in thy throat,
Thy heart is ever young.
Brave—to the death, and if perchance
The battle, long and grim,
Fall to thy own victorious lance,
Thou singest a battle hymn.

Proud of thy splendor, warrior bird,
 And of thy clarion tone;
 No Orient breezes ever stirred
 A radiance like thine own.
 No other voice but sometimes sings
 A note at sorrow's call;
 Thou singest the song the morning brings,
 Or singest not at all.

Like thee, I too would joyous be,
 Like daylight's coming on,
 And call to heaven and earth and sea
 The gladness of the dawn.
 Though but a single note were mine,
 If it with music rang,
 I'd fill my cup with pleasure's wine
 The happiest bard that sang.

The slanders against the King of Spain to which a vicious portion of the American press gave currency as well as origin during the past year, have been categorically refuted in various Catholic journals. To *The Independent* a non-Catholic periodical, the American public is indebted for a vindication of Alphonsus the Thirteenth, that will, because of its source and organ of publication, command more general attention. We compliment *The Independent*, and we trust that its Thanksgiving (1902) number will have many readers of the tribute to the character and worth of the young Spanish monarch and of his noble mother, the dowager queen. *The Independent's* article is richly illustrated from various portraits of the king.

From *The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, for December, we take the following account of the Process of Beatification of Dominican Missionaries of Tonquin:

The question of the introduction of the cause of a priest, two Dominican missionaries and a native Christian put to death for the faith in Tonquin, 1861, has been pending since June 20, 1899. At the close of the canonical inquiries conducted for a long time in Eastern, Central and Northern Tonquin, the Sovereign Pontiff has signed the introduction of the cause of the four venerable servants of God: Jerome Hermosilla, bishop of Miletopolis, vicar apostolic of Eastern Tonquin, Valentin Berrio Ochoa, bishop of Centurea, vicar apostolic of Central

Tonquin, Pierre Almato, missionary priest, and Joseph Chang, native.

The venerable Jerome, a Spaniard by birth, entered the order of Saint Dominic at an early age, left for the Philippines soon after his profession and, hardly ordained priest, was sent to Tonquin. A short time afterwards he was nominated vicar apostolic, and consecrated bishop. In his sixty-second year he fell into the hands of the unbelievers, was thrown into prison and decapitated November 1, 1861.

Venerable Valentin, born February 14, 1827, was likewise a Spaniard and left for the Philippines; in 1858 he was sent to Tonquin and selected as coadjutor by the vicar apostolic of Central Tonquin who was speedily put to death by the unbelievers. The persecution obliged him to retire to Eastern Tonquin. There he was secretly engaged in apostolic work when he was betrayed by a pagan, taken prisoner, bound in chains and put to death November 1.

Venerable Pierre was born in the diocese of Vich, Spain, 1830, went to the Philippines and was there ordained priest. His zeal led him to Tonquin in 1835. Even though he could not share in the labors of Venerable Jerome and Valentin, he at least had the joy of dying with them.

Venerable Joseph, born of Christian parents in Tonquin, 1832, had served the priest Nang since his thirteenth year, and in exchange, learned the first elements of Latin. In the service of Venerable Jerome Hermosilla, he was taken prisoner with him and put to death on the same day as the other three martyrs.

La Couronne de Marie (Lyons) for December, gives some interesting details of the work recently organized for the conversion of the savage tribes dwelling in the mountainous regions of Peru near the Bolivian frontier. The Government of Peru appealed to the Holy See for help, and the answer was readily given in the establishment of three prefectures apostolic confided, respectively, to the Augustinians, the Franciscans and the Dominicans. Several of our Fathers who had

previously labored on the Philippine missions gladly volunteered for service in the new field of zeal and danger.

The Century for December has the following beautiful sentiment by Josephine Dodge Daskam:

Our bells ring out to all the earth,
"In excelsis gloria!"
But none for Thee made chimes of mirth,
On that great morning of Thy birth.

Our coats they lack not silk nor fur,
"In excelsis gloria!"
Not such our Blessed Mother's were,
Full simple garments covered her.

Our churches rise up goodly high,
"In excelsis gloria!"
Low in a stall Thyself did lie,
With horned oxen standing by.

Incense we breathe and scent of wine,
"In excelsis gloria!"
Around Thee, rose the breath of kine,
Thy only drink her breast divine.

We take us to a happy tree,
"In excelsis gloria!"
The seed was sown that day for Thee,
That blossomed out at Calvary.

Teach us to feed Thy poor with meat,
"In excelsis gloria!"
Who turnest not when we entreat,
Who givest us Thy bread to eat.

Amen.

And upon the same sacred theme, we also give the "Christmas Carol" of James S. Park, in the same number of *The Century*.

So crowded was the little town,
On the first Christmas day,
Tired Mary laid her down to rest upon
the hay.
(Ah, would my door might have been
thrown
Wide open on her way!)

But when the Holy Babe was born,
In the deep hush of night,
It seemed as if a Sabbath morn
Had come with sacred light.
Child Jesus made the place forlorn
With His own beauty bright.

The manger rough was all His rest;
The cattle having fed,
Stood silent by, or closer pressed.
And gravely wondered.
(Ah, Lord, if only that my breast
Had cradled Thee instead!)

MUSIC.

Among the publications of Percy Ashdown, New York, we note: "Rest," for soprano in D. (d-f sharp), contralto in C. (c-E) by A. Strelezki, a lovely musical setting of the poem of Geo. F. Childs.

It is worthy of the notice of church singers, for its beautiful thought, its broad, dignified melody and fine climax. "King of The Sea," soprano, in B flat, mezzo-soprano in A flat, is in martial vein, strong in rhythm. It belongs to the Brindisi type, and would be suitable for a lighter number of a concert or recital.

"The Golden Lily," cantata-operetta, for treble voices by Cuthbert Harris, consists of choruses and solo of the flowing, melodious style. The argument is interesting and the costuming bright and pretty. The melodies are within the compass of children's voices.

This would be an attractive number on a school program.

The Boston Music Company, of Boston, Mass., have recently published the following ten songs by the eminent song-writer, H. Clough Leichter. Two of Op. 5, No. 1, "My Lover He Comes," "On The Skee," (Norwegian love song), soprano in B flat minor, mezzo-soprano in G minor. The poem by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Orchestral parts to be had of the publisher. It is a strong, vigorous song, descriptive of delight and anticipation. The music is eager and up-lifting, while the accompaniment is a fine solo in itself and calls for a splendidly responsive technic. No. 2, "My Lady Chlo," (Negro love song), is a song of good compass (b-g). Again the accompaniment forms a distinct feature. Op. 13, consists of four Brindisi songs. No. 1, "Wassail," (Yoeman's Drinking Song) is in rousing, spirited vein, full of fire, vivacity, and ruddy in coloring. The spirit never flags, but continues on to the fine climax, which is rich. The magnificent accompaniment is a fitting companion to so fine a song.

"Ave Vinum," is another song of the same vigorous type; dramatic in the extreme. It requires a finely cultivated,

rich, full, sonorous tone, together with good facial expression. Interposed between the rousing stanzas, is a church-like chant, a la Gregorian.

"The Ruby Pennant," (Cavaller's Drinking Song), is rich in melody, rhythm and spirit. The rushing, difficult accompaniment calls for good musicianship.

"Healtap," (a-Glee), belongs to the same inspiring category. All these Drinking Songs are fine to an eminent degree, and require good vocal and pianistic ability.

Baritones and basses should become acquainted with them. Op. 14, for medium voice, No. 1, "Two Roses," an excellent song with a sweet melody and some lovely transitions. No. 3, "Song Like a Rose Should Be, (G flat), contains a sweet, flowing melody over a wide, harp-like accompaniment.

Op. 15, No. 1, "The Passing of Autumn," (An Idyl), for soprano or tenor in F. This requires good, intelligent singing and playing, otherwise its beauty would be lost. No. 3, "Love Was Blind," a high-class encore song, merry and arch in sentiment and expression. Op. 6, three songs for tenor. No. 1, "A Word of Thine," good compass and very expressive. No. 2, "Lucy," (poem by W. Wordsworth), is peculiar and not easily understood. No. 3, "Bel Amie," (words by Sir E. B. Lytton), a fairly good song of high range.

Mr. Leichter's accompaniments are altogether out of the ordinary. He leans to the classic. It pleases him to try the entire gamut of keys, but the transitions and modulations are very lovely. A good technician only should attempt to play any of his vocal compositions.

BOOKS.

In *OUR OF THE WEST*, by Elizabeth Higgins, an agreeable romance of Columbia Junction, Colorado, illustrating the selfishness and, perhaps, unconscious tyranny of the representatives of railroad trusts, social life in the West is vividly portrayed.

Harper & Brothers, New York, publish this volume in excellent style, reproduc-

ing a bright bit of the Colorado region on the cover design.

We may not be justly accused of undue family pride when we say that Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., of the English Province, deserves well of our Catholic people. His contributions to Catholic literature have been varied and numerous. His latest volume, *A DEVOUT COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS*, is not the least of his services to the cause of devotion and piety. When we state that the work under notice is chiefly drawn from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, we need not add further testimony to its excellence. Father Wilberforce's "Introduction" will be read with interest and profit. He has also added a very useful index. We remind our friends that His Holiness Leo the Thirtieth granted, on December 13, 1898, an indulgence of three hundred days (which may be gained daily), to all the faithful who spend at least a quarter of an hour in reading an approved version of the Scriptures.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, the publisher of Father Wilberforce's volume, is well known as a maker of good books.

Under the title of *THE ART OF THE VATICAN*, Mary Knight Potter places before us a brief, but most entertaining description of some of the art treasures preserved, despite periods of struggle with vandalism, by the Popes of Rome. The author's personal devotion to the beautiful in art is evinced by her painstaking care in portraying some of the gems of the great masters for the information and delight of the art student. Forty full-page beautiful half-tones of rare paintings and statuary enhance the pleasing value of the work.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, have given the book an exquisite finish, making of it a most appropriate souvenir volume for the holiday season.

SERMONS FOR ALL THE SUNDAYS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR AND THE PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS we have received from the

Catholic Book Exchange, New York. These discourses are the work of the Very Reverend Father George Deahon, C. S. P., who tells us that they are for the use of the laity in their home reading, as well as for the use of parish priests. For the former purpose, because they are simple and practical, couched in clear language earnestly expressed, we commend these instructions.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, by Emerson Hough, is an exceptionally well-written novel founded upon the speculations of John Law, the great Scotch financier of old and new world notoriety. Love episodes, and romantic adventures in the forest wilds of the great Mississippi are dramatically presented by the author.

The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, have produced the book in excellent style of illustrations and binding.

M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, have sent to us, through Benziger Brothers, New York, a volume by the Most Reverend Doctor MacEvilly, entitled **DISCOURSES—DOCTRINAL AND MORAL**. The distinguished Archbishop of Tuam, who has since gone to his reward, had already established his reputation for scholarship by the publication of various commentaries on the New Testament. The twenty-five discourses which are comprised in this present volume deal with themes of vital importance. His Grace writes well, and in his treatment of the various subjects which are the heads of these religious essays, he achieves happy results. For solidity of thought and for agreeableness of style, these **DISCOURSES** are praiseworthy. They will, doubtless, command an extensive circulation. The publishers' part is well done.

A ROMANCE OF THE NURSERY, published by John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, is a charmingly instructive story for juveniles.

As L. Allen Harper intimates, the sentiment of love, so early manifested in the nursery requires a judicious direction towards elevated ideals, and also a salutary discipline as a check upon erratic impulse in later life.

Delightfully realistic are the illustrations by Catherine M. Roberts.

Father Patrick Boyle, a Vincentian, has rendered valuable service to the cause of the Catholic pulpit, by bringing together into one goodly volume entitled **INSTRUCTIONS ON PREACHING, CATECHISING AND CLERICAL LIFE**, treatises on these subjects written by S. Francis Borgia, S. Francis de Sales, S. Vincent de Paul, S. Augustine and S. Jerome. Excerpts from the decrees of the Council of Trent, from various Irish synods, and the re-print of a letter to the Bishop, by the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, are appropriate additions.

To the general lay reader such a work does not directly appeal, but to the clerical student, the seminarian, the young theologian, the newly ordained priest, this compilation should be welcome. A *rude mecum* it may be considered, and we trust that the zealous and learned translator will have the satisfaction of knowing that his admirable work will be widely appreciated.

In becoming style and at moderate cost, Benziger Brothers of New York, in union with the Art and Book Company of London, have issued this volume.

Beautifully illustrated by the R. H. Russell Company, New York, comes John Habberton's latest captivating story of two child-heroines, **THE TIGER AND THE INSECTS**. The fame of the writer as the author of "Helen's Babies," bespeaks a wide recognition of his present entertaining and humorous production. The artistic illustrations with cover design are from original sketches by Walter Russell.

In a series of practical lectures, Edward Everett Hale indicates to us **How to LIVE**. Duties to the church, state and our neighbor are practically outlined.

It is a volume that should be entertaining, instructive and helpful to all who peruse it. The book is published in attractive style by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have brought out, in their usual good style, another volume by Bishop Spalding, **SOCIALISM AND LABOR AND OTHER ARGUMENTS SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND PATRIOTIC**, which, in a subsequent issue we shall more fully review.

The new prominence given to the Bishop of Peoria because of his membership of the coal strike arbitration committee, will naturally enhance public interest in his writings.

THE PHARAOH AND THE PRIEST, translated from the Polish of Alexander Głowatski, by Jeremiah Curtin, is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This historical novel graphically delineates the existing conditions of the mixed classes that formed the Egyptian population during the reigns of Rameses XII and Rameses XIII. The latter monarch, young, impetuous and restive under the apparent injustice meted to his suffering people, finds himself helpless in the face of sacred traditions as manipulated by a degenerate priesthood. Intrigues involving Phoenicians, Egyptians, Jews and Greeks are detailed unto weariness. The vices of the period are, happily, *not* alluring under the rugged exposition of the author.

HIS CALCULATIONS, a pedagogical study by George Hansen, is one of the series of "The Baby Roland Booklets." It is beautiful in moral conception and forcible in argument for the judicious toleration of baby's manifestations of self-confidence.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, in an exquisite collection of pictures presents "Baby" on the platform of his hopes where he eloquently pleads his cause and convinces his appreciative audience.

NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND, as portrayed by the late Doctor John Fiske, presents many interesting features to the student of history. Accidental circumstances that culminated in English preponderance in Colonial America are elaborately treated. True to his anti-Catholic sentiment, however, the author has urbanely classed the early French missionary priests with the great host of adventurers who were incited by either political or commercial profit. Of the chief object of the missionaries—the Christianizing of the children of the forest—of their heroic labors, patriotic

service to their country, their contributions to geography, science, and history we have but a hint. On this point, important in its moral effect upon the peoples of NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND, Doctor Fiske's book is altogether an inadequate source of information.

This volume, bound to correspond to the former historical works of the author, beautifully printed and embellished by maps, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Calculated to delight the eye and engage the attention of the juvenile lovers of the beautiful in prose and verse are, THREE LITTLE MARYS, by Nora Archibald Smith, and A POCKETFUL OF POSIES by Abbie Farwell Brown. These beautifully illustrated volumes are also published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

The Grafton Press, New York, have sent to us a copy of the second edition of Bishop Spalding's admirable volume of poetry, GOD AND THE SOUL, to which we gave earnest greeting on its first appearance. Repeating, in spirit, what we then said, we add that the present edition is beautifully printed on large paper, and in its becoming casing, will make a desirable gift book for the holiday season.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, comes MORE HOME TRUTHS FOR MARY'S CHILDREN, by Madame Cecilia, of Stratham, England.

This admirable work, particularly adapted for the use of sodalists, contains varied instructions intended to develop the inner, as well as the social life of Mary's clients. With this purpose in view the author discourses familiarly upon "Human Respect," "Trifles," "Correspondence," and "Self-Denial." In a word, she marks out the path to be followed in acquiring solid virtue.

Benziger Brothers also have recently issued Mary T. Waggaman's interesting story entitled CORINNE'S VOW. The heroine, being of the strenuous sort, having taken the vow would undoubtedly have kept it. The reader is relieved however, that contingent circumstances obviated the necessity of her perpetual sacrifice of her personal happiness.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

1—THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. (Holy day of obligation.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; visit Church; assist at Divine Office; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

2—Octave day of S. Stephen, Protomartyr. (Benediction.)

3—Octave day of S. John the Evangelist.

4—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Octave of Holy Innocents. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

5—Vigil of the Epiphany. Meeting of the Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 p. m.

6—EPIPHANY OR MANIFESTATION OF OUR LORD. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.)

7-8-9—Of the Octave of the Epiphany. (Benediction on 9th.)

10—B. Gundisalvus, O. P., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

11—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—THE FINDING OF OUR LORD WITH THE DOCTORS IN THE TEMPLE—Fifth Joyful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for the Holy Name Sodality at 7 a. m. Meeting at 3 p. m. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 p. m.

12—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

13—Octave of the Epiphany.

14—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Patience.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

At 9 a. m. Requiem High Mass for deceased members of S. Dominic's Building Association.

15—FEAST OF THE MOST SACRED NAME OF JESUS.

16—S. Sephana, O. P., Virgin. (Love of Suffering.) (Benediction.)

17—S. Anthony of the Desert, Abbot. (Solitude.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

18—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Peter's Chair at Rome. (Mortification.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 p. m.

19—B. Andrew, O. P., Priest. (Forbearance.) Novena for the Angelic Warfare begins.

20—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs. (Fortitude.)

21—S. Agnes of Rome, Virgin and Mar-

tyr. (Confidence in God.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

22—S. Vincent, Deacon and Martyr. (Attendance at daily Mass.)

23—S. Raymond, O. P., Third Master General of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers. (Benediction.)

24—B. Marcolinus, O. P., Priest. (Obedience.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

25—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Conversion of S. Paul the Apostle. (Correspondence with grace.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. The Devotion of the Six Sundays in honor of S. Thomas Aquinas by way of special preparation for his feast (March 7) will begin on this day. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on each Sunday on the following conditions: (1) C. C.; (2) meditations or considerations on the life and virtues of the Saint; (3) prayers. The same indulgences may be gained by those who perform the exercises on the six Sundays immediately following the Saint's feast.

26—B. Margaret of Hungary, O. P., Virgin. (Prayer.)

27—S. John Chrysostom, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Zeal for truth.)

28—Translation of the relics of S. Thomas Aquinas—Principal feast of the Angelic Warfare. Members may gain a Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.)

29—S. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Doctor of the Church, Patron of the Catholic Press.

30—S. Martina, Virgin and Martyr. (Love of the Poor.) (Benediction.)

31—S. Peter, Founder (with S. Raymond of Pennafort and with King James of Aragon) of the Order of the B. V. M. for the Redemption of Captives. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor; S. Francis de Sales, Bishop; S. Genevieve, Virgin; S. Julian, Martyr; S. Raymond of Pennafort. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Veronica, Virgin; S. Sebastian, Martyr; S. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr; S. Vincent, Martyr; S. Felix of Nola, Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Adela, Widow; S. Titus, Bishop; S. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr; S. Adrian, Abbot; S. Louise of Albertone, Widow.

DOMINICANA

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 2

THE FRENCH REALISTIC AND NATURALISTIC ROMANCE.

DEATH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET—HIS LIFE, CHARACTER,
ASSOCIATES AND MODELS.

III.

JOHN A. MOONEY, LL. D.

Just one year and five months, to a day, after De Goncourt's hasty separation from his wretched body in Daudet's house, Alphonse, supporting his feeble limbs on the arm of one of his sons, entered the dining room at Champrosay. Gently he was placed in the big armchair at the head of the table. The soup was served. Daudet, as well as usual, and in good spirits, opened the conversation. Suddenly, the wife and children hear a horrible sound—a rattle, and then another rattle. The wife cries out; they rush to the armchair. Daudet's head has fallen backward; on his forehead there is a cold sweat; the arms hang inert. The two sons raise the torpid body, and then stretch it on the floor. Amid prayers and lamentations, the doctors enter. Alphonse Daudet is dead.

More dramatic than Edmond de Goncourt's ending, the latest scene in the Daudet home is less realistic. Realism, at its best, is merely the art of minutely describing petty details, as Daudet so well exemplified in his narrative of De Goncourt's dissolution. On this evening of December the sixteenth, 1897, we hear no furtive step upon a strairway, no timid knock upon a chamber door, no smothered, warning whisper, no stertorous breathing, each breath awing, terrifying.

Even if drug and instrument were at hand, there was no chance to insert beneath living skin the point of the ether pipe. The spasmodic action of the agonizing body, no one had time to write down in a note-book; a last question, uncertain whether the dying man could hear, or, hearing, understand, no one had time to ask. A rattle, another rattle, a falling head, dead arms, dead hands—a corpse. That was all. More brusquely no friend, pressed for time, could part from loving friends.

At the dinner table in the house at Champrosay, many festive, though joyless, guests had chatted, laughed, and regaled themselves; for Daudet was a generous and a genial host. Coteries, not clubs, have been the fashion among Parisian men of letters. Flaubert, who was wealthy, dined and wine'd a group of younger men; frequently in his *grenier*, or garret, as he was pleased to call his comfortable apartments. With Daudet, De Goncourt, Zola, and the Russian Tourguénief, he had also been one of "The Five" who dined each month at a famous Parisian restaurant. After Flaubert's death, Edmond de Goncourt's *grenier* was the meeting place for the remnant of the old set and for the newer men. At another restaurant, Dau-

det, De Goncourt and Zola sat down monthly with a larger company, a motley company of *café* politicians, like Gambetta and Rochefort and Spuller; atheistical professors, such as Berthelot; highwayman journalists of the stamp of Wolff, of the *Figaro*; knights errant of the pen and sword, like Don Quixote Drumont; charlatans of the Mallarmé type; poets as mad or debased as De Banville or Leconte de Lisle; polluted romancists who, with De Maupassant, were striving hard to make Zola seem unworthy to be classed, apart, as the quintessence of ordure—but why prolong the shameful list!

Barring Renan, perhaps, that ironical, cynical poltroon and voluptuary—whose name, with other names deserving noun and epithet no less realistic, we passed over as we surveyed the restaurant table—all those mentioned had sat at Daudet's board in the Champrosay home. No sooner had prosperity taken lodgings with him than the lively Provençal's potent and sweet love of life was bound to show itself forth. What a satisfaction, besides, for a man who had been homeless, friendless, foodless in Paris, to entertain, hospitably, all the notorieties of the great capital! There are Parisian critics who, dined and wined, think better of the latest romance; there are theatrical managers who become venturesome after an *entree* with a *foie gras* sauce and glass upon glass of an old Burgundy, topped off with ponies of *fine Champagne*. A Parisian romancer and playwright must also be a man of affairs, expert in the tricks of his trade. Sociable, too, was Daudet, and as his limbs grew more and more unreliable, and he was more and more confined to the house, he longed for the company of smart talkers to enliven him, to make him forgetful, during one evening, of the tormenting pains that racked his diseased nerves day in and day out.

In sight of the dining table his pallid little body lies. Around the wan fingers, now one, now another, the faithful wife is twisting a rosary, praying meantime. Aloud, as if she were facing us, Memory speaks: "Alone of 'The Five' Zola remains. De Goncourt's melancholy death,

need I recall to you? Flaubert! Seventeen years and more have passed since you, following his lifeless body, entered the little church at Rouen. Three days earlier, on the eighth of May, 1880, plotting, be certain, some newer and some nastier tale, he dropped, writhing in an epileptic fit. When muscle and nerve relaxed he was stone dead. The more clever, though no less immoral, Tourgénéf—a pitiful maniac to whom death was indeed a mercy! Zola alone remains of 'The Five.' And here the mother of the Muses whispered the names of other "naturalists" that had eaten salt and drank cordials at Champrosay; beginning with one of the aptest pupils of Flaubert, the unfortunate Guy de Maupassant, who, like Tourgénéf, died a lunatic—but, for the present, we shall keep her knowing words to ourselves.

When, upstairs in the Daudet home, Edmond de Goncourt was vainly contending with death, a Catholic woman, not of his kin, knelt at the foot of his bed, praying. Taking him at his word, Alphonse, even while he observed closely the spasms of an agonizing friend, could neither speak nor think a prayer. With a single, flashing thought, we can pray; we can pray with half a word and half a thought. To our fellow-man we can convey our thought only by words or signs. A loving God would have it so that, with Him, we can be intimate even when the tongue is dumb and every other speaking limb and organ is paralyzed. Dying, did Alphonse Daudet learn to pray? We so hope. You have the scene before you. As he sipped the soup, we heard his voice; it was not the voice of prayer. Of a sudden—a rattle and a rattle. The falling, fallen head we saw, the limp arms. There was time, perchance, for a supplication, heartfelt; a prayer that the soul, forsaking the empty body, may have borne piteously to the merciful Saviour. There are mysteries and mysteries. Instantly the gentle wife prayed, as every Christian wife knows. And what else can a loving son do for him who was a loving father!

Though Flaubert and De Goncourt, Daudet, and even Zola, made believe that they

upon one another as men of a
 hic mind, not one of them, by
 r training, was fitted for a logical
 ation of any question, metaphys-
 thical. A true philosopher might
 n, according as they varied their
 tween meals, unprincipled, or de-
 id, or aprincipled. Practical ma-
 s, practical utilitarians, every one
 , none the less did they try to
 themselves that, proudly they
 a solitary group embracing
 , upon a peak that only natural-
 mancens could scale. Always,
 e two many youths, and too many
 ds, who, because of potent pas-
 because of spent passions, or be-
 passions active though unac-
 ged, are constantly salving sore
 ces with the unhealing ointment
 ; or the irritating nostrum of re-
 flected by some contemporary or
 sor, feeblor or more shallow or
 apid or more rash or more mali-
 an they are, or dare be. Just as
 e hight-headed, wrong-headed and
 ted fellows who imagine that
 which are novel and agreeable to
 ust be more excellent than any
 , probable, or actual divine reve-
 Just as again there is, and, sad to
 ll be a crowd innumerable bound
 ne that every wandering thought-
 nests in their wobbling brain,
 o other than the natural offspring
 oddess Reason herself. Assemble
 dless and the baldheads, the cow-
 d the reckless, the dolts and the
 gs, the novelty seekers, the de-
 the debased—look them over!
 ked with the sign of the Egotist,
 . And you say right. Abolish
 nosticize "the beyond," it is not a
 st" you become but an egotist.
 ise is there left for you?
 hing of Daudet's early life we
 id. Repeating, and adding details
 e realistic fashion, a more com-
 tination of the romancer's char-
 ay be formed. In general, charac-
 nds more on youthful surround-
 d on discipline, than on the dispo-
 f nature. Where, owing to de-

fects of the body, or of the intellect, or of
 both, nature is especially faulty, the short-
 comings of the home or school training
 will be all the more apparent in the char-
 acter, or want of character, of the man
 or the woman.

On the eighth of February, 1874, dining
 with Flaubert and De Goncourt, Alphonse
 Daudet talked freely about his childhood,
 "a childhood precocious and disordered,
 passed in a moneyless home, subject to a
 father who from day to day changed his
 trade or his business—a childhood passed
 amid the eternal fogs of that city of Ly-
 ons, already detested by him who loved
 the sunlight. During this time he read
 without limit—he was not twelve years
 old—poetry and imaginative books that
 overheated his brain; readings stimulated
 by the intoxication produced by the cor-
 dials pilfered from the home, readings last-
 ing a whole day while he floated along in
 boats that he unmoored from the quay.
 And amid the burning reflections from the
 two rivers" (the Rhone and the Saone)
 "intoxicated with the reading and with
 sugared alcohol—and half blind as he was
 —the child lived, as it were, in a dream,
 in a state of hallucination, where, one
 may say, nothing of the reality of things
 reached him." This contribution to Dau-
 det's autobiography, we quote from De
 Goncourt's published report of the conver-
 sation held in Flaubert's *greuter*, a report
 printed years before Daudet's death, and
 one that his continued friendship with the
 polite reporter confirms as no less vera-
 cious than if it had been signed with
 Daudet's own nimble and profitable pen.

At school, whether as a pupil or as a
 despised usher, he seems to have acquired
 but little more of sanity in thought or in
 action. Upon the "frightful misery" of
 the early days in Paris, days of starva-
 tion, he looked back painfully. And yet
 he maintained that the misery of those
 days was "sweet" to him, "because he felt
 as if his shoulders had been unburdened;
 because he was free to go where he liked,
 and because he was no longer an usher."
 Then he entered upon a "feverish life—a
 youth loving the bolsterousness of the
 lowest of low company." The disreput-

able De Morny and his no more reputable associates were not calculated, later on, even had thy been inclined, to calm the nervous body, to cool the hot head, to tame the passionate heart, or to regulate the capricious will of the mobile Southerner. Arrived at manhood, is he less intoxicated, less hallucinated, than in the days of childhood, when, hardly twelve years of age, he drugged himself with imaginative reading and sugared alcohol? The reality of many mean and of many evil things has reached him. Would you say he was thereby better trained than when he sailed in the flched boat on the burning river? Should you advise a simple youth to seek him as a guide in questions of morality, or as an adviser on the niceties, the delicacies, of literary conscientiousness? If he were trying to quiet a whispering conscience by arguing that, perhaps, there was no "beyond," should you be astonished? And, finally, would you, reflecting upon his peculiar miseducation, value highly Alphonse Daudet's so-called philosophical opinions upon any philosophical subject?

Of a delicate physique, spitting blood while a young man, Daudet's ill-nourished nerves were not served by the feverish life he led. The boisterous low company of his youth exacted toll from him day after day until his death. Long before the locomotor ataxia disabled him he suffered constantly, being not merely neuralgic but an incurable neurotic. Atrocious, he called the pains that bit and stung and griped and burned his body, and visibly contorted face and limbs. "I suffer," he said to De Goncourt, in 1884, "I suffer all that it is possible to suffer; formerly the bed was a hope, now its surprises make it a thing of fear." When he spoke thus Daudet was not suffering all that was possible, as he learned later. To initiate a new school of philosophy, a neurotic is not adapted, especially if the crumbs of his logic, metaphysics and ethics have been picked up, one by one, from the floor, beneath the banquet table of a rude "*canaille*." The pathologist, however, will not be astonished if a neurotic, with an undisciplined, excitable, intoxicated mind, should

imagine his reasoning powers had become so phenomenally penetrative and subtle that they could perceive—what cool-headed, sanely educated, sober men had never discovered—that every facet of the wisdom of the ages was flawed, and flawed, and flawed again.

From authors no less famous, and much more assertive than himself, Daudet indeed sought instruction or support. For Montaigne and Rousseau he had a "furious admiration," his son tells us in a passage wherein the quality of Daudet's mind is clearly photographed. Between the names of Montaigne and Rousseau, the son of Alphonse Daudet inserted the name of Pascal. However wrongheaded the Jansenist writer may have been, no reflecting man would be so unjust to the mathematical genius and well-meaning Christian as to drop him down upon the unfragrant mound where the other two so fraternally pose. Even Daudet's "furious admiration" for Pascal could not induce us to name the three in one breath.

"His Montaigne never quitted him," says the son. He annotated Pascal, he defended Rousseau. He took one of their thoughts and lived with it as if it were a friend. "Of these three geniuses, so ripe and so vast, he cherished the *sincerity*. He set them before himself as examples. Through the habit of conversing with them, he impregnated himself with their substance. Is not that the business of the thinker?" To the slipshod young writer of this passage we must, answering his final question, respond with a loud and firm No. De Goncourt might contend with Flaubert for the honor of inventing "naturalism," but either one of the two should have frankly acknowledged that both were merely aping the insinuating naturalism of the brutal Rousseau and the brutal naturalism of his predecessor, the insinuating Montaigne. Sincerity forsooth! Sincerity in Montaigne, one of the most splendid exemplars of cunning, of craft, of deceit; a dissembler, a hypocrite, who with a most insidious pen labored to cheat honest folk into imagining that he was no more than a natural beast. A miserable fellow was this Montaigne,

who, pretending to be a Christian, endeavored cynically to uproot every Christian principle and to sow the seed of every detestable vice. An egotist could select no more efficient exemplar than the same Montaigne. So depraved a heart had he, that, before him, nothing in the semblance of a Christian man had ever spoken in a more cowardly, hateful, vile fashion of gentle womankind.

But, some will say, Montaigne had style. Yes, he was an artful rhetorician, one of the most consummate of literary tricksters, schooled and then schooling himself in the use of words chosen to deceive and mislead the unwary. Only the Judgment Day shall arrest the busy Lucifer in his occupation of sharpening and mending pens; or of assisting some, driving other, greedy hands to inveigle men down to hell by means of the innocent-looking but gulleful style.

Between Daudet's fond companions, Rousseau and Montaigne, there was at least a spiritual filiation. An egotist and a naturalist, Rousseau adroitly tempered his gross immorality with an artificial sentimentalism that appealed and still appeals to the weak-minded and the shallow. All that Montaigne said audaciously Rousseau repeated in a newer, a wordier, a more insidious fashion. Filching the false teachings of the sixteenth century sophist, Rousseau set himself up as an original thinker; and he was accepted at his own measure. Uneducated, characterless from his youth, madly egotistical, corrupt in morals, mean, dishonorable, spiritless, lying, cruel, Rousseau none the less had a style good enough to ruin one country and to disorder a great part of the world. Everything he wrote was a romance, and yet a cultured as well as an ignorant mob proclaimed him the greatest of philosophers. So transparent was his method that one would think a half-blind man could not help seeing through it instantaneously. Is there a principle, based on right reason and experience and therefore accepted by sane mankind? I'll deny it, said Rousseau, and I'll affirm the contradictory. Is there a truth, based on

a divine revelation, and therefore accepted by sane mankind? I'll deny it, said Rousseau, and I'll affirm its contradictory. Nay, more; I'll deny facts proven universally and perpetually; and I'll create facts out of nothing, whenever I am in the humor. So said, so done. And those who pin their faith to the inherent reasonableness and virtue of the natural man may well ponder on the effects produced by this audacious charlatan. His work is a mockery of the human intellect. Each page contradicts itself or what precedes or what follows. Loving the lie, he despised truth. There have been critics who credit him with believing in God. He did not. When it served his purpose he fashioned a god of his own; when the idol was in his way he placed it on the closet shelf or flung it out of the window. A vague pantheist he may have been oftenest. Only by viewing his contemptible self as a morsel of deity could Rousseau satisfy his monstrous vanity. No manly man would touch the hand of one professing to be as unclean as Rousseau assured the world that he was. Set a naturalist to catch a naturalist! "You excite in me a strong desire to go on four paws," Voltaire said to Rousseau, after reading one of his books.

Treacherous in his friendships, an ingrate, the lifelong slave of an ignorant drab, unnatural towards his natural children, a swaggerer when he was not whimpering—and he was a born whimpere—the founder of the Four Paws school of philosophy will not impress a thoughtful mind as any more worthy of confiding respect than the immoral Montaigne. The "sincerity" that Daudet admired in his chosen models we shall call by its right name—shamelessness. Could it be that Alphonse, with great simplicity, mistook hypocrisy and unveracity for sincerity? One cannot say. A clever man is he who neither has been fooled nor has fooled himself. There are American pedagogues who desire to educate tender children according to the sweet methods contrived by dear Papa Rousseau. If an American pedagogue can go wrong, who shall wonder at Daudet!

A glance at Alphonse's annotated copy of Pascal might relieve us from trying to pick out the passages to which the Parisian romancer turned the more frequently. Many of the blasphemies uttered by Montaigne and other atheists were convincingly answered by Pascal, who still commends himself to lovers of a clear, direct style. One of his "Thoughts" may be pertinently quoted here: "Misery persuades to despair; pride inspires presumption." Pascal was presumptuous enough to determine questions that he was not competent to discuss, unless in a modestly tentative manner. His attack on the Jesuits was rather vindictive than sincere; for he was actually aiming his shafts at other religious orders. The shafts were borrowed, as he acknowledged. And he used them without caring whether any of them were poison-tipped.

In the Port Royal hospital for eccentrics, to whose patients the Abbé de S. Cyran and Mother Angélique so becomingly administered, there was at least as much passion as piety. One is astonished that Pascal did not teach even a short prayer to Daudet.

In the romances of Tartarin de Tarascon we mark no influence directly traceable to the gifted Jansenist. To Rousseau rather than to Montaigne we should say Daudet was indebted. Rousseau was an anarchist, while Daudet remained at heart a monarchist. Rousseau hated every one except his own detestable self; Daudet was considerate of others. They were brotherly, however, in their measure of the literary value of sentimentalism. From the older man Alphonse may well have learned the pretty tricks that some folks said he copied from Dickens. The French romantics are inclined to give Chateaubriand the credit of fathering them. Did he do more than direct their attention to a new class of heroes? As far as method and novelty of subject were concerned, Rousseau had broken a way not merely for the romantic school, but for the realists and naturalists also.

Other models and teachers Daudet selected. "He admired Descartes and Spinoza," writes the son from whom we have

already quoted. Could Daudet have romanced life as imaginatively as Descartes romanced philosophy, his fame would be immortal. In Spinoza, the pantheistic pupil of Descartes, what was there to attract the discoverer of Tartarin de Tarascon? "He loved," said the son, "to breathe on the heights of 'The Ethics'"—meaning the heights of Spinoza's "Ethics." Now, though the Dutch pantheist wrote about ethics, he had no system of morals other than the immoral system which egotism and utilitarianism necessarily deduce from their postulates; an ethics of the depths, reptilian depths. Climbing the stairs to Flaubert's *grenier*, or to De Goncourt's, Alphonse could have breathed an air equally mephitic at any hour of the day. At the dinner table, alongside of Renan, Tourgénéf, Gambetta, Maupassant & Co., the air of egotism and utilitarianism blew furiously enough to stifle a man with lungs more vigorous than Daudet's. Humorously, one can imagine Tartarin de Tarascon setting forth to scale the "heights" of Spinozan ethics; but, seriously, we cannot permit a single other Tarasconian—not even Tartarin's creator—to attempt the silly enterprise.

This list of Daudet's admirations closes with the name of the unlovable Schopenhauer, the gifted bedlamite; another insane Egotist—atheist, sensualist, naturalist, pessimist, nihilist. What a baggage it is! Try to analyze the mind whose treasury of wisdom has been stuffed with shreds and patches rifled from the junkshops of Montaigne, Rousseau, Descartes, Spinoza and Schopenhauer; shreds and patches jumbled up with others culled from the seedy garments of the rude, low company of a fevered youth, and from the dress coats of the less boisterous, though no more indelicate, company of middle age—the Flauberts, De Goncourts, Renans, Zolas, Tourgénéfs, Maupassants, Rocheforts and their ilk. May we not ask whether you would, reflecting, consider the possessor of that mind as better fitted now to guide one in questions of morality, to advise one about the niceties of literary conscientiousness, than when intoxicated with imaginative books and sugared

alcohol, he sailed, on the filched boat, upon the foaming river?

Léon Daudet's tribute to his father's philosophic mind we do not take seriously. Filial affection—shall we not also say personal vanity—prompted the son to find in his father's mind a something that was absent. A fanciful, nervous man, with quick sensibilities, receiving lively impressions from things and words; a talker, who probably chatted better than he wrote; a man whose intellect was as myopic as his eyes—an unschooled and therefore self-sufficient mind—Daudet's philosophic notions were as unstable as the character of his hero, Tartarin. Launched on a career, he kept to a course that should land him in the port of newspaper fame, fortune and material pleasure. Why did he choose as guides only the charts designed in the university of "immoralism"? We do know that many vain or proud fellows, after graduating from that wide-open school of learning, insist that they are troubled with philosophic doubts. And dolts there are, and beasts, as we have seen, who pretend they have ceased to doubt, and now reject all wisdom except their own. Do not trust them! They are fooling themselves, not you. Cowards all, conscience is vital

still—vital will she be until the terrifying stertor; until the horrible rattle. A sound philosophy is ballast. Ambitious fellows, greedy fellows, sensual fellows, vain fellows, the giddy—all intoxicated sailormen—throw it overboard, too often, lest it might impede their progress upon a crooked way.

Of "The Five," the writer confesses that to Daudet, and to Daudet alone, he has a leaning. His long suffering, the neglected childhood, the unguided youth, the misguided manhood, and then his wit, his genial good nature, his fidelity as a husband and father, the sprightliness of his style—these qualities attract one, soften one. And yet no sympathy with the unfortunate youth or the crippled man, no acknowledgment of his natural gift, can or should dissuade us from condemning his ungodly books.

The hired men are bearing his body into the Catholic church, in which his children were baptized, and made their first communion. Yes; the rosary is in his hands. During the holy Mass, praying for him, let us not forget ourselves. Once, piously, he served the altar. Human, like him, we have need of the good God's aid, lest, to-morrow, we stumble worse than he did.

GETHSEMANE.

LORENZO Sosso.

Ere you moan forth your words of sad
lament
And crush the spirit in its house of
sod,
Consider how Christ suffered, be content,
And trust in God.

Take up your burden then without com-
plaint,

However dark or steep the way may be:
Whisper unto thy spirit when 'tis faint,
Gethsemane.

There came the agony to Christ the Son,
Who triumphed, and thus made man's
birthright sure:

The victory by us, too, may be won
If we endure.

Then hush all words of bitterness and
wrath

That rend the soul with fangs of pierc-
ing woe

Whatever stones may bruise thee on the
path

Thy feet must go.

God's love is like a star revealed at night

That makes more beautiful the fields of
space,

Until the heavens laugh in their delight

At such a grace.

Or like the Autumn's bounteous increase

Gathered by all His angels at the last,

To swell the harvests of eternal peace

When life is past.

Accept the spirit's guerdon and be found
With all the faithful standing at their
post,

When the Almighty Watcher goes his
round

Amidst the Host!

JACK'S ADVENTURES.

KATHRYN WALLACE.

CHAPTER I.

Down on the Atlantic Coast, in the old fishing town of Gloucester, there stood on the brow of the hill, a small straggling cottage, holding itself, as it were, aloof from the street. The little grass plat before the house was fresh and green; beside the path leading up to the door, fragrant sweet-williams, marigolds, and other old-fashioned flowers nodded a welcome to the merry boy who tripped gayly up the garden path, whistling as only a jolly, happy boy can whistle. At the door of the cottage the sweet, gentle face of his mother greets him with a cheery smile.

Although poverty was there an abiding guest, yet love, the magician, had brought much happiness into their seemingly barren lives.

Jack Adams was only fourteen years old by the calendar; but, in many ways, he was as wise as a man. For years he had been the comfort and stay of his widowed mother. Jack belonged to a sea-faring family. He was born in a sea-port town. His father before him had been a sailor, and had lost his life on the sea. So, really, the boy was cut out for a sailor; he could climb like a squirrel the highest trees in the township; whenever he was wanted he was always to be found in a tree-top. Some of the townspeople were rather proud of Jack's accomplishment in this line, and Billy Bowlegs, the town constable, often said, "Jack will never die in his bed;" for he spent so much of his time up a tree.

The boy looked eagerly forward to the day when he would take his place in some of the trading vessels that often left the neighboring coast for distant countries. He was so wide-awake and restless a lad that he longed to get away from the little town to see what the great world was

like. Jack was at that age and in that frame of mind when a common every day existence failed to appeal to him. The active boy yearned for something out of the ordinary; this came to him one bright morning, in the shape of a great circus troupe, the first he had an opportunity to see.

The arrival of the circus had been heralded by flaring posters all along the country roads. Empty barns and broken down fences were adorned with the enticing pictures of bare-back riders and dare-devil feats of men on the flying trapeze; also pictures of equally fascinating acts of wonderful animals with other marvelous and attractive things. This, to be sure, would furnish any boy with amusement, at least, for a time.

On the day of the circus we see Jack and his companions tramping off several miles to a neighboring town, where the circus was to be held. The boys gazed in spell-bound admiration at the passing gorgeous pageant that paraded the streets of the town with all its tinsel and its show; its red and gold chariots, dashing drivers and fine horses, with bespangled and glittering costumes of men and women. It was a grand sight to all the boys; but to Jack the whole parade was irresistible.

Then they entered the big tent and saw the dashing bare-back riders and the wonderful trapeze performers. "Well," thought Jack, "this is where I can use my courageous climbing ability." Then and there he made the resolution that he would be a bare-back rider, though his knowledge of horses was limited at that time to Billie Bowleg's old sorrel, which he occasionally drove through town. This, however, did not intimidate Jack. All that night his dreams were of the circus, but his heart almost failed him, as he crept from his little room in the gray of the next

morning and ran swiftly across the fields to the highway by which he knew the circus would pass on its way to the next town.

In the dim morning light he discerned the high board wagon which followed the closed cages of the animals; then came three dingy elephants, led by a very dingy looking man; then followed the wagons with tents and poles. Jack asked the last driver to take him up on his seat which he very kindly did.

Jack's spirits were somewhat dampened by the looks of things. Where was the gorgeous circus of yesterday? Jack had attempted a very daring thing and he bravely tried to overlook the dark and doubtful appearance of to-day's circus.

The driver, who was half asleep, yawned and was utterly stupid though he turned to Jack with a query. "Where are yer going, sonny?"

"I want to join your circus," said Jack.

The man gave a low whistle, and then laughed outright.

"Better get down, sonny, and leg it back home before your folks wake up. There ain't nothin' in a circus for a kid like you."

But Jack stood his ground and refused to get down.

"What do yer aim doing in the circus sonney?"

"I can climb the poles and go through the trapeze. I can do that fine for I climbed the highest trees in the township."

"I see! I see!" said the driver, with a chuckle.

"But I would like best to be a bare-back rider," said Jack.

"Better go and be a sailor; they have to do climbing; the sea and a ship is the place for you, sonny. I say," said the driver chewing a cud of tobacco, "the circus haint no place fer a lad like you; ain't yer going back home? We are now a mile on our way. Now, better jump down, sonny."

When he saw Jack's determination to still go on, a grim smile overspread his face. As he gazed on the boy, with

his merry face and light, young heart, the driver shook his head thoughtfully and brought his horses to a halt.

"I say, sonny, you got a mother, hain't yer?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"Well, you git down and run back to yer mother 'fore it's too late; I had a good mother once, sonny, and I'd give all this world if I could only git back to her again." A tear glistened in the driver's eyes. "You git back, sonny, to yer mother before she misses yer."

But Jack, though visibly affected by what the driver said, persisted in sticking close to him.

The man chewed his tobacco in silence for a while. Looking at Jack out of the corner of his merry eye, he said:

"Was yer at the circus yesterday, sonny?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack; "that's why I want to go and join your circus. That fellow on the black horse, in the white tights, has the best of the whole lot; he was a scorcher, I can tell you. I want to learn to ride just like him," said Jack.

"You do," said the driver, with a strange kind of smile. "Well, let me tell you, little boy, if you saw that driver to-day you would not see much of the glory about him that you saw yesterday. The circus, sonny, is all moonshine; nothin' in it but humbug. I say yer better go and be a sailor, sonny. You come from a seafaring town, and that's the best thing fer yer, sonny. Wish I could be off myself for a sailor. If I only could I'd leave this old circus mighty quick. There's nothing like a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep."

"Why don't you go to be a sailor if you want to?" said Jack. "You are a man, and men can do as they please."

"Well," said the driver, stopping to wipe the tobacco from his chin, "you see, sonny, the circus could not get on without me, for I am the daring bareback rider."

Jack looked at him doubtfully. "Impossible," thought he. "You the great

rider! It could not be." The man seeing the look of astonishment on Jack's face, said:

"It's just so, sonny," said the driver, and pulling out an old worn carpet-bag from under the seat, he drew from it a pair of white bespangled tights and a pair of white shoes. Jack looked them carefully over, but could not believe his eyes. The driver leaned from the wagon to expectorate the tobacco juice; then, turning to Jack, he said: "Well, sonny, them's the duds the feller wore, hain't they?"

"Yes," said Jack, "them's the spangles and the tights, and them's the shoes, too."

"Well, sonny, I'm the feller that rode the black horse. I'm the bareback rider."

Just then the sun was beginning to rise bright and clear over the tops of the forest trees. Jack saw the circus rider in all his haggardness. Could it be possible that this unkempt, dirty man beside him—with his ragged coat, old hat, with lips and chin stained with tobacco—could be the gorgeous creature of yesterday, whose wondrous exploits on the black horse he had longed to emulate? A strange smile overspread the man's face as he watched the change wrought in Jack.

"Don't seem possible, does it, sonny? But it's the hull blessed truth."

Putting a big piece of tobacco into his mouth, he again brought the great lumbering wagon to a halt. Without a word more Jack clambered down the side of the wagon and turned his back forever on the circus and its dull, procession.

As he stopped to watch the heavy wagons toiling up the hill, he waved his hand to the honest old driver and gave a little sigh for his vanished dream.

CHAPTER II.

It is three years and more since Jack's escapade. His running off with the circus had become a standing joke, and Jack himself dearly loves a joke. To be sure,

the merry Jack has been the leader in nearly all the boyish pranks in the town, but he was none the worse for that, for at heart he was an honest, straightforward lad. And now the longed-for opportunity has come, when Jack is to take his place in the brig *Katrina*. Of all the vessels that ever sailed the sea, none deserved better luck than the brig *Katrina*. No vessel that ever sailed out of the harbor is more kindly remembered to this day. There was every reason why *Katrina* should be lucky, said the good old sailors of Gloucester, for she was built by a good man, of good material, and was launched on a sunny summer day. She was called after a good woman, whose Christian life and character were known the whole country round. The woman was the good captain's wife.

The captain himself was one of the big men of Gloucester; his kindness and charity had brought many a blessing to the people along the river front. The captain was a man respected by saints and sinners alike; on land or sea he was a consistent, Christian man. He lived strictly up to the teachings of the Catholic Church. Jack Adams was considered a lucky young man when he received the appointment for the brig *Katrina*. And it seemed as if Jack's dreams were all coming true. It is Sunday morning and we see Jack and his mother wending their way over the hill on which stands the little wooden chapel, where good Father Scully comes from the neighboring town to say Mass for the handful of faithful Catholics who come from far and near. Many a kind word and many a blessing are given the widow and her son as they leave the house of prayer.

Father Scully had already invested Jack with the Scapular, and now we know he is specially under the Blessed Mother's protection. As the good priest gives them his parting blessing, they leave the little church with the peace of God shining in their happy faces. They cheerily and hopefully talk of all their future plans, and Jack resolves when he is a rich captain to build a little church in

honor of our Blessed Lady, right here on the hill overlooking the wide, wide sea. "And mother dear," said he, "you will be the finest lady in the land when my ship comes home."

Gayly they laugh and chatter while Jack is building his "castles in the air." This is his last day at home, for tomorrow his ship sails away. This is Jack's first parting from old companions and old friends; everybody has a good word and a kind wish for Jack. How gay and chipper he looks in his sailor's togs. What words of promise and good cheer he whispers into the little mother's ear. The last good-bye is given and the ship sails away.

Down in the sailors' cabin Jack opens the little box which his mother had slipped into his hand at parting. He finds a small rosary and crucifix, which the loving mother had told him to keep near his heart for her dear sake. He tenderly kisses the little treasure, and puts it safely in an inside pocket. A rush of childhood's memories come over him; he recalls the dear little chapel on the brow of the hill where he and his mother so often went to hear Mass; there where he made his first Communion and the resolutions he then made to be ever good, just and true. He renews all these promises, and again resolves to do nothing that would ever give pain to the loving mother he has left behind.

Now that Jack is on the high seas, he tries to appear merry, as every jolly good sailor should. But there is a little twinge at his heart, for he is only a boy and still has a boy's tender affections. Jack's mother sits in her lonely little home, buried in thoughts of the past. She rises and walks about like one in a dream. She puts by Jack's school-books, his fishing-rod, and the few things that their poverty had been able to purchase in the way of toys. Sometimes she opens the closet to gaze at them; then reverently shuts them up, as things too sacred for the light. In her listless attempts to arrange the room there was no purpose, no realization of what she was doing.

Her thoughts were far away with her sailor boy.

CHAPTER III.

It is now more than a year since Jack sailed away with his merry face and brave young heart. Months have passed since the brig *Katrina* was due at Gloucester, and many anxious watchers are looking for her return. Jack's mother is in great trouble of mind, for a sailor's life is so perilous. But still her faithful heart turns to the Mother of Sorrows; she feels that her boy is guided by the Blessed Mother's love and protection. Claspings her treasured rosary, she prays as she never prayed before. It is Christmas eve, and evergreens and holly are glistening in happy homes. Churches are illuminated, and everything speaks of the great Christmas festival. The world's heart is happy, for it is the eve of Christmas.

A heavy fog has settled down on the town of Gloucester; it seems to cast a gloom over the people. It had been an open winter, but to-day a tremendous gale is blowing in from the sea.

"It is not often," said the widow Adams, "that I have heard the wind howl as it does now."

"It would be bad," said a neighbor, "for any craft caught in the channel during this storm."

As they were speaking, several people were seen hurrying towards the beach.

"Something is the matter," said a fisherman. "We hear calls and shouts out on the sea."

Men were hurrying and running, without coats or hats, in their haste to get to the shore. There they saw a large ship driven in before the wind into the harbor. She was making every effort to beat clear of the rocks. But it was seen that her case was hopeless.

"She will dash on the rocks to a certainty," said an old sailor who stood on the beach. His countenance was awe-stricken. "God have mercy on their souls," said he.

"Can we do nothing to help them?"

asked a timid woman standing near the anxious watcher.

"No, no," said the old sailor, "we could not launch a boat in the face of this tremendous sea. All we can do is to keep a sharp lookout and then throw a line to any one who may be washed ashore. The ship," he continued, "will surely go to pieces on the rocks."

By this time the beach was crowded with people anxious to render assistance if possible. In a few moments a cry went up that the ship had struck the rocks. Rising high on a huge wave, she came down with a force that smashed her mainmast and then was jammed fast on the rocks. The distance from shore was not far, for the cries of the people on board could be plainly heard by the anxious watchers on the beach. There was great consternation and confusion on the shore; people were running aimlessly to and fro, and were utterly helpless to aid the unfortunate ship or its people. A terrible sea had struck the ship, and in a moment it broke up, and the floating fragments alone told that a fine vessel had become a total wreck.

For a time there was no sign of a human being among the floating masses of wreck. Presently a spar was seen floating, and a human head and hand appeared. It again disappeared. It seemed an age to the watchers before a black spot was suddenly seen beyond the foaming line of breakers. There was a general shout when the people on shore discerned the head and hands of a sailor boy. They had scarcely time to note the position of the spar, when it again disappeared. Again and again the spar came up; great breakers rolled on and there was a desperate struggle. Several times the boy and the spar were washed up to the beach. The breakers dashed high and

the poor boy seemed lost. Just as he lost consciousness a firm hand caught him and brought him safe to land.

The fishermen, joining hand and hand, had gone down into the surf, and, after many ineffectual efforts, had at last seized the lad as a receding wave was carrying him out to sea again. With the consciousness of rescue, the feeling left the unfortunate boy. As the fishermen brought him to shore, a cry went up, "He is saved! he is saved!"

The men gazed in pity on the pale, boyish face of the lad. "By my faith," said one of the fishermen, "it is Jack Adams," and Jack Adams it was.

When he fully awoke to consciousness, he was lying in a warm and comfortable bed. Everything about him was sweet and wholesome, like the face of the good woman who leaned over him. The poor boy raised a wan, white face, and looked from his hollow eyes on the face of his mother. The little mother gently clasped his bruised hands and kissed his brow. They looked at each other with loving eyes and spoke no word. During the dark and trying days of his sickness, his mind was like one wandering in a mist, in a land of pitfalls. It was a trying time for the poor mother, who, at the moment of again having her boy, was on the point of losing him forever.

Very slowly the lad came to himself. One day, as the loving mother sits by his side, he whispers: "Mother, dear, I have always worn the Scapular; it must have been the dear Christ's Mother that brought me back to you on this blessed Christmas eve." And there around the sailor boy's neck, through storm and sunshine, had been suspended the badge of the Blessed Mother's Child. "He shall give His angels charge over thee, that they keep thee in all thy ways."

O Mother Mary, Flower of womankind,
In beauty passing each earthly creature,
In whom the fiend no thought of sin could
find;
O blessed Mother, remaining maiden-pure,

O shining Lamp, in light passing nature,
Most clear Crystal, by clean virginity,
O holy Mother, and virgin most demure—
Direct our life in this tempestuous sea.
—Sebastian Brandt.

IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

A TRIP FROM SAN DIEGO TO SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

REV. BONAVENTURE HAMMER, O. F. M.

(Concluded.)

In its natural beauties, its mild, equable climate, its complete absence of malaria, its opportunities for outings on land and water, its close proximity to Los Angeles, Santa Catalina has attractions that readily commend it to the tourist, the scientist and naturalist, no less than to the searcher for relics of the prehistoric inhabitants of the island, which are still sometimes found. A visit to Santa Catalina is one of the pleasant memories of life, aside from its instructive value.

The morning after our return to Los Angeles we took a suburban car to Santa Monica, a well patronized sea resort about twenty miles from the city. The car passes through a fine section of country, and after about two hours we reach our destination. It is a dreamy sort of place, with its wide expanse of ocean, its warm air, sandy beach and rows of cottages facing the ocean. One feels like sitting on the shore and looking at the rolling breakers for hours and hours. Yet the beach is lively enough, and the bathers enjoy themselves to their heart's content in the bath-houses and in the surf with all due propriety.

To be in Los Angeles and omit a visit to Mount Lowe is reckoned as a sin of omission. The electric suburban car takes us first to Pasadena, a charming town near the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, thence on through groves and orchards of fruit trees, till we reach Altadena, a thriving village, where we change cars. Thence we pass through an uncultivated country close to the base of the mountains. Rubio Pavilion is reached, and we speed on through fields of California poppy and washes of sand and stone to the foot of a great incline cable road. Many timid eyes look up into the air with

a questioning glance. "What! are we going up there?" But the car stands ready, the timid are assured that they are safe, and away we go slowly and carefully—sixty feet upward for every one hundred feet forward. Rubio Cañon, a great gorge in the mountains, plunges off at one side, while miles and miles of valley expand beneath as the car ascends. We reach Echo Mountain where the reverberations of sound produce a wonderful echo. From a high platform, once the site of a hotel which was destroyed by fire, we look at the landscape below. Beneath is the broad plain of the San Gabriel Valley with its great squares of green fields, orange groves and little specks of houses. There lies Pasadena among its trees, and, on clear days, we catch a glimpse of the towers and spires of Los Angeles. It is all on such an overpowering scale that we seem half in a dream—the whole wide world seems lying at our feet. Reluctantly we tear ourselves away to take our seats in another electric car. The road winds back and forth along the side of the mountains, higher and higher, along the edge of precipices, with canons below and around, and with incomparable views, through forests of oak and pine, through granite cuts, over circular bridges and horseshoe curves, winding and climbing as, we believe, no mountain trail ever wound and climbed before, and finally we come to a stop five thousand feet above the ocean level at the Alpine Tavern, nestling in a lovely spot near the mountain's summit. We are just in time for luncheon, to which we bring an appetite keenly sharpened by the rarefied air. Happily the meal is good and bountiful, and the charges reasonable.

But who would stay indoors in such

a place? Our meal over, we start on an exploring tour. We are in a strange wonderland of beauty and delight. Graceful squirrels scamper fearlessly about; birds sing and groups of happy children who came up with their parents are engaged in light-hearted play. It is a strange experience to be thus lifted up from the plain to the mountain heights. We glory in the freedom of it, our hearts expand with the view, our horizon widens as we lift our heads into the region of clouds and sky. The illimitable stretches of the plain become familiar to us as we look—not across, but down upon them in an endless sea of blue. "Here is the workings of the Almighty, where the granite cliffs are split and tossed down into the plain, where mountain peak and cloud meet, and where the giant pines clasp the rocks with their mighty roots to hold them for a brief span from the disintegrating powers of Time."

The project of building an electric and cable road directly up the face of this great mountain range into the heart of the forests that clothe its summit, was accomplished about nine years ago through the determination and efforts of Professor Lowe, who erected an observatory at Mount Echo, and after whom the highest peak was named.

The descent was begun at 5 p. m. and in about two hours we arrived safe at Los Angeles, indelibly impressed with what we had experienced.

Of another character, but in its way just as interesting, was our visit to the Mission of San Gabriel, about ten miles distant from the city of Los Angeles. Not to tire the reader with a description of the gardenlike country through which we passed on the Southern Pacific Railroad, we proceed with the narrative of our trip. After arriving at our destination, our first visit was to the old Mission church built by the Spanish Franciscans in 1790, the Mission itself having been founded as early as 1771. The old church of San Gabriel is one hundred and thirty-eight feet long, twenty-six wide and thirty high. The foundation and walls, up to the small

windows, are of stone, the rest of brick. Near the ground the walls are five feet thick. The mortar used was of such excellent quality that the building is almost as strong as if hewn out of solid rock. The altar is very old and quaint, and on it are rare ancient statues of more or less artistic workmanship. The baptistry, in an addition expressly built for it, is on the north side of the church. The old baptismal font is of hammered copper, and was brought from Spain when the church was built. In the sacristy, besides several old paintings and statues, are censers and other sacred vessels, also of copper, and apparently of the same age and workmanship as the baptismal font. The walls of the church are hung with a number of old paintings in an excellent state of preservation. San Gabriel is one of the best preserved of all the old Missions in California. That it has not gone to ruins like so many of the rest is due to the solidity of its masonry, and to the fact that it has never been, for any considerable length of time, without the services of a pastor. On account of its accessibility it is visited by hundreds of tourists annually, and is photographed and sketched times without number.

After seeing San Gabriel, the route which we had mapped out for ourselves took us on to Santa Barbara. Among the notable places which the Southern Pacific passes on the way there is Camulos Ranch, so vividly and sympathetically described in "Ramona." Some of the buildings, among them the chapel, were pointed out to us. They are still in a fair state of preservation. Nearing Santa Barbara, the railroad again runs close to the coast. At Summerland, a few miles from the city, we saw a strange sight—a great number of derricks rising out of the ocean, more or less close to the shore. Here oil is pumped from the bottom of the sea.

Santa Barbara is a historic old city. It was founded in 1786 by Father Junipero Serra, and a considerable part of it still has the old adobe houses of that period. The Mission of Santa Barbara was established in the same year, but most of the

at buildings date no farther back than 1820. They are the best preserved of the Missions, and the only ones where ministrations of the Franciscans have not been interrupted. Santa Barbara is now the headquarters of the Bishop on the Pacific Coast, and near it is completed, in 1901, a large and well-constructed stone college building for the training of aspirants to the priesthood in the order. Our sojourn about these halcyon precincts, the inspection of rare old manuscripts and relics of early missionaries, the beautiful old cemetery with its cypresses, palms and flowers, the vines and trees dating from the founding of the mission—all combined to impress upon us.

Mission is situated on the heights outside the city, and behind it loom the Santa Ynez Mountains in their solitary grandeur. We took a drive up their heights, first over the foothills, then on into the mountains proper, through scenery which for entrancing beauty is rarely equalled. Near the summit, perched on a rocky promontory, is a lonely cottage in a lovely garden recess of the mountain, where a profusion of tropical plants and a forest of trees, the orange, lemon and bay—predominating, greets the eye. Over the entrance a German inscription reads, translated into English:

"Who built thee on the heights up here, Orest, grand and fair!"

A mountaineer, a German, selected this charming spot to establish a restaurant for the accommodation of the many tourists who make this trip. Now our drive led down again into the foothills, to a quiet, a rambling settlement of fine houses and beautiful homes. About many of these places the natural setting of live oaks and rocks, of tangled thickets which attract the birds, and open fields of grass where clover have been preserved, while the residences are set in tropical gardens of great beauty. Thence we drove to the ocean, with its incomparable beauty along the beach with its silvery surf, then through the business section of the town, to the large and beautiful

church, and the Spanish and Mexican quarters of the town.

Thus ended this memorable trip to Southern California. Our health was greatly benefited and the scenes we saw in the beauties of nature and the works of man, but especially the Franciscan Missions which we visited, will ever be impressed upon our mind. To conclude, let us take a cursory view of their history.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Spanish government desiring to encourage colonization of its territory of Upper California, then unpeopled save by native tribes, entered into an arrangement with the Order of S. Francis, by virtue of which that Order undertook to establish Missions in the new country, from which were to spring future villages and cities, to which Spanish subjects were invited to emigrate. By the terms of the arrangement the Franciscans were to have charge of the Mission properties and their revenues for ten years, which period was deemed sufficient to fairly establish the colonies, when the entire property was to revert to the Spanish government.

As we have seen in the course of these sketches, Father Junipero Serra was placed in charge of this work—a man of saintly piety and energetic character, who in childhood desired only that he might be a priest, and when he had attained that sacred dignity wished to become a martyr. He founded one Mission after another, twenty-one in all, from San Diego along the coast as far north as San Francisco. The labor of their construction was appalling. Brick had to be burnt, stone quarried and dressed, and huge timber for rafters brought on men's shoulders from the mountain forests, sometimes thirty and forty miles away, through rocky canons and trackless hills. In the course of time many thousands of Indians were persuaded to cluster around the Missions and to contribute their labor to the industries of agriculture, cattle-raising and a variety of manufactures. There were woolen mills, wood-working and blacksmith shops and other manufacturing establishments. The exportation of hides was one of the most important items, and

merchant vessels from the Atlantic coast of America, from England and Spain sailed to California for that commodity.

The Fathers invariably selected for their Missions a site favorable to security, of commanding view and scenery on the slopes of the most fertile valleys, and convenient to the running water which was the safeguard of agriculture in a country of scant and uncertain rainfall. The Indians, less warlike than the roving tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, were almost universally docile and submissive. Peace and plenty reigned and with the practices of religion civilization advanced. Oranges, olives, figs, dates, bananas and every other variety of temperate and sub-tropical fruit, ripened in a sun whose ardency was tempered by the dryness of the air into an equability rarely disturbed, while the regular alternating breeze swept to and from ocean and mountain then as now, and made summer and winter almost indistinguishable seasons, save for the welcome rains that characterize the latter.

True, they had their trials and reverses. Earthquakes were not uncommon, and at times disastrous. In 1812 one upset the one hundred and twenty foot tower of the Mission Capistrano and sent it through

the roof of the church upon a congregation of whom nearly forty perished. Pirates hovered about the coast, and then the men in the Missions stood to their arms, while the women and children fled into the cañons of the interior with their portable treasures. After the rule of Mexico had succeeded to that of Spain, bickerings of a political nature and struggles for place occurred, which finally brought on the ruin of the Missions.

To replete its exhausted treasury, the Mexican Government, in 1833, decreed the secularization of the Missions. Sadly the Fathers forsook the scene of their long and arduous labors and successful achievements for the civilization and salvation of the Indians, who melted away into the wilderness and the darkness of their natural ways. The churches and monasteries of these Missions are now, for the most part, only decayed legacies and fragmentary reminders of a time the world will never see again. But as long as an arch of the Missions stands, as long as one of their stones remains upon another, they will be among the most interesting relics in our land, silent but eloquent witnesses to Franciscan endeavor and achievement.

CHRIST AND THE INFIDEL.

SISTER MARY ALPHONSE, O. P.

O King! I loved Thee not;
I bade defiance to Thee, bold
With brazen armor, hot
As August seems, and banners where
the fold
But half concealed the serpent.

I longed to win for law
Not Thine Thy world; to make the
mead
Of fragrant peace with war,
The heights with castles, and Thy holy
creed
Use for my song and pastime.

I come to tell my hate.
I stand before Thee, one who fought
To kill Thee, knowing fate
Had that sure weapon in fierce forges
wrought
That should end Thee, or stab me.

O King! I bring my love!
O Friend, Thy face before me shone
Through battle, like a dove
Circling in sunlight, till it hovers prone
Over its long-hoped haven.

Friend, take my sword and crown!
Before Thy love I humbly bow,
My ardent courage grown
Gentle as Thine; my banner sinking
low;
Thy name my army's glory.

Lend through my heart this sword;
And I a spirit shall spring up,
Thy servant, solemn; Lord
Of self-denial only; with the cup
Of tears drained to Thine honor!

THE JEWS—THEIR PROPHETIC BEARING ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

IV.

This, we apprehend, will be the commencement of the greatest and last persecution of Christians throughout the world. S. Augustine, in his (*De civ. Dei* lib. 20, c. 2), tells us: "This persecution (of the anti-Christ) will be the last; it will happen towards the approach of the last Judgment, and it will fall upon the church in every part of the world; that is, the whole city of Christ, will be persecuted by the whole city of the devil as far as both are extended upon the earth." Other Fathers of the Church concur in the same sentiment. But is this cruel monster of satan to have successors in his iniquity? S. John, who has written out his life in Revelations, tells us no; for, in Chapter 19, v. 19, 20 and 21, he says: "And I saw the beast and the kings of the Earth and their armies gathered together, to make war with him that sat upon the horse and with his army; and the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet, who wrought signs before him, wherewith he seduced them who received the character of the beast, and who adored his image. These two were cast alive into the pool of fire burning with brimstone. And the rest were slain by the sword of him, that sitteth upon the horse, which proceedeth out of his mouth." The person here described as sitting upon the horse is none other than Christ, as in another place of his prophetic history of the church S. John tells us: (Ch. 6, v. 2.) "And I saw and beheld a white horse and he that sat on him had a bow, and there was a crown given him, and he went forth conquering that he might conquer."

The two leading factors, as we believe, of the present bellicose European situation, and inferentially of the great Eastern question, will ultimate in bringing

upon the world's theatre as conspicuous characters the Jews and Mahometans. This issue will be brought about by Russia's determination to carry out the policy of her founder, Peter the Great, in expelling the Mahometans from Europe, and so obtain possession of Constantinople. This policy, if successfully carried out, will enable her as she conceives to become a great naval power, by becoming master of the Bosphorus and Mediterranean, and to our mind is the true inwardness of that uneasiness felt in the heads of the different governments of Europe to-day. For centuries France previously had been the controlling power of Europe, and her *ipse dixit*, until the defeat and fall of her last Emperor, at Sedan, was law, to a great extent, for the subordinate and smaller powers. Since the victory of Sedan, however, Germany has fallen heir to that *ipse dixit*, and it is to this loss and not the loss, as some assert, of her two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, that is the real cause, in our judgment, of that hostile attitude, conspicuous between those two powers to-day. But "There is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." Or, as another quaint old expression has it, "Man proposes, but God disposes," and both are applicable to nations, as well as individuals, as Russia and the other monarchical powers of Europe will soon experience.

The flight of Dom Pedro from Brazil and the erection of a Republic upon the ruins of the Empire, we regard as one of the significant facts of modern times, for it left the western hemisphere in full possession of the Democracy or republican form of government.

This fact is full of meaning and, especially so, connected with the fact that the greatest of the Latin powers of Europe,

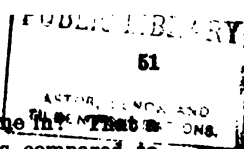
France, following our own lead, is republican, and must cause the other Latin powers, Spain and Italy, to become so, in the near future. There is, too, a strong socialistic feeling in Germany, which must ultimately lead to the republican form of government, and the overwhelming defeat of Russia, by the anti-Christian power, and absorption of them all for the moment, representing the seventh and last head of the beast of Daniel, are events of the near future, stupendously great. But the overwhelming of this colossal anti-Christian power, the greatest and most wicked the human race has ever seen, by Almighty Power, as we have shown, naturally leads the inquisitive mind to speculate upon the form of government the majority of civilized nations will then adopt. We predict the democratic or republican form, and then will usher in before the end of the world that peace and triumph and glory of the Christian Church, with the Jews no longer Jews, but the happiest and most perfect Christians the world has ever known, not even excepting the early Christians of the first three centuries. But have we any Scripture for this assertion? We answer, an abundance, but will make one or two quotations only, as expressive of the fact. The Prophet Joel, after his description of the terrific slaughter in the vale of Jehosaphat, of the Antichrist's army, by the Almighty Son of God, in Chap. 3, verse 17, thus addresses the Jews (now become Christians by the preaching and miracles of Enoch and Elias): "And you shall know that I am the Lord, your God, dwelling in Sion, my holy mountain; and Jerusalem shall be holy, and strangers shall pass through it no more." (v. 18) "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down sweetness, and the hills shall flow with milk; and waters shall flow through all the rivers of Juda; and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord, and shall water the torrent of thorns." (v. 20.) "And Judea shall be inhabited forever, and Jerusalem from generation to generation."

The prophet Ezechiel, in Chapter 39, v. 28, thus describes the happy state of the converted Jews: "And they shall know that I am the Lord, their God, because I caused them to be carried away among the nations; and I have gathered them together unto their own land, and I have not left any of them there. Verse 29: "And I will hide my face no more from them, for I have poured my spirit upon all the house of Israel." The prophet Amos, likewise, describes the happiness and prosperity of Judea in these words, Chap. 9, v. 13: "Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, when the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of the grapes of him that soweth the seed; and the mountains shall drop sweetness and every hill shall be tilled." v. 14: "And I will bring back the captivity of my people, Israel; and they shall build the abandoned cities, and inhabit them; and shall make gardens and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their own land; and I will no more pluck them out of their land; which I have given them, saith the Lord, thy God." These verses, taken from a few of their old prophets, show what a remarkable era of peace, prosperity and spiritual happiness is in reserve for the dispersed of Juda.

We shall now conclude our somewhat lengthy article upon the Jews which, however, might be extended indefinitely, for we have scarcely touched upon the subject, directly and indirectly. The moral and lesson to be drawn therefrom is this: If asked, do we believe in the Christian system of religion as contra-distinguished from the Jewish, Mahometan and the thousand and one others, candor would compel us to answer—We do; moved thereto, to some extent, by the great and extraordinary fact of the existence of the Jews; a fact amounting to a miracle visible to the eyes and intelligence of every man on the earth.

We read in Scripture that the Divine Messiah, a little antecedent to his crucifixion, going down to Jerusalem, la-

DOMINICANA



ments in this melancholy strain: "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How often have I desired to have you in my keeping, as the hen doth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not." Then He makes this remarkable prophecy regarding this people:

"This city," says he, "will be taken and destroyed, not a stone left standing of the temple; this people will be put to death by the edge of the sword, and the nation will be dispersed over the earth, and this generation will not pass away before these things will come to pass." The event, as predicted, happened, as we have seen, when Vespasian's army, forty years afterwards, caused to be realized every thing predicted. With the destruction of the temple, the Jewish system of religion ended. We realize from this fact, whenever we behold a Jew (and he is to be seen around the globe), that the promised One has come, and that the new religion He founded was to be substituted for the religion of the Patriarchs and Prophets. But where and how, it may be

asked, does the miracle come? That a little handful of people, as compared to the population of the whole globe, should have been scattered for so long a time among the nations (nigh unto two thousand years) persecuted, despised and treated as outcasts by the Gentile world, and still preserve an existence, yea, a nationality, even their physiognomy; and that they have not been absorbed centuries ago by the nations into which they have been dispersed, partakes of the supernatural. This great fact, to the writer's mind, proves, independent of Scripture, that the Almighty has in store for the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, some great good, and we can conceive of none other than their return to their country, and conversion to the religion He came to establish, and did establish. And, "All the ends of the earth shall remember, and shall be converted to the Lord; and all the kindred of the Gentiles shall adore in His sight; for the kingdom is the Lord's and He shall have dominion over the nations."

Mother most Pure; thou clear from any show
Didst ever live of any sinful stain,
Gainst all th' assaults of our accursed foe
Thy very thoughts did victors still remain.
From actual sins and from original
Thy soul alone, and none but thine, was free;
Yea, the profoundest doctors, when they fall

To speak of sin, refuse to mention thee.
Thy soul and body now rejoined do shine
Next to thy greatest Son, by much more pure
Than Cherubins, or other Powers divine.
Endeavor, most pure Mother, to procure,
That when our souls with sins we taint,
we may
With floods of tears wash all such spots away.

Mother most Chaste thou art, for thou alone
Of all thy sex a Virgin didst conceive;
A pure chaste Virgin broughtest forth thy Son;
A Virgin also this frail world didst leave.
Thou never didst (let hell storm, shift and lie)
After thy First-born Child a second bear;
Thou still wert clearer than the world's bright eye,
Or all the lights which burn on every sphere.

Thy Chastity's strong bands no strength could cut;
Thou art the Gate through which but Israel's God
Doth come and go, yet still remaineth shut.
Vouchsafe, chaste Mother, to divert the rod
Of thy great Son's just judgments from the head
Of those who serve Him and His justice dread.

—Rev. Lawrence Anderton, S. J.

A DAY WITH SAINT CATHARINE DE RICCI.

EDITH R. WILSON.

I.

We were just leaving Siena—dear, quaint, "tre-cento" Siena—but could not depart without a farewell visit to our kind friends, the Dominican Fathers of Santo Spirito. What was our pleasure at finding that the good Father R—— was on his way to hold a mission at Prato, the home of S. Catharine de Ricci. We, like patriotic Americans, had chosen Thanksgiving day for our journey, and as the Father's mission was to open the eve of the twenty-ninth, he also was starting on the twenty-seventh to allow himself a day in Florence. Hence we won a double favor: First—The promise of a Mass at San Marco for our Dominican friends in America; secondly, that of the special privilege of seeing the body of S. Catharine de Ricci "scorperta," at Prato. As the body of this saint lies within the cloister of an enclosed order, and cannot therefore be seen without a special permission, we felt we were highly favored.

It had been unusually cold and cloudy during November at Siena, and our Thanksgiving day journey terminated in a dull, persistent rain, cold and cheerless, so that we were full of fears for the morrow. But S. Catharine interceded for us, and the twenty-eighth dawned mild and sunny "Come un vero giorno di primavera." We heard our first Mass that day in the beautiful little chapel of the English Nursing Sisters at Florence, the "Blue Sisters," as they are called, and then hastened to reach San Marco in time for our promised Mass before the altar of Sant Antonino, for our far-away friends, upon whom the day had not yet dawned, but whom the rising sun would soon call to offer the same great sacrifice.

We must not pause now to say aught of San Marco, with its marbles and frescoes, either of church or convent. That demands a volume in itself. But, leaving the white beauty of the "Cappella Sant

Antonino," with only a reverent glance and prayer, we will turn our steps down the Via Cavour, past the Piazza del Duomo, with its giant dome, its wonderful campanile and Baptistery, till, threading our way still onward, we reach the Piazza di Santa Maria Novella. Here we might well be tempted to stay our steps, for we are now at another great Dominican centre, only second, or perhaps third, in interest after San Marco and Fiesole, for Florence is indeed a city of Dominican memories. But Santa Caterina is calling us, and the train awaiting us at the Piazza della Stazione, only a stone's throw from Santa Maria Novella. So we must hurry on to obtain our tickets for Prato. We entered the station and were comfortably disposed in the railway carriage. As Father R—— was to be occupied in the forenoon, we had arranged to visit the Cathedral and other points of interest in Prato in the morning, leaving S. Catharine's until the last. The short ride, of about an hour, from Florence to Prato was full of picturesque beauty. The snow lay white on the mountains, which stood out in purple contrast against both snow and clouds—soft, white, fleecy clouds, just skirting the horizon, but not veiling the blue vault above. Tiny picturesque villages—turreted castles, and churches with gabled belfries—adorned the purple hills with a crown of beauty. A glimpse of the Arno met us here and there, like the glint of a silver arrow, as we sped along in the sunlight, and our ride in the fresh morning air was so delightful we were almost sorry when the porter called out "Pra-to," and we descended to take a general survey of the quaint old town before bending our steps to the Cathedral. There is always a special charm in the atmosphere of the smaller Italian towns. The bustle and jostle of city life have not yet reached them. They are not so tourist-ridden,

above all, they are much more res-

we were not surprised, on reaching
o, to find a Mass in progress
e Capella of the Girdle, and the
l itself filled with a little throng of
dini. For this is the far-famed
uary of the girdle of the Madonna
wed upon the doubting Apostle after
ady's Assumption. The frescoes of
apel, by Agnolo Gaddi, are especial-
utiful, and so is the cancello of ex-
ely wrought iron work which sur-
s it. The church itself is of early
ecture. Not unlike San Miniato,

Florence, in general plan. The
long, narrow aisles. The central
much higher in its vaulting and the
arly elevated chancel, which is ap-
hed by three series of steps. This
el being somewhat wider than the
of the church gives it the shape of
er T rather than that of a true cross.
can hardly stop to describe the fres-
of the choir and beautiful side chapel

The delicate tracery of the chancel
gs and of the marble pulpit with bas-
s by Mino da Fiesole. The gem under
in the side wall, by Fra Filippo
. The great bronze crucifix by Betti
the high altar, or the chapel of the
ed Sacrament to the left, with its
lamps of bronze. A walk through
icriety and cloisters brought us back
e Cappella of the Girdle, where we
ined the beautiful shrine with its
ificent bronze reliefs. We also ad-
l a large painting of the Delivery of
irdle, directly above the main en-
e. The most peculiar feature of the
dral is the exterior pulpit projecting
the outer wall, built for the display
e girdle to the people at stated sea-

This is the work of Donatello, and
orned with figures of dancing boys
st as graceful as those by his hand
e Barghello. Leaving the Cathedral,
entered through the quaintly invit-
treets, and concluded that Prato was
sperous town. For everywhere were
of busy life and industry, rather
of the vacant, hopeless poverty
is so sad a greeting to the traveler

in many of the small mountain towns of
Italy.

Neither did the children run forward to
meet us with offers of guidance to this or
that celebrity, and consequent demand for
soldi. The graceful form in which such
demands are made renders them, how-
ever, be it said, quite captivating, pro-
vided they are not too frequent. One
mode of appeal is this: "Un soldo, Sig-
nore, because you are so noble." Or, to
a young lady: "Una soldina, Signorina,
perche lu e bellina." However, at Prato
we were neither tormented nor compli-
mented. We watched the women and
children deftly plaiting straw as they
talked or walked. The men drying the
dyed yarn in the market place, and
climbed up to the delightful old fountain
in the Piazza Commune, where the quaint-
ly carved fishes are swallowing their own
tails. All without molestation and only
such kindly guidance as we requested.
The allotted time passed quickly away
in visits to "Santa Maria del Carceri,
San Francisco, the open-air tryptich
of Filippino Lippi, and other interesting
sights. When we left the scrupulously
neat little "Albergo al Gardino," where
we lunched sumptuously, at most moder-
ate cost, and followed our guide down the
street leading to the Convent of Santa
Caterina, we were met by a small messen-
ger, who told us the "Predicatore" was
expecting us. We entered a low-portaled
door in a cold gray wall, and found our-
selves in a tiny room, where the kind
Father R—— was speaking through the
grille to a white-veiled sister within. The
congregation of Saint Catharine de Ricci
never wear the black veil, for, although
now enclosed, they were once a community
of the third order, and now cloistered, and
this white veil is still worn in token of
humility.

Father R—— introduced our party, and
we spoke in the best Italian we could
muster, of our acquaintance with the
American congregation of S. Catharine de
Ricci, and with its foundress, Mother de
Ricci, now passed to her reward. The
sister welcomed us to enter their beautiful
convent.

EDITORIAL.

This month may be considered the introduction to the Lenten season, because of the special festivals sacred to the Passion of our Blessed Lord, commemorated during it, and because its closing days will open, with Ash Wednesday, the solemnities and the fast set for the month of March and for a portion of April. We counsel our readers to consult the Calendar, and to make worthy preparation for that holy time.

On the twentieth of this month, God preserving our beloved Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth will begin the twenty-sixth year of his glorious reign. To have seen the years of Peter, to have ruled the Church of God for twenty-five years, will be a crowning honor for our Holy Father, to whom may God grant even greater length of days to bless a pontificate so rich in great achievements.

Judging from the correspondence of priests who have gone to the Philippines, from the United States, the condition of church affairs in the Islands would indicate undue interference by Governor Taft. Accused of abetting schismatics and rebels to ecclesiastical authority, the Governor is charged with a very serious offence by men whose honesty cannot be questioned, who have written from first-hand information. The usual official denials may be expected.

The members of the Holy Name Society of S. Dominic's San Francisco, the parent branch in California, made a memorable demonstration of their faith and piety in preparation for the feast of the Circumcision. A triduum of prayer and conferences, the latter delivered by one of the Fathers, closed the old year. More than one hundred men, wearing the Holy Name badge, consecrated the new year by receiving Holy Communion, in a body, in honor of the Holy Name. It was a beau-

tiful act of faith and love, and gave great edification to all who witnessed the ceremony.

From a recent number of *The Sun*, New York, we take the following suggestive bit:

Vineland, N. J., January 11.—The authorities here have inaugurated a crusade against "curbstone profanity," ten persons having been arrested and fined by the City Recorder for using vulgar and profane language on the streets.

It would be a gain for public decency, barring any question of the reverence due to God's holy name, if a like ordinance and similar energetic measures were taken, in every city, against the degrading habit prevalent among so many men.

The troubles in Venezuela have attracted to that unhappy country an attention not usually given to South American affairs, of which, as of Mexico, the American public is generally ignorant. Examining the reports made by some of the meddling "missionary" fellows, we find that in Caracas the Presbyterians boast that after three years' "strenuous" labor they succeeded in establishing a church with *seventeen* members. On the basis of their usual lavish outlay, and knowing the utter worthlessness of the converts who pretend to be "converted" from "Romanism" for the loaves and fishes, we should say that the hysterical women and the pharisaical men who conduct such "missions" in Catholic countries, pay a high price for their church members. When, as Speaker Reed put it, the Filipinos were bought for two dollars a head, the Government made a better bargain than the Bible Societies which spend several thousand a head, and then receive only temporary boarders who consume their supplies. As hypocrites and bigots the American missionaries of the Bible societies easily "lead all the rest."

With great pleasure we present to our friends the third of Dr. Mooney's series of admirable papers. From various parts of the country we have received gratifying assurances that these articles have been gratefully welcomed by appreciative readers, Catholic and non-Catholic. *The Times Saturday Review*, New York, *The San Francisco Chronicle* and other journals have given special notice to Dr. Mooney's fine work.

On January 18, the feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, a branch of the Holy Name Society, was canonically erected in St. Joseph's Church, Berkeley, California.

Thus the apostolate of Jesus' beloved Name specially committed, in the work of this noble Society, to the Dominican Fathers, makes steady progress on the Pacific Coast.

In publishing the closing portion of Father Hammer's very interesting sketch, we announce to our subscribers that they may expect other equally agreeable contributions from the same worthy pen. We are indebted to the learned Franciscan for his generous co-operation.

In our March number we shall introduce another member of the Seraphic Order as one of our staff.

In a recent audience which the Holy Father granted to a religious superior, the good woman expressed the hope that His Holiness might live to be one hundred years old. Thanking her warmly, the Pope added "but why assign a limit to Providence?"

Grand old man, verily, man of God and Pontiff most remarkable!

Governor Taft is condemned, "out of his own mouth," in regard to affairs religious in the Philippines. His lately published Report deals with the "new faith" as he terms the scandalous schism of Aglipay who insolently calls himself an archbishop, in a manner so sympathetic that one cannot but consider the Governor as a special pleader. We shall more fully discuss his Report in our next number.

Once more New Mexico is denied admission to the fraternity of States. Specious reasons are brought forward, but every honest man in public life at Washington knows that bigotry, anti-Catholic sentiment is at the bottom, as it has been for more than half a century, from the period when Mexico was dismembered—one of our national crimes. Among the opponents of New Mexico's claim to statehood we find Senator Bard of California, who insolently flouts the strong appeal made by many representative Californians in behalf of New Mexico. Bard is a bigot who misrepresents the honesty and manliness of California. Of course, there is no "sectarian" feeling in this exclusion of New Mexico, despite the fact that on the fundamental score of population the Territory outranks a score of states at the time of their admission to the Union. For simon-pure hatred of Catholicism, go to some of our low-grade American politicians. The Senate's best men are unfortunately out-voted by such un-American bigots.

We have already recommended to our readers the beautiful work organized for the preservation of the Faith among the Indian children against whom unjust discrimination has been emphasized by the Indian Bureau. This is another evidence of anti-Catholic bigotry among officials of the United States Government. To remedy, so far as possible, the painful situation, Father Ketcham's apostolic work was instituted. With pleasure and with renewed entreat to our readers we give place to the following:

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate warmly commends the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children.

Apostolic Delegation,
Washington, D. C., January 10, 1903.
Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, Director Catholic Indian Bureau:

Rev. Dear Sir: I have received the report you have sent me of the work of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian children. I am delighted with the interest and charitable zeal which this report shows to exist among

the faithful of this country, and cannot find words warm enough to praise the good work which it is aiding in providing the means to keep alive the holy faith among the poor Indians who cannot supply such means themselves, and who are surrounded by so many influences which tend to corrupt that faith. May God bless the work and all who co-operate in it, and may He inflame their charity to still more generous sacrifices for its prosecution. I am glad that this work is under the special patronage and care of your Indian Bureau, for in this way is assured the prudent and useful distribution of the funds collected. The wonderful good work being done by your Bureau certainly cannot help but bring forth great good fruit, and the credit and merit of maintaining and spreading the Catholic faith among the Indians is largely due to it and to its careful and excellent management.

Wishing you every blessing and the fullest measures of success, I am,

Most faithfully yours in Xt.,

D. FALCONIO, Abp.
Apostolic Delegate.

The membership of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children has now reached 100,000; and it is the earnest desire of the Prelates of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions to increase this membership during the present year to 200,000. Let every Catholic who reads the Most Reverend Archbishop Falconio's letter hasten to take part in the good work, and let as many as possible offer their services as promoters.

For further information apply to

Rev. WM. H. KETCHAM,
Director Bureau Catholic Indian Missions,
941 F Street, Washington, D. C.

MAGAZINES.

The North American Review for January makes a radical departure from the traditions which have controlled that periodical during eighty-eight years, by the publication of the opening chapters of a serial story.

Worthy of special mention in this number are "Greater Germany in South Amer-

ica," particularly a timely contribution, and an appreciative and sympathetic character sketch of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

Mark Twain continues his sarcastic arraignment of Christian Science in his own peculiar biting style. He "sees through" the huge fraud as if it were transparent, as it should be to all, except the blind who love to be hoodwinked still farther.

In *Harpers' Magazine* for January the Chinese Minister—Wu Ting Fang—converses familiarly upon some disparate features of "Chinese and Western Civilization"—representing as they do two distinct standards, susceptible, however, of a harmonious blending of parts for mutual good. That the Minister is a keen observer of passing events, and capable of tracing evil to its causes, is quite apparent. He very truly says: "There is a disposition in some quarters to confound civilization with political ascendancy. Civilization does not mean merely the possession of the most powerful battleships or the most effective guns. It means rather the victory of man over his environments. Civilization is the sum of man's effort to advance from a lower to a higher level. Every nation has had problems to solve in the course of its history, and in reckoning human achievements the contributions of each people should be taken into account, so that the experience of one should inure to the profit of all." While recognizing the wonderful material progress of America, the Minister says, "There is great danger that Americans may devote too much of their time and energy to money-getting. In trying to become rich by the shortest road, it is to be feared that the cultivation of the higher qualities of the heart and intellect may suffer." On the point of education the Chinese aim is commendably imitable. They educate "to make a man a useful and desirable member of society—a kind father, a dutiful son, a loyal subject, a good husband, and a faithful friend—with enough intellectual culture to give polish to the person. Moral training may be regarded

the foundation of the Chinese educational system, while mental training is superstructure."

The stability of Chinese civilization may be attributed largely to the peaceful contentment that characterizes its people—contentment founded upon scrupulous fidelity to family duties, particularly to those of aged parents while living and of pious veneration of their memory when dead.

In this phase of "civilization" America is still undeveloped. Time enough, perhaps, when she has "no more worlds to conquer."

In the same number James B. Connolly gives an enjoyably realistic sketch of "The Whaling of To-day," "The Coinage of Words" is logically and agreeably treated by George Lyman Kittredge. Beautifully illustrated articles in prose and a collection of select poems fill out the attractive number.

The January number of *Scribner's Magazine* opens up with an appreciation of the Mississippi river, "The Old Route to New Orleans," by Willis Gibson. The writer outlines its commercial glories of the past, its gradual yielding to its enemy—the Railroad, and its possible re-employment for future trade. James Guerin selected various beautiful turns in remarkably fascinating and historically important highway of adventure and commerce to illustrate its course to the sea.

In hearty response to the writer's enthusiastic admiration of the Father of Rivers, all lovers of the beautiful in nature will cordially reiterate, "Here's to the Mississippi, the Old Route to New Orleans. May its waters never grow less; its commerce multiply; may its navigators never forget their kindly fashions; its bosom be crowded again with the running palaces like the 'Lees' and 'Pae' of fondly remembered days." "Giuseppe's Christmas," illustrated in color; "English Court and Society in the 18th Century," and several other papers of no small interest complete the number.

BOOKS.

A FOOL'S ERRAND, by One of the Fools, published by Fords, Howard and Hulbert, New York, has evoked well-merited praise from the American reading public. While posing as a "fool," the author has given utterance to many important truths which reveal a profound wisdom. In his treatment of social, economic and political problems, he manifests the acumen not only of a gifted statesman, but that of a noble and patriotic citizen. Existing conditions—growing out of mutual misunderstanding between the North and South in ante-rebellion days—are dispassionately considered, with the view of eliminating vicious causes. The lurid light of historical misdeeds in our civil strife reveals weak places in our moral bulwark that need prudent strengthening.

Ostensibly on an errand of romance, pleasantly varied by love and adventure, the astute "Fool" demonstrates the folly of a wisdom whose legislation regards the material wants of the negro while failing to provide for his spiritual development—his moral culture—which should complete his right to the dignified title of "man." *Verbum sat sapienti.*

GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA AND THE MISSIONS, by Helen Hunt Jackson, now appears in a single volume, in response to a general demand for reliable data upon early California history. The volume includes "Father Junipero and His Work" (a sketch of the foundation, prosperity and ruin of the Franciscan Missions of California); "The Mission Indians in Southern California"; "Echoes in the City of Angels"; "Outdoor Industries in Southern California," and "Chance Days in Oregon."

Helen Hunt Jackson's intimate knowledge of the localities she describes, added to her rare understanding and sympathetic treatment of the Indian question, render her California sketches most delightful supplementary reading for our schools. They also suggest a careful scrutiny of Mission records and an earnest study of that remarkable period of California's

prosperity under Missionary rule on the Pacific coast, in contradistinction to the methods that brought about Indian atrocities on the Atlantic coast at the same period of time.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, have artistically reproduced Henry Sandham's excellent sketches of the old missionary buildings and other scenes illustrative of early California history.

Again we are invited to pass a few moments WITH NAPOLEON AT SAINT HELENA, and, this time, by Doctor John Stokoe, a naval surgeon who spent about twenty-six months on the island during the captivity of the Emperor. The memoirs of Doctor Stokoe are full of new and interesting details illustrative of official cruelty exercised towards the royal captive. The personal experiences of the physician while in attendance upon the Emperor, the irregularities connected with his courtmartial, his official degradation upon vague charges so clearly detailed, are corroborative of all previous testimony bearing upon the truth of the charge of premeditated cruelty on the part of England, in the harassing persecutions put upon Napoleon—persecutions relieved only by death.

And Sir Hudson Lowe—the executor of the high deeds and exploits of the English Ministry—infamous for his zeal and pitiless vigilance against the greatest man of modern times, became an eyesore to his government. Refused a paltry pension, poor and broken in spirits, he died miserably—some years later—thus justifying a saying of Napoleon's that "There are men whom governments make use of to serve their ends, but whom they throw on one side when done with."

John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York, has published in excellent style this interesting translation from the French of Paul Frémeaux, by Edith S. Stokoe.

THE SONS OF SAINT FRANCIS, beautifully printed and bound in cloth, with eight full-page illustrations, besides a photogravure reproduction of "The Nativity,"

by Botticelli, comes from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author, Anne McDowell, most eloquently eulogizes the character of the sweet saint of Assisi, whose exalted joyousness of spirit constrained him to throw off the trammel of the world in order to revel in spiritual delights. The pleasing memoirs of Saint Francis' devoted companions are fascinating in every sense of the word. The writer's unbounded admiration for the spiritual athlete and moral hero has prompted a personal and critical interpretation of some modifications of primitive "Franciscanism." Possessing the dramatic faculty in no small degree, the author has made us see and appreciate SAINT FRANCIS and his sons in their sublime ministrations throughout the centuries. The work bears the impress of extensive bibliographical research.

A personal record of INDIAN BOYHOOD comes from the pen of Charles A. Eastman, who is a full-blooded descendant of the Sioux tribe of the North American Indians. Delightfully refreshing are the glimpses he gives us of limpid stream and forest dell, of daring hunt and simple joys of the happy "Leaf Dwellers" before "civilization" was thrust upon them. Gazing upon the miserable remnants of a once noble race, in sad contrast to their past, one may well question the wisdom of civilized methods of "developing the larger life" of God's creatures within the "environment" of our Indian reservations. The spiritual aspirations of the Indian are distinctive marks of his character—their stimulation to noble deeds the secret of his docility.

No one reading Dr. Eastman's book could say that he left "savagery for civilization," but, rather, that he sacrificed simplicity for complication.

The sketches of Indian scenes from life, by E. L. Blumenschein, realistically embellish the text. McClure, Phillips and Company, New York, have handsomely brought out the volume.

Benjamin F. de Costa, in his journey FROM CANTERBURY TO ROME, takes us

the byways and highways of his mental struggle with religious and fears. Sympathetically we accompany him through the vicissitudes of till he finally reaches the goal of

account of Doctor de Costa's travels throughout Europe and Palestine most entertainingly and insightfully set before the reader. Incalculable for their historic value, over half a century, are graphically twined in the author's experience. In every sense of the word, Doctor Costa's book should be widely cir-

Christian Press Association Publishing Company, New York, have brought volume in superior style of printing.

TRAGEDY OF PELEE, published by H. L. H. Company, New York, is a richly illustrated volume descriptive of successive eruptions of the volcano last.

Dr. Kennan, who set out for information in the interests of *The Outlook*, vividly narrates the details of his trip and vividly portrays the scenes of desolation on the ill-fated island. The chapter "Causes of the Catastrophe" holds interest for the scientific student. Kennan's work deserves special recognition for the score of its strict adherence

intrigue, particularly the sort that is against autocracy, has at all times decided fascination. In his recently published *THE VULTURES* Henry Seidel can avail himself of abundant material in the political career of Alexander for the reason of the tragic situation so vividly portrays unto the vision of the reader. The beautiful figure of Wanda of Warsaw figures prominently in the love theme of the story. H. L. H. & Brothers, New York, have richly illustrated the book.

PROTECTOR OF THE ROMAN EAGLES, a story of a young girl taken from the land

of the Alemanni, becomes the occasion of a midnight attack upon the Roman camp. The valiant sons of Mars meet in deadly conflict with the fierce followers of Odin. Arrows, spears, beams, stones fly through the air with appalling precision. The clanging of armor and din of battle resound in unison with the energetic efforts of the combatants. This delightful novel gives bright glimpses of the days when man's avowed purpose was acquisition of territory by conquest, and the methods employed were not less effective than smokeless "powder." Professor Felix Dahn's forcible style has lost nothing in this excellent translation from the German by Mary J. Safford.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago have published the book in excellent style.

MOZART, by Eustace J. Breakspeare, with illustrations, and portraits of the "musician of musicians," the master "divine" is published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

In a most agreeable style the author gives the life-story of the great composer, adding an account of his chief and varied representative compositions. Gounod, a passionate lover and close student of Mozartean scores, thus eulogizes the "*only musician in the world*":

"Who, like Mozart, has traversed the immense scale of human passions? Who has touched their far-distant limits with such unswerving accuracy, equally proof against the ineptitude of false grace and the brutalities of lying violence? Who else could thrill with anguish and horror the purest and most eternal forms? Oh, divine Mozart, didst thou lie indeed on the bosom of Infinite Beauty, even as once the beloved disciple lay upon the Saviour's breast, and didst thou draw up thence the incomparable grace that denotes the true elect?"

A collection of copious notes are included in this splendid treatise of the great composer, making this volume a valuable addition to "The Master Musicians,"

DREAMS, by A Dreamer, are heavy, unrefreshing, overcharged with aroma of the

deadly poppy. Published by the Alliance Company, New York.

From the same house *IN THE CRUCIBLE*, by Laura M. Dake, some stirring scenes are excellently set. James II of England and Duke Monmouth figure prominently in the drama of war. Adventures in the new world of contemporaneous interest are graphically recorded, particularly the horrors growing out of the Salem witchcraft delusion in 1692.

The story is appropriately illustrated by the author.

ONWARD AND UPWARD, a year book compiled by Maurice Francis Eagan from the discourses of Archbishop Keane, is published by the John Murphy Company, Baltimore.

Bright, beautiful thoughts for every day in the year are briefly expressed. Admonitions on "Right Living," "Religion," "Home," "Education," are eloquently spontaneous. In a word, all that goes to make the "Ideal Man" has been carefully considered.

"Courage then! Let us aim at the very highest at the best of life. We shall not reach the very highest, but we shall be the better for the noble aim.

"Let us grow up in Him unto a perfect man, unto the stature of the fullness of Christ." Let no lower stature satisfy us. Live by an ideal of manhood, and let that be Christ, the Ideal Man because the God Man. Aim very high that you may reach something worth while. Your life will grow beautiful and lovable as it grows like His."

Francis St. Clair, in his historical treatise—*THE KATIPUNAN*—demonstrates that the Society not only incited the insurrection against the Spanish government, but that its chief purpose is organized hostility against any legitimate government. The experience of the United States in the Islands sadly bears out the truth of Mr. St. Clair's assertion. Freemasonry, introduced into the Archipelago by Spanish revolutionists, gained little headway in the Philippines until it opened its doors to half-castes and Indians. In 1887 it made

rapid strides to power, but upon the going of General Weyler to the Archipelago as Governor-General, it gradually succumbed to his vigorous campaign against it.

The offspring of the Filipino Masonry, however, gradually acquired a footing, and counted among its members men of all classes and conditions ambitious for honors, easy livings and political influence.

Of interest, then, is Mr. St. Clair's account of the *KATIPUNAN* organization, which he characterizes as "the bastard child of Filipino masonry, that ungrateful offspring which was unfaithful even to the mother who brought it forth." The *Katipunán* was a society in the bosom of which was re-developed the Malay instinct which had lain dormant for some three centuries. This instinct, brutal, savage, intensely ignorant, immoral, ungodly; an instinct found still among some of the uncivilized tribes of the mountain fastnesses of Luzon; an instinct once almost blotted out after many years of most difficult labor and self-sacrifice on the part of the religious Orders, once again burst forth in all its strength.

The Indian left to himself, deprived of the curbing influence of the Christian religion, speedily falls back into the condition of depravity, in which Urdaneta and Legazpi—of missionary zeal—found him. The Malay instinct, like the volcano, vomits forth when least expected; the history of the Tagalog gives abundant proof of this. Take, one by one, the many leading characters in the revolution, and the instinct will be found so distinctly marked that it is unmistakable. Follow him in his course towards the Spanish government; trace his private plots to overthrow his deliverers from what he termed "Spanish tyranny"—in each and all may be found the strange instinct of the old-time Filipino—an instinct controlled only by their faith in Almighty God!

The outline of the horrors executed during the past six years by the members of the *Katipunán* society is a terrible illustration of the lengths to which savage instincts may go when grafted upon the

refined diabolism of modern Freemasonry.

From official documents Mr. St. Clair quotes copiously, throwing much light upon the characteristics of the great Malay family. He points out the peculiar attractions held out to them by the rites of Masonic initiation. He deplores their loss of religious faith, and discerns the spirit of their savage brutality towards religious disciplinarians. Delivered from "Spanish tyranny" the Katipunan set about to destroy the moral bulwark of the Archipelago—the religious Orders. For the attainment of this end, treason to their new-found protectors, treachery towards members of their own fraternity and malicious persecution of those who would thwart their ambitious projects mark the proceedings of this dreadful association.

This little pamphlet is a valuable source of information concerning the Tagalog tribes, their customs, their susceptibility to religious teachings, and their inevitable relapse into savage excesses without the restraining influence of a living faith in Almighty God.

Copies of the book may be obtained at Catholic booksellers.

THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE, by Gelett Burgess, published by Elder & Shepard, appears in several dresses of rare texture. The nature of the author's theme—the commonplace—suggests homely, flat, tame, truths of every-day incident; these, however, under his natural, vigorous and humorous treatment are transfigured before us. "Getting Acquainted," "The Manual Blessing," "The Science of Flattery," "The Art of Playing" are some of the "commonplaces" posing as romances in the guise of philosophy. Thoroughly enjoyable are Mr. Burgess' excellent productions.

VIRGIL'S AENEID, Books I-XII, edited by Henry Frieze has been revised by Walter Denison, Professor of Latin in Michigan University.

This edition has all the advantages of other standard editions of Virgil, with its own exceptional merits. One of the most interesting and instructive features

is the introduction which places before the student, in the simplest form, the metrical construction of the great Epic. In addition to this a collection of copious notes, grammatical and historical, interspersed with illustrations and diagrams, enhance the value of the work. The vocabulary is complete. The addition of the last six books to the usual school edition furnishes the student with desirable matter for out of school reading.

The American Book Company, New York, publish the six-book and twelve-book editions separately on opaque paper in a style of typography commendable for clearness and beauty.

An addition to the children's library, which should find many appreciative readers, is the SILVER LEGEND—SAINTS FOR THE CHILDREN, written by I. A. Taylor. In this book we have a collection of many legends which have gathered round those special friends of God, the saints. Among many other interesting stories we find that beautiful legend "The Holy Grail," told in simple and vivid language. "A Legend of Candlemas," "The Consecration of Westminster Abbey," "Lilies and Roses of Paradise," will be found equally interesting.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, has published this little book in attractive style.

From Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, comes LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. George Horace Lorimer, as John Graham, head of the house of Graham and Company, pork packers of Chicago, discourses to his son Pierrepont upon the ingenious methods that have brought himself business success. Facetiously bright, up-to-date and teeming with sound generalizations upon the commonplaces of every-day life, the letters reveal an indulgent, parental solicitude for a son whose pork-packing talents can not be even feebly developed. "And so," concludes the old man. "I'm going to raise your salary to seventy-five dollars a week the day you marry Helen. I'm simply going to turn you over to her, and let her keep you in order."

Eighteen full-page illustrations, excep-

tionally humorous, embellish the volume.

The LATER LYRICS of Father John Tabb pure, sweet strains, dominated by love's joyous note, awake responsive echoes in the heart. We select two that illustrate the poet's spirit:

Come back to me! but not as now ye are,
O friends afar!
For it were pain
More keen than parting, so to meet again,
With all the change that Time, perchance,
hath wrought,
In form and thought,
To make us strangers in each other's
eyes,
Save for long-cloistered sympathies.

What, O Eternity,
Is time to thee?—
What to the boundless All
My portion small?
Lift up thine eyes, my soul!
Against the tidal roll
Stands many a stone,
Whereon the breakers thrown
Are dashed to spray—
Else were the Ocean dumb.
So in the way of tides eternal, thou
Abdest now;
And God Himself doth come
A suppliant to thee,
Love's prisoned thoughts to free.

John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, has published the LYRICS in a handsome pocket-size edition.

A WANDERER'S SONGS OF THE SEA, vigorously chanted by Charles Keeler, inspire one with a love of the rollicking, boundless ocean in its varied moods of wild unrest and alternate calm.

CLOISTRAL STRAINS, deep, solemn and harmonious, resound at the magic touch of Louis Alexander Robertson:

Faith—founded vision of the manger, rise
In all thy humble glory and unfold
Time's dusty leaves, until thy page of
gold
Shines through the ages on our wondering
eyes.
From out the starry silence of the skies
A mighty flood of harmony is rolled;
Once more the song is sung the story told,
And cradled on the earth a Saviour lies

What priests and prophets did with faith
foretell,
We, looking backward with clear eyes,
can see
The thorn-crowned God forsake his
throne above;

We hear the chorus, but we hear as well,
The midnight moan in dark Gethsemane,
And sink o'erwhelmed beneath his boundless love.

BUT, in OTHER VERSES, BEYOND THE REQUIEMS, the poet's fervid fancy has painted too vividly delusive charms in the outlawry of love. These beautifully printed volumes are models of finished workmanship from the book-making department of A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

The heart of every loyal Californian, native or adopted, expands with delight when he hears the beauty and riches of his wonderfully favored State praised in poetry or prose. Mr. J. G. Lemmon of Oakland, California, in his booklet, HOW TO TELL THE TREES, pays a glowing tribute to the Pacific Coast, but particularly to California, for the wonderful variety of trees growing there so abundantly, California has many attractions, her marvelous trees being the first and greatest.

Mr. Lemmon tells us that our trees are a special creation of enlarged specimens, the result of exceptionally favorable conditions of soil and climate; consequently, they are in many instances simply unexcelled.

Teachers and others interested in Nature Study will find Mr. Lemmon's brochure a valuable aid. We hope that this little volume, which is well written and profusely illustrated, will be kindly received by all tree lovers and that it will "prove helpful in their becoming better acquainted with man's best friend on earth, the bounteous forest." The book is published by The Forestry Committee of California Federation of Women's Clubs. Anyone desiring to purchase a copy may do so by applying to Mr. J. G. Lemmon, 5985 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, California.

THE LIFT AND REPENTANCE OF MARIE MAGDALENE, by Lewis Wager, has been reprinted from the old edition of 1556-67 by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago.

It is written in the dialect of Wager's time, is essentially an allegory, presenting, largely, in the abstract, a scheme of temptation, fall, repentance, struggle and

salvation. Wager bases his play upon chapters seven and eight of S. Luke, who relates the chief incidents of Magdalen's conversion.

The play is chiefly of historical interest suggestive as a literary study. It is excellently edited by Frederic Ives Carpenter, of the Department of English, Chicago University.

Ella M. Sexton has written a number of short, entertaining STORIES OF CALIFORNIA which should surely win the attention and instruct young students in the early history of the State. Beautiful illustrations of the early Mission buildings, with brief sketches of the Padres, views of California's varied natural wonders accompanied by pleasing descriptions of their localities, the history of birds, fruits and flowers, together with a passing glimpse at the gold mines of '49, all combine to make the volume one of more than ordinary interest.

The Macmillan Company, New York, are the publishers.

Among the latest pamphlet publications of the Catholic Truth Society, London, commendable for the sound information contained therein, may be named IS THERE SALVATION OUTSIDE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH? by the Right Reverend Mgr. John Vaughan, BOGEYS AND SCARECROWS, by Rev. John Gerard, S. J., and THE JESUIT LIBEL CASE, by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. In uniform pocket edition with DANTE, appear biographical sketches of FRA BARTOLOMEO, a Dominican Friar, RAPHAEL and SANDRO BOTTICELLI, artists, whose worldwide renown is based upon the divine inspiration manifest in their wonderful productions in Christian art. These beautiful booklets may be obtained for twelve cents each.

SERMONS OF THE VENERABLE CURÉ OF AËS (Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney); SHORT SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES, for all Sundays and some feast days of the year; by Father Heffner, C. P.; SERMONS ON THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS AND ON THE SACRED HEART, by Rev. J. Fuhlrott, three volumes, which appeared first in *The Hom-*

iletic Review, have been brought out in book-form by the enterprising publisher, Joseph F. Wagner, New York.

The Sermons of the Venerable Cure are plain but instructive, breathing forth the simplicity and piety of the saint.

Father Heffner's sermons, intended for Low Masses, are brief, but contain in condensed form subject-matter for much longer discourses.

The Sermons on the Sacred Heart are a notable contribution to the literature of that widespread devotion.

The printing and binding are well done and give evidence of excellent workmanship on the part of the publisher.

Charles Keeler's well-known descriptions of California furnish ever-welcome reading to residents of the State. Particularly graphic and true to historic data are his collection of essays recently published by The California Promotion Committee, San Francisco.

This handsomely illustrated volume entitled SAN FRANCISCO AND THEREABOUT, opens with an appropriately beautiful tribute to "The Padres of Saint Francis." "The Coming of the Argonauts" and the reign of "The Bonanza Kings" read like a romance. Of the numerous and varied resources of California, their present state of development, and constant growth of industries, Mr. Keeler speaks in most glowing and encouraging terms. Possessing a deep love of the beautiful, Mr. Keeler paints with sympathetic touch the glories of the primeval landscapes that abound in our favored State. The Peerless Bay of San Francisco—"that vision of land-locked tide, of misty miles of hill-encircled bay with silver bars of sunlight flung across the gray-blue expanse," pointed out by the Padres of old as a center of missionary zeal, still holds a wealth of hidden treasures for all who approach its shores.

The publication of these historical essays is a step in the right direction. Native sons and daughters can no longer plead, as an excuse for their ignorance of California's history, a dearth of available material.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

1—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 a. m. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 p. m. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

2—Candlemas Day or Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Feast of Devotion. Two Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers (may be gained once during the octave); (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Blessing of Candles and Mass at 9 a. m. Benediction at 7:30 p. m. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 p. m.

3—S. Blase, Bishop and Martyr. Blessing of throats in his honor at 3 and 8 p. m.

4—S. Andrew Corsini, Carmelite Bishop. (Forbearance.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Solemn Requiem High Mass for the fathers and mothers of the members of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; assist at office and Mass; prayers.

5—S. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr. (Gentleness.) Requiem High Mass for deceased members of S. Dominic's Church Building Association at 9 a. m.

6—S. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr. (Amiability.) (Benediction.)

7—S. Romuald, Abbot. (Silence.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

8—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Septuagesima Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 a. m. Meeting at 3 p. m. Meeting of Men Ter-tiar-ies at 2 p. m. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

9—B. Bernard Scammaca, O. P. (True Conversion.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 p. m.

10—Our Lord's Prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. First Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.

11—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (Benediction.)

12—B. Reginald of Orleans, O. P. (De-votion to the Blessed Virgin.)

13—S. Catherine de Ricci, O. P., Virgin.

(Mildness.) (Benediction.) Plenary In-dulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers.

14—B. Nicholas, O. P., Priest. (Hu-mility.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

15—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Sexagesima Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Ter-tiar-ies at 3 p. m. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

16—B. Gregory X., Pope. (Christian Courage.)

17—Commemoration of the Passion of our Lord.

18—S. Laurence of Rippafratta, O. P., Priest. (Poverty.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

19—Translation of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. (Penance.)

20—S. John of Matha, Priest and Founder of the Order of Trinitarians for the Redemption of Captives (from 8th inst.)

21—B. Aimo Taparelli, O. P. (Love of Study.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

22—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Quin-quagesima Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Rosary, Sermon and Bene-diction at 7:30 p. m.

23—S. Peter Damien, Bishop. (Hos-pitality.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 p. m.

24—S. Matthias, Apostle. (Obedience.) (Benediction.)

25—Ash Wednesday—Lent begins—Blessing and distribution of ashes, Mass at 9 a. m. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

26—S. Brigid, Virgin, Patroness of Ire-land. (Simplicity.)

27—S. Phillip of Jesus, O. F. M., Priest and Martyr. (Benediction.)

28—B. Villana de Bottis, O. P., Widow. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for the month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Brigid of Ireland, Abbess; S. Severinus, Abbot; S. Peter Damien, Bishop; S. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr; S. Andrew Corsini, Bishop. The Five Sor-rowful Mysteries—S. Matthias, Apostle; S. Valentine, Martyr; S. Appollonia, Vir-gin and Martyr; S. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr; S. Blase, Bishop and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Finstan, Ab-bot; S. Scholastica, Virgin; S. Joseph of Seonissa, Confessor; S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr; S. Alice, Abbess.

DOMINICANA

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No. 3

THE FRENCH REALISTIC AND NATURALISTIC ROMANCE.

DAUDET, ZOLA, THE DE GONCOURTS—LIVES, LABORS—
SADNESS OF THE SCHOOL.

IV.

JOHN A. MOONEY, LL. D.

"At this moment I curse literature." The Master of Zola is the speaker. He is looking, this nineteenth day of June, 1870, upon the face of Jules, his lunatic brother; the face of a senseless being—senseless, and yet alive, as Edmond knows, because of the "tumultuous heart which pushes up the skin and bones of the chest," and because of "the strident respiration that seems to be drawn out of the hollow of the stomach"; a being whose half-dead body wrestles, vainly striving longer to retain the immortal soul that shall rush to the Judgment at half-past nine on the morrow.

Curse literature! Should some one curse the paltry books that Goncourt called literature, no shudder—not even a quiver—would agitate our fairly sensitive frame. While writing down the rhetorical curse, Edmond was busy making salable literature out of his beloved brother's physical sufferings, out of his agony; as he was to make salable literature out of the unconfined corpse, out of the obsequies; and then out of the photograph of the thing he called his own heart. Among the curiosities of literature, Edmond de Goncourt's literary passion for his younger brother is not unworthy of the

attention of literary curiosity seekers. A poet swooned, and fell as a dead body falls, when, in hell itself, he met two perversely gentle hearts, whom love constrained upon a certain day, as they read the book that Galeotto wrote. For a deep, strong, tender, true affection, humane souls have respect, reverence, sympathy, pity, according as reasoned feeling prompts; but when a man, year after year, offers to share his fraternal grief with us at the rate of three francs and a half the volume, we cannot help questioning the virility or the delicacy of his affection. The realism of Daudet, in his description of his friend Edmond's hurried departure, should have satisfied the common run of romance readers. Goncourt, who respected no one—not even himself—did not permit any detail of his own and only brother's lingering, revolting illness, or unhappy death, to remain hidden. Day after day, hour after hour, the vice of the naturalist overcoming even the compassionate disposition of Nature, he recorded each disgusting, shocking symptom of a hideous disease. The brother he professed to love intensely, helpless now, dying a death humiliating, abject—heart-rending as the expression upon his cadav-

erous face—is utilized as the subject of an offensive clinic. May all men living, and to come, be spared a like affection!

The curse put upon literature by Edmond de Goncourt did not hinder him from "architecturing" romances for twenty-six years longer, as we have seen. Perhaps the curse followed his books only. To be saluted by all decent-mannered folk as one of the most loathsome writers of the nauseating naturalistic school was hardly a blessing, though De Goncourt accepted even this poor compliment as if it were heaven-sent. Whatever he thought, during Flaubert's life Goncourt did not contest the Norman's claim to be the father of naturalism; but later he protested that to the Goncourts the fatherhood belonged of right; instancing a coarse, unclean book published by Jules and himself before ever the law clutched at Flaubert. Daudet, it will be remembered, proudly placed his name, with Zola's, among the proselytes of the older men. The ambition of the witty Provençal to be classed with three such depraved *litterateurs*, one must regret. Let us hope that posterity may be kinder to Alphonse Daudet than he was to himself!

Compared with the judgments expressed by capable French critics upon the De Goncourt work, our own have been lenient. Jules Lemaitre is expertly familiar not only with French literature, but also with the *belles-lettres* of other peoples, ancient and modern. An Academician, he has not confined his activity to the professor's rostrum. Journalist, poet, playwright, dramatic critic, romancer, he has earned the right, among the Frenchman of his day, to be called a literary man. Charge him with a lack of "modernity," he will resent and refute the charge, proofs in hand. However high may be his ideals—wise in his own generation—he is careful to accommodate their apparent elevation to the feeble eyesight of the Parisian "cultured" reader. Witty, with wit to spare always, he twists and turns a limber pen, subtly, around and about an author's figure, or up and down the pages of a book. When he has

done, you look at the book; it is blotted here, scratched there. Shall you read what is left? You will certainly think it over, before beginning—if you are sage enough to be wary about what you read. And the author? He discovers in time that M. Lemaitre has been adroitly jabbing into him an acutely sharpened pen-point; from head to foot the skin, tough or tender, is pierced. Refined cruelty! exclaims the author, as he opens the splattered book. And lo! he perceives that M. Lemaitre has pliously inserted between the leaves little bits of sweetly scented court-plaster, covers for the wounds he made so artfully. Is there a bit for every wound? Perhaps the author will never tell his friends. And yet one might name critics more exacting than M. Lemaitre, even in the Paris of to-day. In a romance or a poem or a play, the Academician is well satisfied with a morality that to a Parisian man of the world would not seem excessively austere.

Cacophonous, M. Lemaitre happily calls the De Goncourt artistic style; a style of "labored incorrections," a detestable style, he declares it to be. Their minds were disordered, he says, and hence they could neither compose nor tell a story. The incoherent chapters which they bound together within book-covers, were merely scraps from old notebooks. Only the brutal in life, the perverse, the poignant, did they seek out. Victims of diseased nerves, they saw in the world no beings but those more diseased than themselves. Pessimists, they were more than ever pessimistic when portraying women. A prejudice against marriage they did not try to conceal. The corrupt, the degraded, the malicious, and not the pure, the faithful, the lovable woman, appealed to their unhealthy souls. M. Lemaitre did not exaggerate even when he described the Goncourt romances as literature for criminals.

The elder brother Edmond's diary we have quoted—nine volumes, in great part drearily stupid, vapid; useful chiefly as a testimony to the varied ignorance of himself and of his unfortunate brother; to his self-conceit, ungentlemanliness, envy, am-

bition, bitterness of soul, moroseness, filthiness of mind and speech. Nowhere is his contempt for the "hygiene" of language so compactly displayed. Each year his vulgarity, indecency, shamelessness increase; one is tempted to thank God that the younger brother did not live longer, lest, perchance, between the two, they should have matured pages even more disgraceful than Edmond wrote. Jules had enough to answer for, when, on a June morning, his wearied soul floated out into "the beyond."

The face of Jules, sad with a heart-breaking sadness—a face wearing an expression of moral suffering such as his brother had never seen on the face of a dead man—one cannot forget, if one would. A mere boy he was, barely sixteen, when, his mother dying, he was wholly orphaned. Edmond was thereafter his mate and guide. The boy had a talent for drawing, and a desire to become a painter. Weak, inexperienced, confiding, he permitted the elder and more forceful brother to determine his career. At nineteen, we met the youth in Paris, a light-headed scribbler, who was not ashamed of being summoned for a violation of public decency. What Edmond was, he had already schooled his brother to be. Then came the mad rage for money and notoriety, a rage enkindled and constantly fanned by the elder man. Disappointment, wounded vanity, an irregular life, slavish work, idiocy, lunacy, death—by such a road did his beloved brother lead Jules. And here let us take one searching look into the heart of that brother guardian, brother parent. One look will suffice.

Animate though unconscious, hollow-cheeked, pale, muttering meaningless sounds, Jules is contending with death. Sitting beside him, Edmond has just finished cursing literature. Memory leads him back twenty years and more, to another and a tenderer scene. Conscience awakens, and speaks again and again. Her unwelcome reproaches, he cannot hush. The bearing of her speech we surmise, hearing Edmond's exclamation: "My mother, on your deathbed, you

placed the hand of your dearly loved and favorite child in my hand, recommending this child to me with a look never to be forgotten. Are you satisfied with me?" Put yourself in Edmond de Goncourt's place—would you await that dead mother's piteous answer, before condemning your disloyal self!

The awful impress of sadness stamped upon the features of Jules de Goncourt was merely a reflex of the melancholy that long had nested in the soul of himself, his brother, Flaubert, Daudet, and, above all, in Zola's soul—for even he had a soul. "To-day"—thus De Goncourt writes on an April morning in the year 1876—"I heard the fortunate Daudet cry out in a tone of desperation: 'Oh, I pass afternoons of so great sadness that I would I were a woman, for the sake of weeping.'" What a change from the day on which the merry ex-usher entered Paris—recklessly, dreaming only of the one perfect little poem and of the joys of a sweet life! Again and again, as the years march by, we hear the echo of this note of despairing sadness. In the social meetings of the well-fed and prosperous naturalists, their own sadness was a topic of conversation as habitual as the topic of death. The company is not exhilarating, and yet one may learn something useful even from unjoyous men; so we accept their invitation to take a cup of coffee with them as they finish a generous meal.

It is an April night, in 1883. Our host is a wealthy publisher. The guests, notwithstanding the delicate meats and the enlivening wines, are deploring in turn the sadness that oppresses them all; a sadness notable especially in the younger generation. Why are the youth so deficient in spirits, in gaiety? Edmond de Goncourt, observant, comprehensive, penetrating, profound, solved the problem to his own philosophic satisfaction in this memorable sentence: "The youth cannot be happy in a country without glory, and where provisions are high." Some one of the dolorous, lachrymose fellows should have laughed here, but no one present thought even of smiling. A guest

who is no longer in a land where he can assist youth to be cheerful, Emile Zola, of all men, settled the question in his rude way and with few words; and they are words especially suggestive to those who are acquainted with the pretensions of this shrewd ignoramus. "It is the fault of Science," said Zola. Whereupon Edmond de Goncourt replied: "That has something to do with it, but not all."

So long have we had an eye on Edmond that we can claim to know him fairly well; and then he is, day in and day out, so preposterously dull, that one can never forget anything he says. We recall a certain Sunday afternoon, thirteen years ago, a June afternoon, in the year 1870—the same afternoon on which, as Jules muttered and struggled, Edmond appealed to the mother who with a look never to be forgotten, placed a hand—a cherished hand—in his hand. The heart of Jules is tumultuously pushing outward the bones and the skin of his lean chest, while, strident, the breath forces itself up from the pit of the stomach. Edmond is carefully inscribing in a notebook every marketable symptom. Suddenly a spark of light illumines his engloomed mind; and he sets down what he dimly saw: "*Not to have the faith, there is the misfortune!* How one then would use the ending of one's existence in the consoling mechanism of the religious life."

Science never made a man's heart sad, any more than the cost of provisions, or the ingloriousness of his native land. When, answering Zola, Edmond ventured to say that Science had something to do with the sadness of too many Frenchmen, old and young, but that Science alone would not account for it all, he was not far from the truth, as we know. The word "Science" is nowadays the cover, too often, for lust, greed of money, greed of fame, greed of power; for envy; for a potent and sweet love of life for life's sake. "*Not to have the faith, there is the misfortune.*" Without the faith, "literature," high or low, is bound to be as sad as Pierre Loti himself; and, now that Goncourt and Zola have hurried away into "the be-

yond," he is the saddest romancist on this side of *Malebolge*. These men had a birth-right. They did not lose it; they bartered it—for a mess of redolent pottage and a vase of bitter tears.

Victims of diseased nerves, M. Lemaitre called the Goncourts, and so they were. Company they had in Flaubert, Daudet, Zola; and every one of the group was vain of his ailment. We are neurotic, therefore we are great artists: thus they argued inconclusively. Zola and I are veritable martyrs to literature, Edmond writes. Daudet and I are the two most sensitive men in the world, he says again, rashly. I am a nervous man, a sick man, a tortured man, he repeats and repeats, adding detail to detail as he specifies the sufferings of himself, of Zola, of Daudet—sufferings that were, in his estimation, both the cause and the effect of "literature." Fondly the coterie argued that their excitable nerves pained the body, wearied the mind, depressed the heart, because of the strain put upon them by the incessant activity of a phenomenal faculty of imagination operating in a literary brain, and by the exhausting labor of "creation." De Goncourt's mirror always reflects the image of a creator. Oh! the perplexities, the fatigues, the woes of a creator—who could know, or knowing recount them, better than the prodigious creator, De Goncourt. Alphonse Daudet was ever ready to talk about his own imagination, assuming it to be super-excellent; of the pains of a creator, he had less to say; but Edmond, never forgetting his unique imagination, admired, loved even more his peculiar creative power.

Lest this modest bric-a-brac artist should not have perfectly portrayed himself in these pages, we shall permit him to pencil, with one of his finest brushes, a few delicate strokes defining more precisely the outline of his imposing brow. And while Edmond is charming our eyes, we shall ask him to declaim for the delectation of our mind a critique that, influenced by motives we hope to unveil,

he wrote in his sixtieth year—a critique on Shakespeare. "There is one thing," Edmond spiritually says—"there is one thing that bores me in the greatest man of letters incontestably of the past; it is the lack of imagination. Yes, yes, it is undeniable, the dramatic authors of all countries, from the most renowned among the ancients down to Sardou, are deficient in imagination and create after the others." (Goncourt means that all dramatists, before his day, have been imitators, copyists.) "Among us it is the incomparable Molière, and God knows that almost all his *theatre*, his celebrated scenes, his words which every one has in mind, is mostly always a theft, theft of which the critics make a merit, but I, no. Well, Shakespeare is another of the gentry, he too, alas! it is out of old second-hand books that he takes his personages, and notwithstanding all the *sauce of genius* that he puts over them, I repeat, 'that bores me,' and I find that one is more a great man when he plucks his creations out of his own brain. For this it is that Balzac seems to me the greatest of the great. To sum up, in the four or five superior pieces of Shakespeare, I find altogether unparalleled only the somnambulist scene of Lady Macbeth, trying to efface the stain of blood from her hand, and above all the scene of the cemetery of Hamlet, where he reaches the summit of the sublime."

Glancing at the retouched portrait of Edmond, we are tempted to exclaim: Alas! Goncourt, among the sauces that have troubled your liver, or stimulated your "creative" cerebrum, the sauce of genius was never one. We might illustrate the natural inconsequence of the De Goncourt mind from his introduction of the name of Balzac, who vainly sought recognition as a playwright; but, as we shall see, the name was mentioned with forethought. And the condemnation of all the dramatists of all the ages, down to and including Sardou; the refusal to join with the other French critics in condoning the robberies of the incomparable Molière: the dramatic: "But I, no"; the

damning praise doled out to the divine William—the bore who took his personages out of old second-hand books—has not Edmond attained the summit of Philistine impudence! Detestable indeed is the style, but the intent of the writer is clear enough: since the world began there have been two men, greatest of the great, men who, supremely imaginative, plucked creations out of their own brains. These two men were Balzac and Goncourt. Shakespeare, though an unimaginative dramatical bore, was incontestably the greatest literary man of the past. Who is, incontestably, the greatest literary man of the present? Edmond knows, and we can guess. Zola's Master it must be, little Daudet's patron—the "creator" of brutal romances out of old notebooks, the diseased copyist of more diseased men and of outcast women.

Twenty years before Goncourt discovered the sublime in a bloody hand and a cemetery, the two brothers had invited the world to inspect them while they created. The sight was not pleasing. The "Siamese twins" were suffering pain, torture, anguish. Weary they were, despairing, because they could not create as they would. Observe us, they implored, as we turn and turn our brain; and pray listen to its "hollow sound." For insomnia they long, for a feverish night, hoping that the diseased nerves, as they grew more excited, would carry some unusually brutal, unusually perverse message into one of two hollow brains. "These are the terrible days of the man of thought and imagination," Jules and Edmond tell us. "In this anxious state we have been recently."

Men of thought! nay thoughtless men say we. The physical ills they attributed to "literature" were the result of incompetency struggling for notoriety and the almighty franc—and a symptom of the lunacy apparent in all the degenerate. Addressing the public, Daudet and Zola, like De Goncourt, were always artists, poets, men of letters; but among themselves they were plain journeymen mechanics, who talked little of art, or poetry or let-

ters, and much of what they rightly termed their trade. And how these tradesmen toiled, worried, schemed, connived, in the effort to shock seventy cents out of each of a hundred thousand pockets! "Daudet is killed," wrote De Goncourt in October, 1877. "Here are five months that he works from four in the morning until eight, from nine to midday, from two till six, from eight to midnight, in all *twenty* hours of fagging, to which must be added three hours of his wife's work." By the reckoning we figure only fifteen hours—but what are five hours to a realist! However, fifteen hours work every day of five months might well be called killing, especially when the workman's nerves were unsound. And thus Alphonse toiled, in a fever as he said himself, whenever he had a romance on the anvil. Shall we wonder at the sad afternoons and the desire to weep like a woman?

On the first of January, 1889, beginning his sixty-seventh year, Goncourt puts in writing his immediate ambitions. Could he stage a new dramatic creation, he would do nothing else, but, with the money gained from the latest romance of brutality, "lazily loaf all the rest of the year at the Paris Exposition, drinking the best-rated wines and eating the most cosmopolitan, the most exotic, the most extravagant dishes." Noble ambition! To the exotic dish and the rare wine these men of thought and imagination, jaded after the plodding work they honored with the title of creation, often turned in search of comfort. A sad comfort it was, they have told us more than once; and again they shall tell us. Tourgénief is one of the company; they are dining at Zola's house. "A fine dinner it is, composed of a soup of green corn, tongues of Lapland reindeers, mullets *a la provençale*,

and a truffled guinea-fowl. A gourmet's dinner, seasoned with an original conversation about things of the gullet and about the imagination of the stomach. . . . And from food the conversation went to wines. And this conversation and this succulent nourishment are from time to time interrupted by whinings and wallings about our slavish trade, about the little contentment good fortune brings us, about the profound indifference that comes upon us after a success, about the vexation brought to us by the smallest, pettiest contrarieties of life." The "imagination of the stomach"—a new faculty—evidently depresses, saddens the soul of a naturalistic romancer as completely as the imagination of the mind, or as that other torturing endowment, the creative power.

Sad lives, to which neither wine, rosy or tawny, nor dishes as exotic as Lapland reindeer tongues, can bring one glad-some evening. Sad lives—sad deaths. All the sources of naturalist misery we have not described; to-day we shall follow them no further. Some messenger of good humor has changed the slide within the camera of our fancy, and we are now looking and snickering at the figure of Goncourt's Shakespeare as he drags great Julius, the melancholy Dane, bloody Richard, conceited Benedick, the faithful Imogen, lovable Juliet and Rosalind and Viola, the shrewish Katherine, sprightly Puck, and all the other real human beings—out of second-hand books, and, as they issue forth, ladles over one and all, from a veritable witches' caldron, the sauce of genius. Enforced companionship with these lugubrious romancing gents makes even a light heart heavy; we must have a gentle laugh, or else curse their "literature."

THE YEARS.

ALONZO RICE.

The years to youth are shining gems,
And with impatient hand he sets
Their beauty in fair diadems
Or kingly coronets.

A rosary of Time the years
So soon become when he is old;
The beads, unseen through falling tears,
Slip from his feeble hold.

A BIT OF CALIFORNIA CHURCH HISTORY.

ESPERANZA.

The last of the Spanish Franciscans in California passed away at the Pajaro Orphan Asylum, near Watsonville; after laboring in California for nearly half a century. This was Fr. Jose Godayol, who died on Thursday evening, October 30. The remains were brought to Santa Barbara and deposited in the cemetery vault of the Old Mission, to rest among his brethren whom he had outlived by many years. On Tuesday morning, November 4, the customary Office for the Dead was chanted by the fathers and clerics, after which a solemn High Mass was offered up for the repose of the soul of Fr. Jose. Fr. Joseph O'Keefe, O. F. M., of San Luis Rey, who had known the deceased since 1860, was the celebrant. Rev. J. Stockman of Santa Barbara preached in Spanish to a great multitude of Spaniards and Mexicans, among whom Fr. Jose had labored with much zeal. Fr. Peter of S. Anthony's College made an address in English. Besides the Very Rev. Theodore Arents, Commissary of the Franciscans on this coast, who had accompanied the remains from Pajaro, there were present four secular priests, twelve Franciscan fathers, eighteen Franciscan clerics, twelve Franciscan brothers, and the students of S. Anthony's College. The grand old Mission Church was almost too small to admit the crowds that wished to cast a last look at the face of the venerable old missionary. R. I. P.

The passing of Fr. Jose Godayol calls to mind the founding of the first religious novitiate in California, or, for that matter, on the whole western coast of North America, fifty years ago; for old Fr. Jose enjoyed the distinction of having been the first novice. As far as I know, the whole story has never been published. For the benefit of the readers of DOMINICANA I here offer a sketch the more readily, because the Dominican Fathers took so great an interest in the work at the time.

The twenty-one missions, from San Diego to Sonoma, had been established by the Franciscans of the Missionary College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico, and had been maintained by them until the time of the "Secularization" in 1833. Unfortunately for them and the missions, all or nearly all of the fathers were Spaniards. After the Declaration of Independence in 1821, insane Masonic hatred, judging others by itself, pretended to believe that the religious born in Spain must be dangerous to the welfare of the State, drove out all that hailed from Spain, unless age or infirmity compelled reason to assert itself and permit the fathers to remain.

The change of conditions, however, cut off the source that supplied the missionaries; and the subsequent decree of secularization forced others away who found it possible to depart for the mother country, so that some of the missions lost their spiritual guides, and others were doomed to extinction for want of younger men. In an atmosphere of narrow nationalism, saturated with Freemasonry, vocations to a religious life are not plentiful, least of all to a life of hardship and self-denial in the Indian missions. Hence it was that the mother college could not replace the missionaries who were tottering to their graves in far off California. The two brothers, Fr. Joaquin and Fr. Antonio Jimeno, were the last sent out to the once flourishing missions on the Pacific Coast. They arrived in 1828. Both were natives of the City of Mexico, and therefore considered harmless, though they wore the same habit and observed the same rule of life which alone enabled the Spanish Franciscans to make the Indian missions of California the wonder of their time.

The Government of Mexico, pretending to be Catholic still, in 1833 called upon the Franciscan Missionary College of Zacatecas to send missionaries to Califor-

nia. The members of this community, though filled with the same seraphic spirit that controlled the Fernandinos, were deemed harmless to the rickety Mexican republic, because, unlike their parents, they enjoyed the distinction of having been rocked to sleep in Mexico. Accordingly ten fathers, of whom the first Bishop of California, Fr. Garcia Diego, was the leader, arrived here in April, 1833. "They all," says the Protestant Forbes, who saw them, "wore a habit of the coarsest gray woolen cloth, their crownshaven, and sandals on their feet. * * * They brought to one's mind, in the most lively manner, the days of the pilgrimages of the Middle Ages. * * * As it was, it was impossible not to feel respect for their character, and a degree of veneration mixed with pity on thinking of their destiny and observing their very pious, humble, and meek demeanor."

The Fathers from Zacatecas were given the missions north of San Carlos, with headquarters at Santa Clara. The Fernandinos retained the missions south of Monterey, and Fr. Duran, the Presidente or Superior, withdrew to Santa Barbara. Only three years before, the Fathers had turned over the chaplaincies of the troops at Monterey, Santa Barbara and San Diego to the Dominican Fathers in Lower California, in order that they might be free to attend to the Indians.

Only a few years and again there was dearth of priests. One by one the old Fathers, both north and south, died leaving their missions unprovided. Secularization had indeed killed the mission system and scattered the Indians, so that comparatively few lived in their once happy homes, yet the good shepherds felt pained that they must leave even the few without guides and sympathizers. Fr. Garcia Diego had been consecrated first Bishop of California, and hopes ran high that better times would again enter the religious world on the coast, merely to be doomed to disappointment. Bishop Garcia Diego brought only one Franciscan with him from Zacatecas in 1841, Fr. Francisco de Jesus Sanchez. The two religious houses in Mexico had even expressed the

hope that some of the Fathers might come to their relief from California! The Bishop died of grief more than anything else, because his great plans could not be realized, owing to the fact that the Masonic government of Mexico had confiscated the Pious Fund and thus deprived him of the most necessary means to carry on mission work. Since 1811 not a penny of the Pious Fund, donated for the missions in California, ever reached the fathers in the missions. Despite all the assertions of "closet historians" and superficial travellers, the Franciscans in California not only from choice, but from necessity, lived in abject poverty; but that is another story.

When the Bishop died in 1846, there were only five or six fathers left in all the missions. The last of the Zacatecanos in the north having been recalled, left the field to the Jesuit Fathers at Santa Clara in 1851, and departed for Mexico. Subsequently the two surviving Fernandinos, Fathers Joaquin and Antonio Jimeno, and the two remaining Zacatecanos, Fathers Gonzalez Rubio and Francisco Sanchez, retired to Santa Barbara which thereafter was the only mission in charge of the Franciscans. Here they tried to live and do as much good as circumstances permitted, with the cheerful prospect of having to cede this beloved retreat to others before many years, as had been the case with the twenty other missions. Santa Barbara was doomed to extinction unless recruits could be obtained from Europe; for the Californians then developed no vocations to the religious state and it was useless to hope for aid from Mexico. That unfortunate country fostered a growing hatred for religious orders which culminated in the extraordinary laws that forbids religious to wear a religious habit or to lead a community life. The four Franciscans, therefore, resolved to establish a missionary college after the plan of San Fernando and Zacatecas, which had trained the missionaries for California, and to enlist students in the country whence most of the missionaries had come since the discovery of America.

For an undertaking of that kind not only the permission of the Franciscan Superiors at Rome was necessary, but the Holy Father himself had to grant authority. A petition was therefore sent to the Most Rev. Superior General of the Order for presentation to His Holiness Pope Pius IX. The appeal itself needed the approbation of the Diocesan Bishop, and besides a powerful advocate must be discovered. The poor Fathers obtained both in Right Reverend Joseph Sadoc Alemany, O. P., who was then, as Bishop of Monterey, the Ordinary for the diocese of California. Without the good Bishop's energetic advocacy the project must have failed, as well before the Holy See as before the Superiors of the Franciscan Order. Bishop Alemany, however, had been a religious himself, and therefore possessed a fellow feeling for the remnant of the glorious seraphic band which had brought the light of the gospel to the western shore. Moreover, as a true son of S. Dominic he felt bound to aid the descendants of S. Dominic's bosom friend in their distress to the best of his ability.

It is with real delight I publish the unselfish conduct of the Dominicans towards their religious cousins, the Franciscans. Nor was the sympathy altogether undeserved. The sons of S. Dominic probably remembered that, eighty years before, the sons of S. Francis under Fr. Junipero Serra voluntarily ceded their missionary territory, the whole of Lower California, to the Dominicans, in order that the latter might have a field on the Pacific Coast, whilst they themselves proceeded to devote their energies to the conversion of the Indians in Upper California. More evidence of the true fraternal spirit which existed among the old Spanish friars of both religious families in this western country will be brought out in the course

of this narrative; for Bishop Alemany was not the only Dominican who heartily sympathized with the "Fathers in Brown."

When, therefore, the Franciscans of Santa Barbara in 1851 consulted Bishop Alemany, he not only approved the plan of founding a missionary college for the education and training of Franciscan missionaries, but took it upon himself to urge the matter both before the Holy Father and the Franciscan Superiors in Rome. Accordingly his lordship addressed Pope Pious IX as follows:

"Friar Joseph Alemany, of the Order of Preachers, by the grace of God and the Apostolic See unworthy Bishop of Monterey in Upper California, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, humbly represents: That the Religious of the Orders of S. Francis and S. Dominic have labored with apostolic zeal and with much fruit to the souls in this diocese; but now similar religious may not be expected either from Spain or the Mexican Missionary Colleges. Desirous, however, of having religious men, who, inflamed with the spirit of poverty and zeal for souls, will devote themselves to work in these missions, he humbly and earnestly begs that at least one convent or college of one or the other Order be established for the missions in this diocese, and that to them be granted a novitiate."

We may imagine Bishop Alemany's delight on receiving the following reply:

"In an audience had with His Holiness on February 29, 1852, our Most Holy Lord, by Divine Providence Pope Pius the Ninth, I the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, having explained the matter, and having heard the opinion of the rev. Father Vice-General and Definitors of said Orders, graciously granted the petition.

"AL. BARNABO, Sec."

"(Est copia originalis penes me. Fr. Josephus S. Alemany, Epns. Monteregis, Califa., Sup.)"

(To be continued.)

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke.
 Eyther in-a-doore or out;
 With the greene leaves whisp'ring over-
 hede.
 Or the Streete cryes all about.

Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
 Both of the Newe and Olde;
 For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke
 Is better to me than Golde.
 —Old English Song.

THE LAST ROSE.

SISTER M. XAVIER, VISITANDINE.

In the month of July, 1774, the Marquis de Laubespine, mounted on a beautiful and spirited horse, and accompanied by a valet, was making his usual rounds in the grand park of Versailles, then deserted. Louis XV. had died of smallpox, and the court had dispersed to seek a more salubrious atmosphere. The Marquis directed his course to the Trianon, and, perceiving the old gardener at some distance, determined to have a chat with him. The old man was very busy sweeping the avenue, and endeavoring to make everything appear to the best advantage; the swards had been well watered, and made to look attractive.

The Marquis rang the bell, and Richard, recognizing him from afar, ran to give a warm welcome.

"What good wind has blown you here, monsieur? Since the death of the King I have not seen a single soul. Trianon is as silent as the tomb; all is sadness around." And the old man heaved a deep sigh.

"That is precisely what brought me," replied the Marquis. "I know too well, my poor Richard, that, outside the royal family, there is no one in France more afflicted at the death of our sovereign than yourself, so I have come to offer you a little sympathy, and, indeed, to weep with you."

The eyes of the gardener filled with tears as he replied: "It is true that I loved the King; he was always good to me, and he loved my flowers. Would to God he had loved nothing else! They tell me, monsieur, that his last visit was to your bed of anemones."

"Yes," said the Marquis, "he was with me on April thirtieth, the morning of the day on which he was taken ill, and I was struck with his paleness."

"Alas!" said Richard, "such a life as he

led could not possibly be of long duration. Unfortunate prince that he did not remain as I saw him first. He was then about twenty-six, and was promenading with the Queen, the Dauphin, and several of the ladies of France. Nothing could have been more beautiful than that royal family, so joyous, so united, and so loving. The King, in presenting my father to Mary Leczinska, said: 'Madame, behold Claude Richard, the son of the gardener of King James II. He has decided to quit St. Germaine, and to enter our service. He will make an admirable place of this, and, as it is my desire to see the little Trianon equal the greater, I am sure that he will succeed, and perhaps cast the older one completely in the shade.'

"Pointing to me, the King said: 'This little boy will become wise and skillful, like his father. See if he does not carry out my prediction.'

"The Queen smiled and offered me a caress; later she questioned me about my journey, and the plants I had gathered in different places, especially those that had been imported from Africa. She expressed a desire to see the gillyflower from Mahon, as it was the first of the kind grown in France. I frequently met that noble Queen, and always found her affable and gracious, but as time wore on she became sad, very sad."

The two friends walked on, and when they reached the elm grove which separated the botanical garden from the green houses and fruiteries, the Marquis turned to the gardener and seriously inquired if the King was interested in his collection of flowers.

"I really do not know," replied Richard; "but one thing I do know of him, that he is greatly interested at his forge, and loves to make locks, and the like. He has some esteem for science, however, and

does not like to see anything disarranged or spoiled. What I really dread is the caprice of the young Queen, Mary Antoinette. She is coming to see how things are going on, and I hear she thinks to take me by surprise. That is why you see me in the costume of a laborer. Stay, monsieur, and you will have a look at her majesty, our beautiful sovereign. She is coming to take possession of the Trianon. I am expecting to hear from her every moment."

"Oh, no," replied Monsieur de Laubespine, "it would be an incivility should I remain, as I am, in boots. It would never do to present myself before her Majesty *en deshabille*. Adieu, Richard; come to see me at Chesnay; you know you are always welcome."

The Marquis was in the act of departing when a party of young ladies turned the corner of the avenue, all merry, chatting and laughing, full of life. Marie Antoinette was among them, and could easily be distinguished by her queenly bearing. There was something haughty in the carriage of her head; yet she possessed a gracefulness and nobility that rendered her lovely beyond description. Her beautiful blonde hair was so artistically arranged that it appeared as a golden aureola resting upon her brow of eighteen summers. Her whole face seemed to have been made of smiles, and her mourning robes showed to greater perfection, the alabaster whiteness of her beautiful arms and neck—that neck which was doomed to the ignominy of the executioner's hand! Her beautiful fingers clasped a cluster of rare roses.

Perceiving the two gentlemen, the Queen exclaimed: "O, I surely behold Richard!"

"At your most gracious Majesty's service," replied the gardener, with a profound bow.

"I have left the Majesty at Versailles," said the Queen. "I wish to be the Madame here. The King has given me this Trianon to do with as I pleased, and to arrange according to my taste. I desire to reign

as simple owner, leaving to you the entire management; but I shall direct you in making several important alterations."

Lowering her voice and pointing to the Marquis, she said: "Who is this gentleman, I pray?"

"The Marquis de Laubespine," replied Richard, with a low reverence to both the Queen and Marquis.

"Oh," said the Queen, with a graceful toss of her head, "I have often heard of Monsieur de Laubespine," and, turning to the Marquis, added: "You are a great lover of flowers—are you not, sir?"

"Yes, madame," replied the Marquis; "I am very fond of them, and the late King did me the honor of visiting my gardens at least once a year specially to see my collection of anemones."

"I shall visit them also," said the Queen, "but I should advise you to cultivate other flowers than the anemone. It is a low, vulgar plant, without beauty or fragrance, and, besides, it blooms but once, then dies down to be seen no more. Many of them have black hearts. I will not tolerate them here; I prefer roses, jasmine, orange-trees and the like. I admire bright things everywhere—in fact, I love only what is lively and cheerful, and, in the line of flowers, only those that are abundant, sweet-scented and attractive in every way. You will see what wonderful beds, groves and parterres we shall have in the Trianon. But let us proceed to the gardens and fruit-eries. I have promised the King to destroy nothing before giving it a very careful examination. Come with me, Monsieur. Lead the way, Richard."

The Queen tripped very lightly, followed by her ladies of honor and the Marquis, who plainly showed that he was crestfallen at the Queen's disapprobation of his dear anemones.

Marie Antoinette, finding it very warm under the glass of the green houses, remained only long enough to criticise the collection of cacti, of which Richard was justly proud, and which had been imported at great expense from Spain and Africa.

"What horrible things!" exclaimed the

Queen. "They are all covered with hairy down, with warts and thorns! I cannot bear them! What is that, looking so like a nest of serpents?"

"It is the cactus *flagelliformis*," replied Richard.

"And this deformed thing, twisted like Aesop?" asked the Queen.

"That is the cactus *monstruosus*," replied Richard.

"Oh, it is well named," sneered the Queen. "And what is this?" pointing to a plant near by.

"The *oppuntia horrida*, madame."

"What a gracious name!" said her Majesty, and, turning to her ladies, she asked: "Do you not think it very much resembles a certain Duchess? Come, whisper to me whom you guess."

The ladies one by one approached her Majesty, and whispered in her ear. Their guesses must have been well chosen, as the Queen laughed heartily at each that was named.

The gentlemen knew not how to look, and could hardly restrain their disgust at such levity in the royal ladies. The Queen turned to Richard, and in a pleasant tone remarked: "Ah, Mr. Richard, I must tell you something. I do not wish you to become traitor, but must admonish you to take away these fruit trees. I will not have them."

"Your Majesty will please have the goodness to remember," answered Richard, in an excited manner, "that these beautiful trees are the finest in the kingdom, and cost over fifty thousand livres."

"Entirely too costly," said the Queen; "too costly to be imprisoned."

"I detest having anything so entirely shut up. Flowers and trees under glass, birds encaged, and all such, move me to pity and to tears. I know we must have fruit in winter, but I do not wish to have the trees growing here. You must take them away, Richard, and remove all this glass work. Carry it, if you choose, to the kitchen gardens. As to your cacti, more or less *monstruosus*, I will not have one in the Trianon. I intend to have an

English garden, a Swiss village, a Greek temple, and a pretty little theatre, in which I shall enjoy plays and operas that will be far more amusing than those glass melons, larger than the fruit they will ever cover or that we shall ever see. I desire realities, bright and cheerful; but, ah, there comes Monsieur Mique, the architect, with the plans, which I must examine."

"Oh, Monsieur Mique, what a pleasure you give me! Be quick, very quick, in showing me your designs."

The architect unrolled his papers and extended them upon the sward. The Queen stationed one of the ladies at each corner to hold them in position, while she fell upon her knees by the side of Monsieur Mique, who began to explain every detail of his plans.

"I hope," said her Majesty, "that you have not forgotten the river and the cascades."

"You will find three, madame," replied the architect. "See! there they are, and there is the grotto, the two lakes, and a little forest of fir trees."

"And the stable? Where have you put that?"

"There, madame; quite near the dairy."

"Oh," said the Queen. "What nice butter I shall make, and cheese, too, with the cream! And what do you call that?" pointing to a mark on the paper.

"That is the dwelling for Monsieur Bailly, madame; and there, near the bridge, is the mill."

"Will it have wings?" queried the Queen.

"Oh, no, madame; it will be a water-mill, with a wheel that in turning will make quite a noise."

"Do water mills make as good bread as the windmills?" asked one of the ladies.

"Both make flour," replied the architect, who tried to suppress his laughter at her ignorance.

"I wish to make good bread," said the Queen, "and little cakes, too; so I must have a furnace. Where will you put it, Monsieur Mique?"

"You shall have it, madame, as well as a laundry, a poultry house, and a sheep-fold."

"That is delightful," exclaimed the Queen; "and we shall suppress entirely the French garden."

"Oh, please God, no," exclaimed Monsieur Mique. "That would disfigure the master work of Monsieur Gabriel. Those regular parterres, those beautifully trimmed trees, those vegetable surroundings of the little chateau! Oh, do not disturb them. Gabriel would die of grief if he beheld me suppressing the perspective of the great hall and separating the octagonal pavilion from the chateau by massive irregulars that are the fashion of the day. See, your Majesty! I have arranged to the contrary for the sake of your beautiful elm grove and this grand sward upon which we stand, and to have your theatre but a few steps from the chateau. The other façades you can arrange as it may please you, but never do I wish to change anything on this side; I would sooner endeavor to change the court and its honors."

"Very well," then answered the Queen, "but I must be indemnified by something else. I should like a high mountain with cedars, rocks and precipices."

"We can try," replied the architect, "but such an affair belongs more to the gardener than to me."

"Richard," said the Queen, "can you not make a mountain for me?"

"With time and money," answered the old gardener; "but the expense will be enormous, and it will require at least three years."

"Oh, then we must renounce it and be content to remain on the plains; but I must be consoled for the loss by the cultivation of the most exquisite flowers. The Queen of France, instead of sending abroad for exotics, should find them at home, in all their perfection. Richard, I desire to see at the Trianon the loveliest of roses and violets, with all other plants that can be produced. I *command* you to spare nothing that will insure success."

The Queen arose, after expressing her

wishes and giving imperative orders, with such a decided and serious air that the gardener cried out: "Madame, you shall be obeyed, not only as a sovereign, but as a divinity."

The Queen made a sign of departure, and, followed by the ladies of the court, left the gentlemen, who, when the royal party was out of sight, regarded each other in silence and consternation.

"Alas," sighed Richard, "my beautiful fruit trees!"

"Alas," said the Marquis, "what a light head this young Queen has! She thinks of nothing but her own amusement, and the King shuts himself up with his forge to make locks. Both are good, no doubt, but they seem to think nothing of the duties of state. They forget that when they heard of the unexpected death of Louis XV., they fell upon their knees and exclaimed in weeping: 'May God have pity on us, we are too young for responsibility!'"

"The daughter of the Empress Maria Teresa and the son of the great Dauphin have a terrible weight upon their shoulders. The reign of the late King destroyed everything; cockle was sown everywhere and grew rapidly. France needs a Charlemagne and a Blanche of Castile."

"Well," rejoined Richard, "the tree will grow and we'll see the fruit. Louis XVI. is but twenty and our charming Queen is yet a child. But I wish she would at least leave me my trees!"

"And," said the Marquis, "I wish she loved my anemones."

The two friends parted in a saddened silence.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

—Dante Inferno, Canto V.

"There is no greater sorrow than the remembrance, in misfortune, of happiness once possessed."

The fifteenth springtime had ornamented the flowers and verdure of the little Trianon, and the autumn of 1798 witnessed the fall of the beautiful foli-

age. The days of feasting and enjoyment had passed and the Revolution had begun its work. Anxiety, misery, fear and consternation reigned throughout France. The brothers of the King had already passed the frontier and crowds had emigrated to distant countries; the royal victims were left alone.

In appearance nothing seemed changed in the family of Louis XVI.; he hunted, as usual, three times a week. Madame Elizabeth went every day to Montreuil, and the Queen promenaded at Trianon, but she was generally alone. Solitude is sweet when one has tears to hide. She was far from sharing the illusion of her royal consort in regard to his safety; for, from the day she had seen his return from the Hotel de Ville, wearing in his hat the tri-colored cockade, she foresaw the abyss.

On the fifth of October the King went as usual to hunt in the woods of Meudon; the Queen visited the Trianon, wishing to be alone. The children were left with Madame de Tourzel. Marie Antoinette left the chateau and directed her way towards the little village. She no longer had the grace and lightness of step that was so admired in earlier days. Though beautiful still, the roses had faded from her cheeks, dark rings were under her eyes, her face was pale and her unsteady gait betrayed the agony of her heart. She seated herself near the lake, under a willow that hid her almost entirely, and gazed about her; her eyes turned to the beautiful dairy, the tower of Marlborough, the house of Bailly—all so many gracious witnesses to the first days of her reign and of the happy festivities then enjoyed. Some months previously she had installed several poor families around and about the Trianon, hoping that would soften the public opinion of her extravagance and what they called her wasteful prodigalities.

These newcomers had already greatly changed the appearance of the village. In the place of flowers in the windows she beheld, linens, clothing or rubbish. Around and about the threshold were

dogs and cats, with children, badly clad; all, pell mell, paying in the dirt and mire. Several uncomely looking women were talking beneath the porch of Monsier Bailly's dwelling, and their manner was anything but pleasing to the Queen. Although too far from them to hear their words, she knew by the tone in which they spoke that their conversation foreboded nothing good. A little boy approached the women and began to sing a villainous and rebellious song. His mother advanced and gave him a rude blow, then dragged him by the arm and enclosed him in the stable near by.

Alas! the poor Queen heard sufficient to know it was an infamous and insulting song. She arose and hastened her return to the grove, trusting no one had perceived her. "My God!" said she to herself, "can it be that the wicked songs now resounding through the streets of Paris are repeated here, and by the children of the poor for whom I have done so much! That little child has never been out of the Trianon; where could he have learned and from whom such insulting words?"

In passing near the mill she met Marion, the young and beautiful daughter of the gardener. Marion saluted the Queen in silence, but, her eyes meeting those of her Majesty, she could not prevent exclaiming: "Oh, madame, you are weeping," and, bursting into tears, the good girl cast herself at the feet of the Queen. Marie Antoinette raised the weeping girl with her usual kindness and said: "Oh, it is nothing, Marion. I have only heard one of the children of the villagers sing a rebellious song, and it pained my heart. Is it not horrible for even the children to be so perverted and insulting to their sovereign? Where can I go, if even at Trianon I am to hear such infamies?"

"Madame," replied Marion, "you should punish the guilty; you pardon too easily, and you know impunity encourages the wicked. Ah, if I were the Queen!"

"And what would you do, Marion?" asked the Queen, smiling through her tears at the courageous air of the girl. "What would you do?"

"If I were Queen I would pardon none but the repentant. I would defend my honor; I would punish by fire, by the rope and by the wheel every crime against the sovereign, because those who insult the King dishonor the nation. If I *only* were the Queen—"

"If you *were* Queen, my daughter, you would be as I am, the first subject of the King, and you would imitate his clemency, love for the people. Go, Marion, and collect a few roses for me and bring them to the grotto. Would that I were in your place, little heroine, and you in mine. But why should I wish you such a misfortune? Go, my child; leave me."

They parted: Marion hastened to the parterre of roses and Marie Antoinette went to the entrance of the grotto, her favorite spot, and seated herself near a little rivulet. The yellow leaves, falling from the trees, obstructed the course of the stream. The birds were silent and the pale rays of autumnal sun showed here and there a flower, sickly looking and discolored. The murmur of the little cascade that watered the interior of the grotto was the only sound to be heard.

Marie Antoinette recalled the time when she had traced those charming gardens and the still happier moments when she had guided the first steps of her children on the beautiful swards and plats of the Trianon. It was also there that she had enjoyed the pleasures given by art and friendship; there that she, young, brilliant and idolized, had received her illustrious brother, the Emperor Joseph, in the midst of the most joyous festivities. In a few moments her thoughts passed over those years of happiness. The present and the future appeared to her so dark and sombre that the unfortunate princess almost fainted.

Frightened at being alone, she called

Marion, but instead of the young girl a messenger-boy from the court appeared with a letter in his hand.

"What is the matter, Breton?" asked her Majesty.

"Monsieur de Saint Paul sends this to you," replied the valet, trembling in every limb while presenting the letter.

Marie Antoinette broke the seal, and, while reading, grew deathly pale. The following lines came from the Minister: "The Queen is begged to return to the chateau. She will find the King there. The sections from Paris are marching to Versailles."

"Order the carriage," said the Queen, "and inform Mme. de Tourzel that we are about to leave."

The boy made a profound reverence, and, once out of sight, ran in all haste to the little chateau. The Queen followed, and met Marion laden with roses.

"Give me but one," said her Majesty, "it is perhaps the last that I shall ever carry from my dear Trianon. My poor Marion, I have a presentiment that I shall never again see you."

"Do not speak thus, madame," cried Marion, "you will return to-morrow, and can you not take this bouquet to Mme. Royal? Oh, do; I implore you!"

"I will take but one single rose," said the Queen. "One is all that I desire."

Marion by mere chance drew out a red rose. The Queen, looking at it for an instant, exclaimed, "*Flor Martyrum!*" and her tears flowed abundantly.

"My God!" she cried, "Thou showest me the way in which I am to walk!" Turning, she said: "Adieu, Trianon, adieu forever." Taking the rose from Marion, who was deeply affected, she allowed her to kiss her hand and hastened away.

It was, indeed to martyrdom that the unfortunate princess directed her steps.

Oh, Lord! I seek that blessed track,
But the heart's soundless deep
Gives the same hollow echo back,
And leaves us still to weep.

To pleasure's hall and wisdom's cave,
Still seeking have I gone,
Till Holy Church the answer gave:
"Thy joy is God alone."

—Augusta T. Drane, O. P.

THE GAELIC TONGUE AND THOSE WHO SPOKE IT.

JAMES O'LEARY.

In accordance with the desultory character of these papers, I beg leave to introduce here what perhaps properly belonged to a previous paper. People familiar with English geography are aware that a great number of the streams are known as Avon, Esk, etc.; Gaelic *Amhain* and *Uisge* (*mh* having the sound of *v*) as in Avonmore—*Amhain mor*, the great river; but there are a few other facts that are not so well known. Innumerable places in England are called town, the equivalent of the Latin *oppidum*, or the German *burg*. Cæsar designates a place, fortified by nature or art, where the Britons were wont to assemble for security as *oppidum*. But the British term was *dun*, also found in Gaul; the Gaelic *dun*, a fortress, is preserved in place names all through what is generally known as Saxon-Britain. The old forts have been the nuclei of the modern towns (*dun*). As this is not found as a Cymric place-name, it adds further force to the fact of the Gaelic influence in England.

Then the term *carrig*, a rock, is found in places in the north of England. Further, there is the word *combe* found in compounds similar to Gaelic *cum*; Cymric *cwm*, a valley, found in scores of places in southern England and the place-names in the south of Ireland—such as *coom dhuo*, the dark valley. This, too, is one of the linguistic links which brings together the Gaelic and the Cymric peoples and recalls the substitution in the spoken Irish of the southeast in names of persons of the labial *ph* for the guttural *ch*. And, as Ptolemy places the Brigantes in this part of Ireland and the same tribe in Yorkshire, the thought irresistibly comes to the mind that the so-called Walshes of the south of Ireland and the so-called Walshes country are what remain to us of the Cymric Brigantes of Ireland.

Compare also the mountains of Water-

ford, the Cummeraghs, the mountains of the Cymry. All of which goes to prove that in the south of Ireland the Cymry antedated the Fir-Bolgs (the Belgæ), the Tuatha De Danaans (the people of the Danaan gods) and the Scoto-Milesians. The Cymry were probably the Clan Nelmedh of Irish history, or perhaps the Fomhoralg, long a terror to the dwellers on the coasts of Ireland. And, if it should be objected that there is no record of the Cymry being a naval power, it must not be forgotten that the predecessors of the French Bretons, the Armoricans, probably the same people, had a most formidable fleet, strong enough to contest with the Romans under Cæsar; and, by the way, in this Iron age it may be worth remembering that they were the only people of ancient times who used iron chains on their vessels in place of ropes.

If we could have a true history of words we would have also in the main a history of the world, and, like the bone of the foot of the antediluvian monster from which it is said Professor Owen could reconstruct the whole skeleton, a single word, a single archaic mode of speech sometimes, tells, in the main, the life story of the people among whom it is found. In this rambling dissertation two of these words occur to me—one *curlew*, the name of a bird; Gaelic *cor shabh*, pronounced curlew according to the Leinster dialect—the English word itself being of French, that is, Gaulish origin; another, Torquatus, the surname of Manlius Torquatus the Roman; so called because he took the *torc*, Gaelic, golden collar from the neck of the Gaul whom he slew. These instances prove that the Gaelic, rather than the Cymric, was the language of the Gauls known to the Romans—the Cymric term for this ornament being *eudor chaicg*.

This brings us to a consideration of the

antecedents of the Irish, or Gaels, and leads us to inquire what became of the original settlers and their kindred people. There is no doubt that the Gael and the Cymry formed the advance guard of Indo-European settlement in the west. At an early period they are found pushing west; the Cymry probably in the van, the Gael following close on their footsteps, while the Egyptians, the Semitic tribes and the Persians followed the shores of the Mediterranean on both sides; not forgetting the mysterious wandering people, the Hittites, who have left monuments from the Red Sea to the Aegean. The Egyptians and the Phoenicians engrafted their culture on the rude manners of the Ancient Hellenes and founded the leading cities of Hellas such as Athens and Thebes; the latter named after its Egyptian prototype of the hundred gates. The languages of the Mediterranean peoples bear evidence that the Celts intermingled with them and had as great an influence on their polity and language as the Normans had on those of England.

The Gael of Ireland and of Alba were an offshoot of the ancient race which attained its greatest power in Gaul. And the struggle between the Gauls and the Romans was as prolonged—more so and fiercer—than that between Rome and Carthage; settled only after three hundred years of warfare by the matchless military skill of Cæsar. And three several times—in the battle with the Helvetii at the siege of the Gaulish capital—Gauls within and the army of Vercingetorix without, and “the day we fought the Nervii,” a branch of the Ffr Boigs of Belgic-Gaul, when the Romans, facing about each way, fought back to back, and “night or Blucher”—only the waning day ended the strife, was Cæsar and the Roman dominion in peril of total extinction. But Rome and the Latin tongue prevailed. Hereafter, the Gauls and the Gaulish legions formed an integral part of the great empire, and in its fall gave birth to a new nation—a great people.

It is true that the lustre of their glory has been dimmed in our day, but if they have not sinned too deeply I look once more to see it shine out resplendent as of yore. The twin peoples, the Gaels and the Cymry, have left their mark in South Germany, Bohemia, Poland and Switzerland and even outside the Huguenot contingent the Celtic strain is in the Boer blood, as the Hollanders are not true Teutons; they come from the land where Celt and Teuton mingled their blood. The people of Northern Italy belong to the Celtic race, true descendants of the Cisalpine Gauls. Of course, there are mixtures of blood in all these cases, but the foreign elements have been lost as certainly as pebbles dropped to the bottom of a lake. Even here in San Francisco one can see people with Celtic—with Irish faces—natives of all these lands. And here I must mention Northern Spain and Portugal, although so-called Portuguese, are simply Cape Verde Islanders. As showing how near the Portuguese are to the Irish, I may instance meeting on the car one day in Oakland a young girl with a typical Irish face. She was reading a newspaper, which turned out to be her own tongue—the Portuguese language.

If the long muster roll of the Gael and the Cymry and their descendants were called in Europe and America to-day, it would include one hundred and forty millions of people, or nearly one-half of the whole population. And, with all due deference to people of other races, these one hundred and forty millions of pure and mixed blood are the salt of the earth. The purest Celts are to be found in Ireland and Britain and the lands that their descendants have peopled. The language has changed, but not the people. But it has been hard work to kill the two great Celtic languages, which have resisted storm and shock for two thousand years. And when at last it seemed as if the Gaelic had been laid away snugly in the tomb, to the delight of its friends and the annoyance of its enemies its resuscitation has been undertaken, and with

every prospect of success. And successful it certainly must be if all its friends work together with a will.

To Catholics, perhaps, its greatest interest arises from the fact that in it has been preached the word of God for over sixteen hundred years, and that the Irish missionaries who spoke it carried religion and civilization to all parts of Western Europe. It is usually supposed that Saint Patrick acquired it during his seven years' service as a slave in the service of Milcho of Dalriada, but it is nowhere stated in any of his ancient lives that he so learned it and it is not at all certain that it was not his native tongue. For no matter where we may suppose the saint to have been born, whether in Belgic Gaul or Britain, it was very probably the speech spoken by the common people of the district where he first saw the light. And this supposition is strengthened by the name bestowed on him in baptism, *Succoth*, *So-cath*, or strong in battle, a true Gaelic appellation. No doubt many thousands of the readers of the lives of the saint must have wondered why his people—Roman patricians should have named him by a title having a meaning only in a language belonging to the enemies of Rome. But they were probably Belgic Gauls belonging to the nobility of their native land.

The apostle of Caledonia, Colum-cille, was one of the greatest Gaelic writers and speakers in prose and verse that has ever lived, the eloquent orator of *Drom Ceat*, who changed the fixed resolve of the hos-

tile convention by the magic of his eloquence and whose poetry shall live as long as the language and the people of the Gael. And be it remembered that the Gaelic was a cultivated tongue when the Saxon was the language of the barbarian that then devastated Britain; that prayers were offered up in it at Iona by Colum-cille and his monks for the success of the arms of the Christian Scots against the Pagan Saxons, who were regarded with the same feelings by the fathers of the people of Elre and Aioa as were the Turks by Christian Europe at the time of the battle of Lepanto.

The founder, Brighid, of the Monastery of Kildare, and her thousands of nuns, the predecessors of the Sisterhoods of Western Europe, all spoke the language of the Gael, and the Sisters of Ireland who did not speak that tongue bear indeed the same proportion to those who did that the foam-flecks on the swift-flowing river bear to the strong and resistless current that carries them forward on its bosom. And the same is true of the bishops, priests and brothers of the old land, for fourteen hundred years a mighty host; while those that speak the language of the stranger can barely boast a part of a century; and, though they have performed wondrous work in the vineyard of the Lord, what are they compared to those that saved nations to the Church during the disastrous days that lasted from the downfall of Rome to the period of the foundation of the modern states of Europe?

MY MOTHER'S LEGACY.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Had she left me wonderful jewels
They might have been stolen from me,
Had she given me land or houses
My rights disputed might be.
A painting, well, Time might erase it,
But what can win from me here,
The beautiful, haunting legend,
"You never cost me a tear."

Gold and silver she had not,
How then could they be mine?
Yet I write of my mother's legacy
As I never wrote in rhyme.
Don't think of me then as a pauper,
Tho' I stand forlorn at her bier,
With only a line for my treasure,
"You never cost me a tear."

A DAY WITH SAINT CATHARINE DE RICCI.

EDITH R. WILSON.

II.

After considerable turning of keys, an almost invisible door was opened, and we entered a narrow passage, which led directly to a spacious hallway. We were met by three sisters, apparently superiors, though we were not informed of their exact rank. We saluted them all, however, kissing their scapulars, while they in turn knelt and kissed the hand of our Dominican Father, his scapular being hidden beneath a long black pelisse, resembling that of a secular priest, which Dominicans in Italy are obliged to wear in the street. Outside of Rome one never sees the Dominican cloak, except in the pulpit. And this renders members of the Order quite undistinguishable, in passing, from secular priests. The first salutation over, we were ushered directly into the "Cappella della Santa."

The body of Saint Catharine lay in an arched recess under the high altar, behind which we were really standing. Several tall candles were lighted at either side of the kneeling bench before the shrine, and three groups of candelabra behind the glass case in which the body lay, so that there was no lack of light by which to see the figure. We knelt first for a few moments on the *priedieu*. The Father drew still wider open the doors of the shrine, which were fashioned like those of a tryptich, and painted without with the figures of S. Vincent and S. Catharine. Within lay the saint, her hands folded on her breast. She was clad, not in her habit, but rather arrayed as a bride or queen—we should say—in some rich ecclesiastical vestment. The face was turned slightly to one side. It was dark, as were

all other visible parts of the body. Beyond this, however, there was no mark of Time's corroding hand. The oval of the cheeks seemed perfectly preserved and the features were intact. The eyes, of course, closed. We might have been looking upon a beautiful statue of carved oak, rather than upon the face of a woman who had died five hundred years ago. Father R— now beckoned us to advance behind the shrine, so we passed directly back of the glass case and stood so near that every feature was distinctly visible. She must have been beautiful, we thought, and she seemed still young. Of one thing we could not assure ourselves. The dark color of the hands and feet made it impossible for us to see whether any cicatrice or marks of the stigmata, which she, like S. Catharine da Siena, is said to have received, were actually visible. The light did not strike on the hands, and although the slipper-like casing of the feet was cut away, so as to disclose the upper portion of the foot above the instep, we could only see their general form and color, like the feet of some of the carved saints on the choir screens.

When we withdrew Father R— told us that in the sixteenth century the body of S. Catharine had been ignominiously cast out of its shrine by her own relative, a de Ricci Bishop, and a Jansenist, convicted or suspected of heresy. Having been left for a number of years exposed to the damp air, it was thought that neglect had produced the darkening of the features. We were also told that no process of embalming had been employed to preserve the body, and that there was no

coating of wax or similar preparation of wax over the features. Such coatings are sometimes used, however; as, for example, in the case of the body of S. Paul of the Cross. When we saw the illumination of his shrine on the day of the "Station" at Rome, we were told by one of the brothers that the face was covered with a thin coating of wax. The features, however, were very impressive, as they wore an expression of infinite repose which it did not seem possible for wax to produce.

We were now taken directly to the Sisters' choir. A beautiful chapel it was. The reredos of the high altar was formed by a large *alto-rilievo*, in light gray stone, of the stigmata of S. Catharine de Ricci—our Lord stooping from the cross to embrace the enraptured saint. It is hard to describe this piece of sculpture. Its color and the delicacy of the cutting gave it the effect of a cameo on a large scale, and the toning of its soft, light grays with the gilding of the altar proper was very beautiful. Around the chapel were smaller panels of enamelled porcelain, of a kind similar to that used in della Robbia work. These, also in high relief, represented various scenes in the saint's life. The original designs for these reliefs we were able to study more closely later, so we will defer their explanation. Several large oil paintings also adorned the chapel, but a more striking feature was the beautiful wood carving of the choir stalls, capable of seating one hundred and fifty religious. There are now only thirty, but this small remnant, to their credit be it said, have succeeded in buying back or redeeming their beautiful convent from the government, when it was in imminent danger of being converted into a "case-rina." There are a number of religious houses in Italy which, though legally dead, show signs of a persistent vitality. We believe, however, that the existence of S. Catharine's Convent is recognized legally as well as *de facto*. Those who have visited any of our larger Dominican convents are familiar with the conventional arrangement of the choir stalls around the walls, with the desk or desks for the cantors in the centre. The large stand-

ing crucifix, which is part of the proper furniture of a Dominican chapel, we did not see. Perhaps its place may have been taken by the sculptured work of the reredos. We left the chapel by the western end, and were shown to a small ante-chapel of S. Vincent Ferrer, who, it must be explained, is really the titular saint of the convent, although since S. Catharine's day it has been constantly known by her name.

The large painting of S. Vincent, which distinguished this chapel, was dark with age; moreover, it stood in a deep niche which also served for a "presépio," so that the details of the painting were somewhat hidden by the figures in the foreground. These figures, though scarcely beautiful, were certainly most quaint, and we smiled involuntarily as we glanced at the Saints Michael and Gabriel, who stood half-warrior, half-courtier-like, "on guard" over our Infant Lord. From this ante-chapel we passed into a rectangular gallery or cloister, and entered an open court. This was almost filled by a huge stone fountain with its surrounding basin. Here several lay sisters were washing linen, as Italian women always wash, on the stone coping of the basin, in the open air and bright sunshine, with the trees nodding above them, and the little birds singing and fluttering in their branches. Crossing this court, we were led to the refectory. This, like the choir, was evidently intended for a large community. The tables, long and narrow, were ranged around the wall, as in all true convent refectories, with seats against the wall only. The places were all set, each place covered with a bowl, in which the sister washes her own plate, knife, etc., after eating. All was scrupulously neat. The cups had two handles, "that the sisters may not be tempted to hold a slice of bread in one hand, while retaining the cup in the other," this being considered "irreligious" and a mark of "unseemly haste." This quaint custom of the two-handled cup also prevails in the American Community of S. Catharine de Ricci, which perpetuates many of the older Dominican observances. A large

crucifix was suspended on the wall of the refectory, directly above the superior's place. Here also a bell hangs by a cord, the striking of which is a sign for all to rise or sit, before or after the blessing of the food.

We made some inquiries as to the *menu*, and were answered with perfect simplicity and frankness as to the allowance for a sister's meal. In the right wall of the refectory was a large elevated pulpit for the sister lector. Here the rule, constitutions and certain homilies are daily read. The opposite side of the refectory was adorned with a painting of the Madonna and Holy Child, to right and left of which hung those of S. Catharine and S. Vincent. We had almost forgotten to speak of the large "cenacolo," which filled the wall back of the prioress' table. From the refectory we were conducted to the kitchen. Here other lay sisters were busy. A large central "cucina," or range, as we should have called it, was built beneath an open chimney, very much as in our own hospitals or large institutions. The sister guide explained to us the use of a large wheel for raising water into the kitchen, and turned the "rubinetti" on and off to display its workings. Leaving the kitchen, we reached a second open court, much larger than the first, evidently the sisters' garden, both the "orto" and the orchard. The trees in the latter, chiefly olives we thought from the glimpse we obtained of them, were growing luxuriantly. We wondered whether the sisters spent their recreation there on summer evenings, or paced its pleasant paths saying their beads. The vegetables in the "orto" beyond were neatly planted in rows, on whose borders grew flowers—marguerites and marigolds and anemones—while a green shrub growing to some height in an angle, was pointed out as having been planted by their patron's own hand. This, they said, always grew faster when plucked, so we carried away some sprays intermingled with flowers.

Again we traversed a series of cloisters, quite bewildering in their length and variety, and were introduced into a work room, where some sisters were making

scapulars, Agnus Dei and other small articles. From this we passed to a still larger room, apparently intended for weaving or spinning, to judge from the large wheels and frames we saw. We would have asked some questions, but our Italian was limited and the sister was chiefly intent on explaining the meaning of a series of cartoons which hung on the inner wall. These were the originals, as we understood, of the reliefs in the chapel. The first represented the saint's call to the religious life. She is kneeling in prayer before her guardian angel, who is depicting to her spiritual vision her future vocation. The second portrays some miracle of healing wrought upon a sick person through the medium of some article of clothing belonging to the saint and which is brought to him while she is praying for his cure, within her convent. Another represented an ecstasy of Catharine's, in which she is seen supported on clouds. Another, her illness.

Our Reverend Father laughingly told the sisters that their convent was too large for their vow of poverty. They should increase their community or in some way diminish the size of their convent. They in turn offered to receive and habit his American friends if they would enter S. Catharine's permanently. But we sighed and shook our heads, though the charm of our cordial, courteous reception was very real. Reaching at last the tiny door of ingress which had opened to admit us, we paused to make our last adieux. While so doing it opened to admit a priest. He had come to administer the sacraments to a sick nun and as we watched him conducted onward through the corridor, we thought what memories of life and death these walls retained. We thought of S. Catharine herself treading these halls and sanctifying them by her presence, her prayers, her death. Truly "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Our leave of kind Father R——, to whom we owed the privilege of our visit, was taken with many thanks and wishes for the spiritual success of his Mission, and with a thought too, of our own Fathers in America.

EDITORIAL.

An event of great importance to the Church in California was the transfer of the Right Reverend George Montgomery, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles and Monte-



rey, to the Coadjutorship of San Francisco, with right of succession to the present beloved head, His Grace Archbishop Riordan, who has worthily worn the mitre and faithfully carried the episcopal staff, with all the burdens for which they stand, now nigh unto twenty years. The growing labors made necessary by the rapid development in our Pacific metropolises, of the work of the Church, His Grace would share with a vigorous helper. All who know Archbishop Riordan's zeal and energy recognize that his strength should be spared, his cares should be lessened, and therefore the clergy and the faithful of the Archdiocese have welcomed the Coadjutor-Archbishop, the Most Reverend Doctor Montgomery, for his own sake and because of the relief which his presence will mean to his chief.

Early in February Archbishop Montgomery left Los Angeles, amidst the regrets of the priests and people among whom he had labored since his consecra-

tion in 1894. Returning to San Francisco, the scene of his priestly career, he is now among friends who love the man, who admire the zealous priest, who honor the distinguished prelate.

To the felicitations which have been expressed on all sides, DOMINICANA, availing of this, the first opportunity since the formal announcement of his appointment, joins its greetings and congratulations to Coadjutor Archbishop Montgomery, on whose labors we pray that every needed blessing will be bestowed.

The present March will be entirely Lenten. In the spirit of this sacred time we earnestly exhort the readers of DOMINICANA to dedicate this month to the Passion of our Blessed Lord, which is commemorated almost continuously by the recurrence of those feasts specially set to honor the instruments of His sufferings, His blessed Wounds, His precious Blood.

We would also remind our friends that to Rosarians, to all who cultivate the spirit and the devotions for which DOMINICANA labors, the feasts of the Annunciation, the first joyful mystery of the Beads, of S. Joseph, the Foster Father of our Lord, and of S. Thomas, the Angelic Doctor, should earnestly appeal.

To our young readers we would also say: Remember that S. Thomas is the special patron of Catholic schools, the special guardian of Catholic boys and girls. To him should youth look, in daily prayer, that he may protect them from the enemy of their souls, that he may keep them, as children devoted to the Angelic Warfare, free from all contamination, unspotted of this wicked world. To any of our child readers desiring full information regarding the Cord of S. Thomas Aquinas and the devotion of the Angelic Warfare, we shall be pleased to send explanatory pamphlets.

At present the Dominican Fathers of the Pacific Coast have, as their honored guest, Father John Procter, twice Provincial of the English Dominicans, and now Visitor, in the name of the Most Reverend Master-General, Father Fruhwirth, to our Congregation of the Holy Name.

Father Procter has distinguished himself in every field of priestly zeal—preaching, missions, lectures, controversy, publications. In the last named department his industry has been extraordinary. Despite the cares of various official posts to which he has been called, and in the midst of the activities and distractions inseparable from missionary labors, he has found time to write pamphlets and books, to edit and to translate others, so that his name is identified, in an honorable way, with the best efforts of intellectual life among the English Dominicans during the past decade.

DOMINICANA welcomes Father Procter with genuine California hospitality, and wishes him a full measure of the good things for which the Land of Sunshine is noted.



We are pleased to be able to present to our readers a picture of Father Procter. For this opportunity we are indebted to the courtesy of *The Examiner*, San Francisco. Father Procter has several times favored the people of our city by his preaching, on

each occasion attracting large audiences.

The silver jubilee of our Holy Father, the rounding out of Peter's years, for our

beloved Leo the Thirteenth, has united the Catholic world with joy, and from the millions of hearts that love him as Christ's Vicar on earth, devout prayers have ascended, mingling with thanksgiving for the blessings that have been, petitions for the helps that are needed, and especially that still greater length of years may be granted to our wonderful Pontiff.

An organization deserving the hearty encouragement of California Catholics is the League of the Cross. Established on military lines, the League confers on boys and young men received as cadets, all the benefits of drill, discipline, camp. The soldierly qualities are developed in the young crusader who pledges himself to the cause, under a special promise of total abstinence from intoxicants. On such a foundation of sobriety, purity, honor, truth, manliness, the soldier of the League gives every promise of being a true soldier of Jesus Christ.

The movement, now under way in San Francisco, which has for its worthy object the erection of a suitable building for the use of the League, should appeal to all our Catholics, but especially to the rich. If some one of our millionaire Catholics would assume the entire expense of such an enterprise, he would build for himself a noble monument. But, judging from what has been, the zealous priests and laymen who are responsible for the work in hand, will be obliged to rely on the community. For this reason, all who recognize the great merit of the League of the Cross, should be earnest and energetic in their efforts to make the Carnival a success.

DOMINICANA hopes that the financial proceeds of that entertainment will be commensurate with the highest expectations of the League, and that every subsequent venture, for the same purpose, will be abundantly blessed.

No more painful illustration could be given of the tendencies of our mad American rush for "education," as understood by the champions of the public school

system, than that presented by the Principal of the Mountain Grove, Missouri school, whose name is certainly Irish, and we presume, is derived from Catholic stock. From the press dispatches we take the following:

St. Louis, Dec. 30.—Prof. W. H. Lynch, Principal of the Mountain Grove, Mo., school, to-day explained to the State Teachers' Association, in convention here, his method of using newspapers for study in the class-room.

Prof. Lynch has great faith in the educational value of the modern newspaper and is a subscriber to seventy dailies, weeklies and semi-weeklies. He said:

"I discovered some time ago that no textbook is equal to the newspapers as a means of disseminating actual and up-to-date knowledge in the school room. Textbooks teach only a theory of the world and its facts, the newspapers tell the real drama of life in its varied forms.

"Every Friday morning I have my pupils devote time to reading newspapers. Each pupil has a different journal. Each pupil reads but one article. At a given signal the papers are folded up, and each pupil tells the story he has been reading in his own words. This plan has many advantages, not the least of which is that it enables the teachers to get an insight into the natural bent of each pupil's mind."

In view of the quality of the average American Journal, whose name, as a great Metropolitan editor once said, should be *The Daily Crimes*, we can judge what the bent will be, not only of the mind, but of the heart, after "Professor" Lynch has immersed his pupils in the cesspool of "actual and up-to-date knowledge," after he has paraded before them the filthy "drama of real life" as it is pictured and sketched in our sensational journals.

Lynch and all of his kind are notoriety-seeking perverters of youth.

The latest advices from Manila indicate that a halt has been called upon the advance-guard of the Katipunan malcontents—lest their misinterpretation of American principles of liberty should

prove their utter undoing. It is to be hoped that the renegade religious faction may be established by the Governor upon some fertile island in the Pacific, where the independent leader, Aglipay, may acquire at least "squatters' rights" to his future church centers.

However warm the reception extended to Governor Taft, upon his return to this country, might be, there is no patriotic precedent to encourage our hospitable inclusion of his Manila following. "Catering" to the prejudices of men is a direful policy when *principles* should be the guiding star of political hope. All success to the mission of General Wood.

The Catholic Association of laymen recently set on foot in Ireland has in view three laudable objects:

1. To forward the temporal interests of Catholics in Ireland and to promote their social and intellectual intercourse.
2. To foster a spirit of mutual help and fraternity amongst Catholics.
3. To promote the practical support of the Irish language, literature, art and industries.

The primary object, to forward the temporal interests of Catholics in Ireland, has now become an imperative duty in view of the growing intolerance in Protestant monopolizers of public and private offices. The new Association includes the Federation of existing Catholic societies whose unanimity of action will prove an effective moral force. The organization thus extended will be better able to protect the interests of Catholics and foster the spirit of fraternity.

Important from a patriotic standpoint is the proposed support of the Irish Language, Literature, Art and Industries. The success of the movement cannot be doubted, based as it is upon the justice of a holy cause—the preservation of a much-persecuted faith, and the restoration to nationality of a long-suffering and most righteous people. The well-known Dominican, Father Stephen Glendon, editor of *The Irish Rosary*, is the chief moving spirit in the campaign.

We present in this number the third article of Mr. James O'Leary's interesting and instructive series on the Gaelic tongue. The first paper was published in September, the second in November, 1902. Others will follow in due order. DOMINICANA acknowledges its obligations to Mr. O'Leary, in its own name and in the name of many readers who have expressed their pleasure and gratitude because of this series.

We have special pleasure in introducing to our readers, under the pen name of Esperanza, a writer who has already achieved distinction in the world of letters. The present instalment on California Church history will be followed by other very interesting contributions.

From a pastoral letter recently published by the Bishop of Cebu, who is at present acting as Apostolic Administrator of Manila, the following excerpt is taken:

"In the Philippines there are a few noisy demagogues, satellites of Protestantism, who pretend to find the panacea for all evils and the ideal of all felicity in apostasy from the faith, in schism or separation from the Holy Roman Church, in the expulsion of the religious orders, in the formation of a national Filipino church, independent of the Pope, with 'Bishops' and priests separated from and in rebellion against the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Holy See."

In this we find the pith of the religious difficulty in the Philippines. Bishop Alcocer, a member of the Franciscan Order, has labored long in the Islands, and "knows whereof he speaks."

It will, doubtless, be of great interest to remind the readers of DOMINICANA of the celebrations held in Rome, commemorative of the Pope's silver jubilee. On February 20, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election, His Holiness received in audience the delegates and pilgrims who had journeyed to Rome to congratulate him.

On that occasion the Cardinal Vicar and the Bishops present offered to the Sovereign Pontiff a golden tiara, symbol of the triple pontifical power, and with it, the

sum representing the offerings of the Catholic world. To His Holiness another tribute was rendered in the money given to defray the expenses incurred for the restoration of the Pope's Cathedral, the mother church of the world, S. John Lateran. On the same day the International Committee, in the name of the Italian pilgrims and of all those of other nations who had gone to Rome during the jubilee year of 1900, presented an offering to the Pontiff, as a testimony of homage to Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer, and to His Vicar.

A special pilgrimage from Lombardy, headed by Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, presented a large gold medalion.

The committee representing the Bishops, and led by Cardinal Boschi, Archbishop of Bologna, presented the symbolical Keys, emblems of supreme pontifical power, and containing within them the offerings made by the Hierarchy.

On February 20, 21, 22, a solemn triduum was celebrated by the Rectors of the Colleges of Rome, under the direction of the Cardinal Vicar, in the Church of the Apostles, the services having been offered as a special thanksgiving to God for the blessings granted Leo the Thirteenth during his long reign.

On the 22d a banquet was given to one thousand poor people in the name of the Pope, the Father of the poor.

On the third of the present month, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Leo, His Holiness will make his solemn entry to S. Peter's; he will wear the precious Tiara presented to him on February 20. He will receive pilgrims from various parts of Italy, and in the evening he will bless Rome and the world, after which a solemn *Te Deum* will be sung.

On the fifth the academic exercises will take place, including an address by Cardinal Ferrata, a Latin poem by Monsignor Sardi, and Italian verses by different distinguished laymen.

On the sixth, seventh and eighth a solemn Triduum will be conducted in the Church of the Gesu. Among the preach-

ers will be His Eminence Cardinal Satolli. At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each day a Cardinal will officiate.

The death of Father William Gleeson, Pastor of St. Anthony's Church, East Oakland, California, which recently occurred, calls for a tribute to the memory of a noble man, a distinguished scholar, an author "of no mean repute," a holy priest.

Full of years—he had reached the seventy-sixth milestone—Father Gleeson fell at his post. Preparing to celebrate Mass, the second on that Sunday, as had been his custom for years, the venerable pastor was stricken as a true shepherd might wish to be taken, among his people and almost at the foot of the altar he had so faithfully served.

Father Gleeson was a life-long friend of the Dominican Order, to which, as a Tertiary, he became affiliated, after his advent to California. Promising to our readers a sketch by a competent hand, to appear in our April number, we pray that his dwelling may be in everlasting peace, and that the memory of his example will long abide with the Catholics of this State.

An event overlooked, at least by the California daily press, but deserving honorable mention, occurred in the United States Senate, Washington, on January 31. We refer to the presentation to the Congress of the United States, by the State of Maryland, of the statues of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and John Hanson, chosen as her most distinguished citizens.

As the only Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence (for Catholics were then few and poor in our land, and banned from holding office); as the man who risked most in a financial way, among the illustrious men who then pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor; as the delegate most influential in securing the unanimity of action so necessary at such a crisis, Charles Carroll is a figure of large and noble proportions, whose Catholic life and example are a precious part of American history. On

the occasion of the presentation of his statue, suitable action was taken by the Senate. It would be gratifying if we could reproduce the excellent orations delivered by the two Senators from Maryland and by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, in praise of the honored dead. We advise our readers to write to the Senators named, requesting copies of their addresses. Or, preferring a simpler way, they can find in *The Irish World* of February 14, generous extracts from those fine speeches, setting forth testimony to the work of the Catholic Church, alike faithful to truth and honorable to the distinguished gentlemen mentioned.

Among the receptions held in honor of Archbishop Montgomery, it was our pleasant privilege to assist at the entertainment given by the pupils of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, San Francisco. While recalling the general excellencies of the programme, evidence of the care and culture of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, we are mindful of a special feature by which we were particularly impressed. It was a dialogue, embodying in verse a beautiful sentiment, and telling delightfully a touching story of fact. We desire our readers to share our pleasure:

THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

Do you think the Saints and Angels
Always quite agree?
I'm a little perplexed about it,
For the thought occurred to me:
Suppose a Saint wants something,
And an Angel wants it, too,
How can the affair be settled?
What do you think they'd do?
Do they always give up to each other
Without the least complaint?
Does the Saint give up to the Angel,
Or the Angel to the Saint?

My Angel told me about that,
And I know a story, too,
Which will prove that what I tell you
Is absolutely true.
When one has in his possession
What the other might want or need,
Why he just goes straight and gives it
Before there is time to plead,
Or even to ask for the treasure.
This is the charming way
They treat each other's wishes.

Oh, yes, but did you not say,
You would tell me a little story?
Oh, let me hear it, please,
To settle this vexing question
And put my mind at ease.

Well, once among rich vineyards,
Lay a city fair and young.
Los Angeles, they called it
In the soft, sweet Spanish tongue,
For the Angels were its protectors,
But it is sad to tell,
They could not give it a Bishop
Though they loved their city well.
S. Francis guarded a city
Not very far away,
In fact, it was situated
On a beautiful well-known Bay.
He heard of the Angels' trouble
And chose a priest he loved,
And sent him to be their Bishop.
The days that followed proved
That he was the very person
Los Angeles needed most,
And the people praised S. Francis
And all the Heavenly host.

Oh, wasn't that kind of S. Francis!
But he is always so.
Now, tell me the rest of the story,
Did the Angels ever know
That it was the Saint Seraphic
Who obtained their great desire?

Oh, yes, for a few years later,
It happened to transpire
That the work of the great Archbishop,
In the city on the Bay,
Became too heavy a burden.
So the good Saint sought a way
To help him in his labor.
Then came the Angels' turn
To show what flames of affection
In angelic spirits burn.
They said, "We will do our utmost
To aid him in this distress."
And what do you think they offered?
I'm sure you could never guess.

No, I'm afraid, I could not.
Was it anything great or small?

Why, they just sent back their Bishop.
Wasn't that the best of all?

Of course it was delightful.
But when did this all take place?

Why, the first that I told you, happened
In a long past year of grace.
But the Bishop returned to S. Francis,—
When was it? Now, let me see—
I think the chroniclers put it,
In 1903.

Oh, they were dear, good Angels,
But I hope they do not expect
Ever to get him back again,
We'd seriously object.

Indeed, we would, but what of that?
If S. Francis should some day
Find the Angels again in trouble,
He would offer without delay
To give them back their Bishop.
So, for fear he might depart,
Let us hide him, this very afternoon,
Deep in the Sacred Heart.

California Catholics will appreciate this lovely bit. To other readers we would say that Father Montgomery left the city of S. Francis (San Francisco) to become the Bishop of Los Angeles—the City of our Lady of the Angels. He has returned to S. Francis for duties larger and more laborious.

MAGAZINES.

"British statesmanship is now preparing to give Ireland these two great boons:

"1—Land reform, to consist of the complete abolition of landlordism throughout the island, and the turning of the soil over to the individual ownership of the men who live upon it, till it, love it, and who, through the centuries since they were dispossessed of it, have clung to the tradition that it is rightfully theirs.

"2—Political reform, to consist of some form of home rule within the empire, an arrangement by which purely Irish legislation will be placed wholly in the hands of the elected representatives of the Irish people, and which will, in a measure, at least, satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people to a national entity."

In these words we find the summary of an excellent paper contributed to *The Review of Reviews* for February, by Mr. Walter Wellman, who made a thorough study of the Irish question, in England and Ireland, while acting as a special representative of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, for which journal he was instructed to obtain full and truthful information.

Mr. Wellman promises other articles in development of his theme, to which we may look forward with pleasurable interest. *The Review of Reviews* deserves praise for its share in this work of enlightening the American people on the vexed Irish question, the solution of which will be heartily welcomed among us.

Apropos of this commendation of *The*

Review of Reviews' article, we also desire to refer our readers to a very interesting paper, "Ireland from Within," which is the leader in *The Quarterly Review* for January. It is gratifying to be able to applaud the change of mind and heart of England towards Ireland, after the long centuries of injustice in so many cruel forms. Ireland's day is dawning. May its sunrise be one of glory and peace!

We compliment and congratulate the students of Santa Clara College, California, for the excellent work they are doing in the publication of *The Redwood*. Though only in its third issue, this magazine already stands well to the front in the ranks of college periodicals. Our young Californians have manifested a becoming patriotism in the title of their monthly. And, while we note, with pleasure, the quality of their literary labor, we trust that its quantity, without suffering any abatement of present merit, will grow after the sturdy manner of that big tree which is its noble namesake. For *The Redwood* DOMINICANA cordially wishes all the good things which make for continued success.

MUSIC.

Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, have recently published the following named vocal selections: *THERE, LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY*, by George Chadwick Stock. This pretty ballad, for medium voice in B flat (F-F) and for low voice in G (d-D), is J. Whitcomb Riley's poem very daintily set to a sweet, soothing melody. *COMING DOWN LOVE LANE*, by Ellis R. Ephraim, a pleasing song, with a catchy refrain. Three songs by Mary Hanway. No. 1, *A SPRING SONG*, is in quick, light double rhythm, to which is attached a pleasing melody. No. 2, *THREE SHADOWS*, words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is a song of quiet character. No. 3, *IF I BUT KNEW*, a simple, short ballad useful for teaching in Grade I. *SYMPATHY*, by J. W. Parson Price; sop. or ten., in A flat; mezzo-sop. or bar. in F. The burden of the text is charity and sympathy. The musical setting is good, both vocal score and accom-

paniment being somewhat similar to the far-famed HOLY CITY. There is a fine, hearty climax. *JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL*, for alto or baritone, by J. L. Molloy, a sacred song of quiet beauty and dignity. A collection of *SACRED SONGS* for sop. or ten., in album form, Pond edition, containing seventeen lovely songs by the well-known song-writers, Gounod, Barri, Tosti, Tours, Verdi, Cowen, Handel, Rodney. Among the number may be mentioned: Handel's *ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR*; Gounod's *THERE IS A GREEN HILL*; Verdi's *AVE MARIA*, etc., in the same strong line. For piano solo, we have received *CANADIAN LOVE SONGS*, by K. Ockleston-Lippa, Grade III, a plaintive melody of sustained legato character. It is well pedaled and in clear type. A collection of easy pieces for the piano entitled *HAPPY HOURS*, Edition Pond. This album contains twenty-two very melodious, pleasant, good teaching pieces, suitable for Grades I and II, by the following composers: Spindler, Lange, Merz, Billak, Rummel, Becker, Oesten, Parker, Striabbog, Kinkel, etc. *PAPILLONS MAZURKA*, sold for guitar, full of melody and sprightliness.

Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, publish the following new songs: *O GOD, BE MERCIFUL TO ME*, by Edgar A. Barrell. Medium voice in D flat (E flat or A flat to F). A simple church song, moderate in range, belonging to the emotional class of sacred music. *BOW DOWN THINE EAR, O LORD*, by Adolph Frey. High voice in E flat (d-g). This is a fine sacred song, earnest in spirit and becoming in style. The words are selected from the Psalms, and the musical setting is in dignified accord with the text. A middle section of more impassioned character supplies contrast. The accompaniment is broad and noble. *TO THE RAINDROPS*, by W. J. McCoy. High voice in F (d-g). A light, tripping encore song, simple, but demands left hand delicate treatment. The light, airy accompaniment is a charming feature to this bubbling song. *AT THE GARDEN GATE*, by W. J. McCoy. High voice in F

(F-g). A bright little wooing song, interesting in detail, with something original in the quality. The accompaniment is built on the *fugetta* form, and is attractive. *PERHAPS!* (Forse!), by Giuseppi Orsini. High voice in E (d sharp-g sharp). Italian grace of melody with its flowing vocal phrases, make this a very attractive song. *WHEN THE LAND WAS WHITE WITH MOONLIGHT*, by Franz X. Arens. High voice in G (E flat-a). Also for medium voice in E. Three stanzas set to the same music, somewhat enriched in the second, and modified in the third to give expression to the changed sentiment of the words. The melody is broad and flowing. The phrasing is carefully marked, and demands well sustained tone and good breath control. Also new piano music, as follows: Three pieces, each four pages, Op. 97, Grade III, by A. J. Biedermann. No. 1, *PLEASANT JOURNEY*, has a well established motion—a walking, animated rhythm and a pleasing melody throughout in two voice part in right hand. Both hands, at times, participate in the melody. No. 2, *THE SOLITARY FLOWER* is not an attractive piece for the young student, though it is a melody accompanied by simple chords, and demands expression, use of pedal and is excellent for the application of the singing touch. No. 3, *NOTTURNO*, somewhat similar in construction to the second number, and perhaps more broadly applied to the same principles. *LA BELLE AMAZONE*, by G. Bonaldi, Grades III and IV. A brilliant piece de concert—with large effects. It demands good sustaining power and is almost entirely in octaves, forming an excellent and attractive octave study. *SPRING*, Op. 94, by A. J. Biedermann, useful for Grade II. *MERRY BOHEMIANS*, Op. 272, W. F. Sudds, Grade III. In A minor, triplet metre, somewhat of a mazurka character, but broader in general conception and not confined within its rhythm. Pleasing in effect, bright and offers much in variety of motion, character and expression. Pedal, finger and phrasing signs are given with discrimination. *WHEN FIRST THE FIELDS ARE GREEN*, Op. 273, by W. F. Sudds; Grade II. and early part of

Grade III. A bright, pretty Rondoletto, varied in touch and character. Clear and simple, with pedal, fingering and phrasing carefully edited. *DANCE NORVEGIENNE*, by A. Strelezki, Grade III. and IV., of characteristic Norwegian flavor. Both parts are written for careful, artistic, effective playing. Demands good study and the application of good taste. *A DREAM OF THE DANCE*, Op. 202, No. 1, by H. N. Bartlett. Tempo de Valse, thoroughly musical, refined and interesting; of value as a study for singing touch in sustained melody. The left hand part gives the student a variety of measures varied in subject matter and in rhythm. *PRAYER AT EVENTIDE*, Op. 202, No. 4, by H. N. Bartlett, Grade III., Andante religioso. Organ-like, of devotional character. *SOUVENIR VALSE*, Op. 84, No. 3, by W. G. Smith, Grade III., is built on short scales, and forms a good study for that point, as also for five finger exercises.

BOOKS.

A volume notable for the beauty of its material in paper, letter press, illustration and binding, and still more valuable because of the subject and its treatment, is *MEMORIAL OF THE MOST REVEREND MICHAEL AUGUSTINE CORRIGAN, D. D., THIRD ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK*, issued by the Cathedral Library Association, New York.

When Archbishop Corrigan finished his labors and went home to receive his reward, the Church in the United States suffered a real and serious loss, in the final withdrawal from her service, of a prelate eminent for the virtues of his holy office, and at the same time she acquired a gain, the value of which will be more generally recognized with the growing years, in the inheritance of the life's lessons, the fragrant memory, the exalted example of a saintly shepherd of souls.

To perpetuate these blessings, to render them available to the Catholic public, clerical and lay, the *MEMORIAL* was compiled by loving and capable hands. We are not unmindful of the merit attaching to the other portions of this valuable

work, but we feel that a word of special honor and praise is due to the biographical sketch of the dead Archbishop, written by John A. Mooney, LL. D., a sketch at once most thorough while admirably condensed, most reverent yet touchingly tender, polished in style, elegant in diction, a singularly happy combination of narrative, incident, reflection, qualities which render it an ideal tribute to the dead bishop, whose life was worthy of treatment so artistic, so scholarly, so Catholic. The choice of Doctor Mooney for this honorable and delicate task was, indeed, one of wisdom.

We should like to emphasize our estimate of this beautiful volume by making even copious extracts from his delightful work, but we feel that citation might be mutilation. In its entirety, with the setting of picture, of funeral address, of resolutions, of public tributes from press and officials, we would have our readers enjoy the rare treat that has been ours; and, therefore, we bespeak for the MEMORIAL OF THE MOST REVEREND MICHAEL AUGUSTINE CORRIGAN a place of honor in the library of priest or layman who would familiarize himself with a remarkable career, with the life of a great and holy bishop, a faithful pastor, whose rule was ever exercised for God and holy Mother Church, in the salvation of souls.

B. Herder of Saint Louis has sent to us a translation of a minor work of S. Thomas Aquinas on the perfection of the spiritual life, entitled *THE RELIGIOUS STATE, THE EPISCOPATE AND THE PRIESTLY OFFICE*, edited with prefatory notice by the Very Reverend Father John Procter, S. T. M., formerly Provincial of the English Dominicans.

To quote from Doctor Procter's striking preface, "this volume is a mine of wealth to chaplains of nuns, and to preachers of retreats to religious. It is a quarry from which they may, one and all, draw the stones with which to build up the edifice of the spiritual life."

Bishops and priests in general will also find this admirable treatise helpful in its

reminders of the sacredness of their vocation.

Father Procter has also brought out what may be regarded as the sequel of the volume already named: *AN APOLOGY FOR THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS*, by S. Thomas Aquinas, translated from the Latin of two minor works of the great Doctor.

To the indefatigable editor's zeal, learning and industry the English-reading world is doubly indebted for *THE RELIGIOUS STATE*, and for the first translation of S. Thomas' masterful defense of the Religious Orders—a defense as needful at the present hour as in the days of S. Thomas; for, the enemy of the Church still lives, and the enemies of God's work "aim, by cunning counsels, devised against religious," to deprive them of all means of existence. Hence the clamor of defamation raised against religious throughout the universe by those who would "impede them in the discharge of their spiritual functions."

In his most instructive introduction Father Procter reviews the spiritual needs of the times which evolved "the blending of the active life of the Apostolate with the contemplative life of the monk"—the institution of the Order of Preachers who were to live by rule, and yet were to work in the world for the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men.

The present treatises of S. Thomas are of historic interest, occasioned as they were by the unjust accusations of William of S. Amour against "religion and the religious profession."

"William of S. Amour was the avowed and implacable enemy of the Religious Orders," says Father Procter; "nay, of the first principles of religious life. Especially was he bitterly opposed to that form of the religious life—the double life of contemplation and action, the union of the monastic life, of teaching and preaching—of which the newly established Orders of the Franciscans and the Dominicans were the embodiment."

The logical arguments advanced by S. Thomas, in the controversy which arose in 1253, and in which he reduced his

adversary to powder, are of value for all time, since they are directed against the spirit of "envy and hatred" that not only animated William of S. Amour in his day, but continues in our own generation to oppose the teachings of the "lovers of truth." Again we acknowledge our indebtedness to Father Procter for his timely translation of one of S. Thomas' most practical works.

B. Herder, St. Louis, has also published this volume in attractive and durable form.

DONNA DIANA, a wealthy heiress, the heroine of a romance of Italy, figures as the victim of intriguing relatives. Religious vocations, the sexual problem, the unskillful financiering of some of the *attaches* of the Vatican are glibly discussed by the author, Richard Bagot. Edmund Vane, a phlegmatic young Englishman, equally invulnerable to the shafts of slander as he is to the assassin's stiletto, evolves order from the social chaos prevailing in his circle. Mr. Bagot is by no means a reliable authority on the emanations of vocations to the religious life.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York, are the publishers of the book.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, present in a dress of peculiar splendor KULOSKAP THE MASTER. Upon the wonderful adventures of this demi-god of Indian worship is based the epic poem of the Algonkin people. Honorable Charles Godfrey Leland, in collaboration with Professor John Dyneley Prince, gives to us the metrical translation of KULOSKAP AND OTHER ALGONKIN POEMS, which are included in this delightful collection of aboriginal folk lore. The traditions of the American aborigines as sung in their simple dialects possess a peculiar fascination for the loving interpreter of Nature's simple joys.

The selections presented in this volume represent earnest work on the part of the translators, whose recognition of the intrinsic worth of Indian traditions has impelled them to extend to the English-speaking public the benefit of their joint

labor. The work is a desirable addition to American literature.

Dainty illustrations, characteristically quaint, embellish the legends.

A MARTYR OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY AND OTHER POEMS, by P. J. Coleman, is published by the Messenger Press, New York.

The tragic death of the great missionary, Father Isaac Jogues, of the Jesuit Order, is graphically depicted, the author's ardent appreciation of the holy martyr's labors furnishing inspiration for his theme. Other poems of merit on subjects of interest complete the volume. The author's strong purpose and unswerving fidelity to his principles dominate these interesting verses.

The book is handsomely printed and bound.

Among Henry T. Coates & Co.'s recent publications we note of interest to boys two instructive stories of adventure: JIM AND JOE, two brave boys, whose career is sketched by Edward S. Ellis, and THE HAUNTED MINE, by Harry Castlemon. Both stories deal with practical facts of every day life for the growing boy. They are flavored with romance—of a remunerative kind—sufficient to give zest to honest strivings for a livelihood. Both books are profusely illustrated and well bound.

The Abbey Press, New York, among other works of fiction pleasingly designed to point a moral truth, has published in uniform binding FATHER MANNERS, by Hudson Young, and THE MAN WITH THE RAKE, by Marion Lee Beveridge. FATHER MANNERS, a young Episcopalian minister, illustrates in his waverings the utter impracticability of attaining spiritual perfection as suggested by the Evangelical Councils, while rejecting supernatural aid.

Marion Lee Beveridge, in presenting the manipulations of THE MAN WITH THE RAKE, has won for her hero the applause due to the dignity of honest labor; conversely, she has inspired a proportionate scorn for the "fine gentleman" whose corrupt morals are fostered by the unscrupulous flitching of his neighbor's gold.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

1—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—First Sunday of Lent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; procession; prayers; (3) Assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

2—B. Henry Suso, O. P., Priest. (Devotion to the Holy Name.) Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

3—S. Scholastica, Virgin (from Feb. 10). (Confidence in prayer.)

4—Ember Day—S. Casimir, Confessor, Prince of Poland. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

5—B. Jordan of Saxony (from Feb. 15). Second General of the Order of Preachers. Monthly High Mass of Requiem for deceased members of S. Dominic's Church Building Association at 9 A. M.

6—Ember Day—The Spear and Nails of the Passion. Stations of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Plenary Indulgence on any two Fridays in Lent for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers for the Pope's intention.

7—Ember Day—S. Thomas Aquinas, O. P., Doctor of the Church. Patron of Catholic Schools and Scholars. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful. C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers. (Benediction.)

8—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Second Sunday of Lent—Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 8 A. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

9—S. Frances of Rome. Widow. Foundress of the Oblate or Collatine Nuns. Meeting of the Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

10—B. Peter Jeremiah, O. P., Priest. (Faithfulness to Duty.) Novena in honor of S. Joseph begins.

11—S. Pacian, Bishop of Barcelona. (Pray for Bishops.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

12—S. Gregory the Great, Pope and Doctor of the Church. (Defense of the Faith.)

13—The Holy Winding Sheet of Our Lord's Burial. Stations of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

14—Octave Day of S. Thomas Aquinas. (Pray for Students.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

15—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Third Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indul-

gence for members of the Living Rosary. C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M.

16—The Seven Founders of the Servites (from Feb. 17). (Religious discipline.)

17—S. Patrick, Bishop, Apostle and Patron of Ireland. (Benediction.)

18—B. Sybillina, O. P., Virgin. (Pray for the blind.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

19—S. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin. Patron of the Universal Church. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. (Benediction.)

20—The Five Wounds of Our Lord. Stations of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

21—S. Benedict, Abbot. Father of the Western monks and Founder of the Benedictine Order. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

22—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Fourth Sunday of Lent.

23—B. Alvares of Cordova, O. P., Priest (from Feb. 19). (Retirement.)

24—S. Gabriel, Archangel. (Devotion to the Angels.)

25—The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Feast of Devotion. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit; prayers. (May be gained once also during the Octave.) (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; recite the Rosary.

26—Octave of S. Joseph. (Devotion to the Holy Family.)

27—The Most Precious Blood. Stations of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

28—Chair of S. Peter at Antioch (from Feb. 22). Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

29—PASSION SUNDAY—Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

30—B. Constantius, O. P., Priest (from Feb. 25). (Humility.)

31—B. Christopher, O. P., Priest (from March 1). (Patience.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for the month are: The Joyful Mysteries—S. Fridolin, Abbot; S. Patrick, Bishop; S. Benedict, Abbot; S. Frances of Rome; S. Lucius, Pope and Martyr. For the Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Gregory the Great, Pope; S. Cuthbert, Bishop; S. Casimir, King; S. Joseph, Spouse of Blessed Virgin; S. Felicitas, Widow. For the Glorious Mysteries—S. Maud, Queen; S. Irenaeus, Bishop and Martyr; S. David, Bishop; S. Rupert, Bishop; S. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor of the Church.

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THE FRENCH REALISTIC AND NATURALISTIC ROMANCE.

THE ANGUISH OF STYLE—FLAUBERT, THE GONCOURTS, DAUDET.

V.

JOHN A. MOONEY, LL. D.

Style is a petty word, glibly defined by the dictionary-maker, and yet when we survey the multitudinous tomes of the professional rhetorician, critic, essayist, ancient and modern, we cannot help inferring that style has been and is a something mysterious, indefinable. If there be a land in which the mystery should have been solved, is it not the loquacious land of France—home of Froissart, Commines, Rabelais, Montaigne; home of Malherbe, S. François de Sales, Cornille, La Fontaine, Pascal, Molière; of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Boileau, La Bruyère, Fénelon, Massillon, Le Sage, Marivaux, Prévost, as well as of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, Chénier? A mixed company forsooth of chroniclers, pseudo "moralists," dramatists, orators, controversialists, pedagogues, essayists, poets, critics, satirists, romancers and sopidists—all exemplars of how to write well, or fairly well, or none too well. The names of the gracious French women, by whose intelligent effort the language and the form of the disorderly and vulgar mankind of the seventeenth century were tempered, chastened, refined, sweetened, one is prompted to mention; but why repeat what all cultivated women, and therefore all cultivable men, familiarly know!

Had some envious and stupid Goncourt been able to annihilate the French litera-

ture of the ages before the nineteenth, an educated Frenchman—without going mad, or wrecking his liver, or torturing a sickle or a dogged soul, or inducing a chronic heart-sadness—should have found it possible to acquire a notion of what style ought to be in order to deserve the epithet "good," or "bad." How numerous a progeny of studious, cunning, ambitious, timid or daring preceptors, disciples, minions of style, the nineteenth century, beginning with Chateaubriand, engendered! A progeny that, once the mob had assaulted and occupied the scanty old market-place of literature, multiplied as excessively as the natural offspring of the French nation decreased. Stendhal, Guizot, Villemain, Lamartine, Lamennais, Nodier, Thiers, Michelet, Dumas, Veuillot, Vigny, Hugo, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, Pontmartin, Musset, Montalembert, Gautier, Baudelaire, Renan, Taine—to think that even the men who, impassioned by a frantic love for style, had perorated in prose and verse, on the platform, in books, journals, pamphlets, reviews, nay in the secret precincts of the Academy itself; men who had broken friendships and human heads; who had lampooned, libeled, critiqued for the sake of style, could not prevent the Goncourts from attempting to "architecture" a spick and span new style, and from thus adding to

the miseries of a sad life one more tribulation!

Flaubert's pursuit of an unprecedented style was painful enough; indeed, it was a persecution rather than a pursuit. Seven long years he spent in writing and re-writing one mean book of three hundred and eighty-six despicably mean pages. Gautier, who had more wit and wits and art than either Goncourt, or Daudet, or Flaubert, and no less morals, and who chattered as frankly as any Tarasconian—why not, since he hailed from Tarbes!—humorously pictured Flaubert, after his notoriously salacious volume had been five years on the market. Many versions of Gautier's rally there are. None earlier than Goncourt's do we know, and therefore we follow his report of a monologue recited by the voluble Théo in 1862. "Flaubert, poor fellow, a certain remorse embitters his life. It will drive him into the grave. This remorse, you know nothing of it; in his book he put two genitives, one alongside the other, thus: 'A crown of blossoms of the orange.' The thing distresses him, but, try as he may, he cannot manage it otherwise." Alphonse Daudet—we have the word of his affectionate son—took one of the thoughts of his three favorite "geniuses" and lived with it as if it were a friend. Had several distinguished critics welcomed home the thought happily suggested by Théophile Gautier, and lived seven years with it, the pages, the paragraphs devoted to a laudation of the beauties of Gustave Flaubert's artificial, rather than artful, style would be shorter.

The Norman romancer of the trivial, the depraved, the morbid, had fine notions about style, and he worked slavishly to realize some if not all of them. Should a French critic omit to say a word about the "sonority" of the Flaubertian style, he would violate a tradition; and yet a stranger may be pardoned for agreeing with Gautier that only Flaubert's delicate ear could catch the harmonies of his own rhythmized vocables. "He mouths his books to himself," said Théo. "In his phrases there are 'mouthings' that seem harmoni-

ous to him; but, in order to appreciate these mouthings one would have to read like Flaubert." A big man, loud-voiced, nervously abrupt, we can hear Flaubert, in his workroom, exploding phrase upon phrase, enraptured meantime by the "sonorities" that burst from his own discordant throat, and attributing them, of course, to the art with which, on paper, he had combined euphonious vowel and consonant. Unfortunately there was no French Edison then to register upon a language-phone the dulcet sounds that Flaubert was pleased to hear issuing from his reverberating, though unattuned, horn.

When a perfect lady, who has generously permitted her latest husband to obtain a judicially sealed decree of divorce, seeks a long desiderated quietude amid the tranquillities of the vaudeville stage, we admire the delicacy of soul that moves her to engage a press agent, modestly to describe the innocent charms of her chaste person, the variety of her imported costumes, of her unburlarized jewels, and of her prize puppies, as well as the sincerity of her devotion to Art and the possibilities of her parlor-trained vocalization. The Parisian romancer, less retiring, wearing even at his début no spotless white robe, is however not less altruistic, and, shall we say, not less unsophisticated. To the paying public, he sacrifices eagerly the tender, the intimate secrecies of a stylistic soul. How he writes, when and where he writes, a yearning world learns from himself, in journals, in magazines, in prettily illustrated booklets. Thus the high-minded author turns an honest penny, while advertising his own amiable, beneficent and art-loving self; and, at the same time, cheaply confers priceless instruction upon the ages unborn, but especially on those few bashful undergraduate youths and maidens who, valiantly, have resisted the temptation to publish one romance, at least.

Flaubert lived in an age whose darkness even his intellectual splendor could not irradiate with a modern light. Press-

ing a bottom, he could not effuminate instantaneously his own glorious personality. And yet the Fate that cut the slender thread of his mortal life, before the glorious Twentieth Century had lifted her shining forehead above the undulating horizon of the far-stretching sea of Time, was not altogether cruel. The lime-light of the "Sixties" was no mean counterfeit of our electric sun. Flaubert loved the lime-light. He made sure that neither Goncourt nor Daudet should monopolize its pallid, glaring rays—or the centre of the "literary" stage. Mouthing an unmelodic harmony into his wearied phrases, he was not—strange to say—jealous of a fellow-actor who should represent him, "before a work table"—at night; of course—"motionless and mute at one time, with staring eyes pursuing for hours a fleeting adjective; and, at another time, the victim of an attack of exasperated frenzy, a prey to what Flaubert himself called 'the horrors.'"

A writer who could catch up with fleeting adjectives, only after swearing and pounding, and after he had incited recurrent periods of delirium, should have posed privately, behind a portière, and not at all in the glare of the scenic stage. There is a fine frenzy becoming to a chosen votary of Calliope or Melpomene; but the frenzied exasperation of the horrors ill becomes the mere chaser after adjectives that, once captured, shall be sepulchred within the covers of a malodorous romance.

"Just think of it," Gautier exclaimed, "the other day Flaubert said to me: 'I've finished, I've only a dozen more pages to write; but I have all the cadences of my phrases to make.' He has not yet put the music into the cadences of his phrases! He has his cadences left over; isn't that comical, eh?" Comical! It was comical, and so comical is it still that, although forty years have passed since the nimble-witted Gautier asked the question, we laugh heartily as we repeat it to-day. The illustrious Flaubert, the Stylist, has damned another finical, indecent tale into being—all but the ending of each sen-

tence. For months he has peered, nightly, into space, spying the elusive epithet; or, between curses, he has been groaning, banging, style into a patient manuscript. At long and at last he has a book—all but the phrase-endings. Now he will bellow music into his "cadences," tuning, "by ear," the closing words of one phrase with the first word of the next. *Que c'est drôle,hein!*

Style, according to Flaubert's delirious formula, was not to be sought in the just and agreeable expression of ideas, but wholly in a rhythmic combination of words. "A beautiful verse," he maintained, "having no meaning, is superior to a less beautiful verse that has some meaning." Before him, silly but not sillier littérateurs had amused sober men by putting forward the same nonsensical conceit in terms not dissimilar; and many, equally silly, have repeated what Flaubert said as jauntily as if he were either sane or original. Can one ever forget the story of the well-meaning friend who, calling the romancer's attention to the ambiguous use of a word in two closely related sentences, received the delightful answer: "So much the worse for the sense; rhythm above all!"

A maniac of style, friendly critics have called him; and apologists for certain manifestations of this mania beg us to remember that the romancer was a neurotic. No thoughtful man claims that Flaubert had, or—if by chance he had—could correctly express a subtle, a noble, a lofty thought. To the description of material things, gross, vulgar, nastily sensual things, he confined himself, and these descriptions are not masterful. Elaboration does not imply mastery. The vaunted style is mechanical, tiresome, lacking in vivacity, in elasticity, in form, in delicacy, in character. What it is on the first page, such it will be on the last—the style of a drudge. The best one should say of it is that, were it ten times worse, it would be much too good for the scurvy volumes it adorns.

The pangs of a neurotic "creator" of malformed romancers, the Goncourts have

temperately, if not tamely, described. Agony must now be added to pang—the agony of style. Edmond, seeking here a cause, and there a cause—other than the evident cause—of the collapse and death of Jules, argued with himself that style must have killed his younger brother. "Interrogating myself," he writes in the room with death, "I have the conviction that he died of the anguish of form, of the torment of style. I recall now, after the restless hours passed in mending, in correcting a *morceau*, seeking to make the French language express all that it could express *and more too*; after those obstinate, stubborn contests, into which sometimes the vexation, the anger of impotence entered—I recall to-day the strange, the infinite prostration, with which he let himself fall upon a divan, and the silent and overwhelming smoking that followed." Twenty-five years later, Edmond, disclosing the part played by his brother and himself in the manufacture of the volumes printed before 1871, is reminded once more of "the loving care Jules gave to the elaboration of form, to the chiselling of phrases, to the choice of words, taking up again the passages they had written in common, and which had originally satisfied the two, polishing them, working them over again for hours, for half days, with a stubbornness amounting almost to anger, changing an epithet here, there introducing a rhythm into a period, refashioning the turn of a phrase, fatiguing, wearying his brain, in the pursuit of that perfection, so difficult, at times impossible, with the French language, in the expression of modern sensations—and after this labor, resting long intervals, exhausted upon a sofa, silent, in the smoke of an opiated segar."

The opiated segar, as we know from the confidences of the Goncourts, was a stimulant frequently availed of, when the anguish of creation or the agony of style had been requited only by new agony and new anguish. One cannot help wondering why Flaubert and the Goncourts did not form a literary partnership. Flaubert

possessed a capital of classical erudition; a capital which the Goncourts could have balanced with their peculiar art-connoisseurship. Foul-minded, foul-tongued, foul-penned were they, one and all, co-equally foul. Maniacs of style, the three, imagine them in one room, at one work-table! Into space Flaubert is peering after epithets; the Goncourts are wearing down their bulky brain as they chisel a phrase or refashion a *morceau*. The coy adjectives will not manifest themselves; more and more blunt the blunt chisel grows. Rage seizes upon the Goncourts; Flaubert, frenzied, delirious, pounds and curses, and yet style will not be wooed into the fair chamber of Literature. On divans and lounges covered with African and Japanese stuffs the three neurotics, of a sudden, flung their exhausted bodies. Clouds of opiated smoke arise from three segars, and out of it float spiritual epithets, rhythms galore, nay form, glorious form. The artists hasten to the table, seize epithet, form, rhythm, sealing them on the blurred paper. Over the *morceau* they look, and exclaim in one breath: "Even the cadences are harmonious!" Thus, instead of one labored, irksome style, and two cacophonous styles, the world would, perhaps, have gained perfection; and the French language might have been forced to do the impossible—express "modern sensations," forsooth.

The Goncourts had their disciples and so had Flaubert. About Flaubert there was one thing to commend; he had spent seven years groping for the words out of which at length he succeeded in making the study of neurotic disease that he called a romance. Would that all French realists and naturalists, and romantics, too, had dawdled as long, before publishing a volume! However, we are not interested just now in the many who copied the sonorities of Flaubert or the cacophonies of Goncourt. Daudet alone shall have our attention; even he was a victim of the maniacs, and more a victim of Zola's Master than of the "droll" Norman. Well disposed critics warned him against the influences that patently injured his

natural style. Though injudicious, his choice of the literary guides was not in-deliberate.

Far back, in 1878, conversing with Goncourt, Alphonse said to him: "It is most unfortunate; you have made trouble for me; yes, you, Flaubert and my wife. I have no style; positively no. I am an 'imaginator.' You have no notion of what I have in my head. Well, had it not been for you I would not have bothered myself about that trollop of a language, and I would have hatched, and hatched, quietly." Now Daudet was in fact the only one of the group favored by nature with an attractive style. Jules Lemaitre put a venerable truth into simple words: "Style is a gift, a gratuitous gift; a something no one can acquire; though, whoever has by nature, may develop what nature gave." Take Daudet's first little book, a poor little book, and there even an inattentive reader cannot help observing a natural gift. We have no hesitation in believing him when he tells us that, beginning to write, he gave no thought to style. What he felt he wrote; the words came of themselves, he set them down. Young, slightly schooled, we expect to find him wordy, inexact, careless, rather than ungraceful. The good taste of his affectionate wife served him. Thanks to her, he familiarized himself with the work of the good French writers who had preceded him; and, like Gautier, he studied words and their meaning in one dictionary, in another. With a better appreciation of pleasing form, he gained at the same time that command of language, without which no one can hope to express a thought with precision, let alone elegance or sparkle or vigor or poesy. About his methods, Daudet was not reticent; indeed, he was commercially communicative. Though he made light of his early style, he did not try hard to conceal the efforts he made to improve a natural gift.

Léon, his favorite son, reports that, after Madame Daudet had persuaded her husband to work in an orderly, intelligent way, he made no less than three copies of each one of his romances. The first, which

he called "the monster," was a rough draft of the story as he had planned it in his mind. This draft, his wife and himself now discussed, examined, analyzed, page by page. The style Madame Daudet cared for; the detail and the march of the narrative both wife and husband watched. Remodelled, corrected, the first manuscript was copied anew. The second version, freely corrected, was finally re-copied. From this third edition, the printer made the book. What the proof looked like, after Daudet had revised, one may guess, if Madame Daudet was all the time looking over his shoulder.

Labor enough, some one will say; none too much, another will fairly retort. Thank Heaven! whatever Daudet suffered physically; whatever sadness, either imagination, or the excess of a rude youth, or science, or drudgery—or the lack of Faith—begat in his impressionable soul, he cursed not, neither did he pound, nor was he tortured, deliriously crazed, because epithets would not come to his pen, or form to his fancy. And yet his models did harm to his natural style, inducing him to adopt affectations that were absurd, slangy neologisms, and unseemly vulgarities. In his later work, there is a marked deterioration; a deterioration that failing health may excuse. The chloral bottle is no more an efficient aid to style than the opiated segar.

Daudet, according to his own statement, was not always as careful as Léon would have us believe. Romances and articles he wrote hastily, when an editor was both anxious and generous. The hasty work was not always the most imperfect. Goncourt, Flaubert, certainly made trouble for him; more than he knew. His wife's name we are inclined to omit from the list. Like many another devoted and quick-minded and tasteful helpmeet, she probably saved him, by a loving restraint and a winning, gentle persuasion, from the extravagances into which an excitable temperament would have impelled him.

The gabble of these pretentious naturalists about their style reminds one of Balzac, to whom every one of them owes

his being. Character pleased Balzac more than style, Gautier said. He had no gift of expression. Imaginings of places, persons, motives, actions, crowded his mind; literary form he could not freely give to fancies. Volume upon volume, essay after essay he wrote—a library of books—in the effort to obtain what nature had denied him. When at last he ventured to publish, it was not because practice had earned him facility. Sometimes a single phrase—if Gautier may be trusted—occupied him a whole night; a phrase written in a hundred different fashions before it seemed right. Six, seven, nay ten proofs he demanded from the printer, correcting, and correcting, and re-correcting each page. Without reputation when he began a literary career, and without money, the publishers charged the proof corrections to his account; and thus it happened that, by the time he had finished a book, the liquidation of the printer's bill left but a lean credit to Balzac on the publishers' books.

The romance completed, did Balzac comfort himself by recording his anguish, his tortures; the oaths he had sworn; the frenzies, horrors, exhaustions, that had succeeded one another as he chased the retreating adjective? No; after months of solitary labor—a labor lasting sixteen or eighteen hours a day—he welcomed his friends joyously, exuberantly; waving his book above his head. The pain of style, from which the Goncourts and Flaubert suffered so grievously, was due rather to a natural defect of the intellect than to a disease of the nerves.

Daudet, we said, submitted himself deliberately to the schooling of De Goncourt. Recalling Mistral's characterization of his friend, we may find an explana-

tion of this undiscerning submission. The Provençal poet and the romancer of *Tartarin* were chums. Many a day they gaily babbled and laughed over a pipe and a glass. "Daudet"—we quote Mistral's verdict—"is a creature of illusions and of disillusion; with the scepticism of an old man he writes with the credulity of a child." Mobile, fanciful, and desirous of being as "modern" as the most modern of Parisian *littérateurs*, he was tempted to show that he could do what others were doing. Though he submitted himself to the influence of Goncourt, he had nevertheless a keen sense of the vain effort Edmond and Jules had made to compel the French language to do more than it should. Gravely Léon Daudet tells the story. At school, Léon, like many another youth, was often perplexed by some bungling Classic; and as often appealed to his father, who, the son tells us, kept up an acquaintance with Tacitus, Lucretius and Virgil. One fine day Léon came to the father with a passage that had stumped every fellow in the class. Alphonse translated, word for word. Then, in a consoling voice, he said to the youth: "Certain pages written by our dear De Goncourt, pages that are not the least beautiful he has written, will prove an equally hard task for the collegians of the future!"

No opiated segar need one smoke in order to perceive the pretty malice in Daudet's delicate wit. We could wish that, from this day forward, none but the collegians of the future should be pestered by the Master of Zola; but other woes and pangs and torments fret, sadden, dishearten him; and so we must agonize, yet awhile, with his egoistic, stubborn, if not stylish, soul.

EASTER.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER, M. D.

The lily rears her pure soul's chalice to
the skies,
And dewy tears of silver-pearl its crest
adorn;
And Mary, in her beaming, rapt'rous
Mother-eyes,

Mirrors, on this celestial resurrection
morn,
The lily-whiteness of her soul, while
Calvary's cries
Are lost in Easter anthems, by fond
earth upborne.

THE DOMINICAN UNIVERSITY OF MANILA.

REV. M. M. O'KANE, O. P.

On Wednesday, the 2d of July, 1902, while Mr. Taft was demanding of the Pope the expulsion of the Friars from the Philippines, the Dominicans of the Province of the Holy Rosary were re-opening the University of Manila, which had been closed during the war between America and Spain. The rector, in his inaugural address, explained the position the University now occupies under the new order of things. It belongs neither to America nor to Spain. It is a Catholic University belonging to the Dominican Order, and immediately subject to the Holy See. Father Velasquez said in his address: "The University, being a Catholic University, acknowledges and upholds, in conformity with the dogmas of the Church, political authority lawfully constituted. The American Government is, in virtue of the Treaty of Paris and the abdication of Spain, the legitimate authority in the Philippine Islands. It is, therefore, the political power acknowledged and upheld by the Spanish Dominicans of the Philippines, and by all the professors of their University, in all measures that shall not be contrary to the laws of God and the rights of His Church." One would think that the American Government should find sufficient assurance in these words for the future, and should cease the cry of bigotry which has systematically pursued the Friars since the war began.

It will not be uninteresting to the readers of this article if I sketch briefly the history of this splendid institution. Like all great institutions that have survived the ravages of time, the University of Manila had a humble beginning, which gradually developed into the existing seat of learning that has done so much during the past three hundred years for education in the Southern Archipelago. It owes its foundation to

the Dominican, Miguel de Benavides, Archbishop of Manila, about the end of the sixteenth century. He established a chair of theology, in which a Dominican should lecture on the *Summa* of S. Thomas to the young Philippine clergy. The Archbishop at his death bequeathed his library to the Theological School, and a revenue of 15,000 *pesos*. The executors of the Archbishop set about realizing the scheme which they knew he had cherished dearly in life, and one of them, Father Bernard of S. Catherine, approached some benefactors on the subject of founding a new college, and they generously subscribed 6,440 *pesos* for the undertaking. Monsignor Diego de Soria, Bishop of New Segovia, himself a Dominican, bequeathed his library and 3,800 *pesos* for the project, and on the 28th of April, 1611, in presence of Juan Illan, Royal Notary, the Provincial of the Philippines, Father Baltazar Fort, Father Francis Minago, and Father Bernard of S. Catherine signed the Act of Foundation of the College of S. Thomas.

It was declared in the Act that the Provincial should name all the professors, and that the subjects to be taught in the College should be Philosophy in all its branches, and Moral and Dogmatic Theology. All the lectures were to be delivered by Dominican professors, and it was further stipulated, in the Act of Foundation, that should any power, whether ecclesiastical or civil, intervene or interfere with the working of the college, all its revenues should revert to the Province of the Holy Rosary. Father Baltazar Fort was appointed first Rector, and the new college was opened on the 15th of August, 1619. In the beginning the number of students was small—only twelve—all Spaniards, and belonging to the first families of Manila. There were two chairs of Theology and one of

Philosophy, and the staff consisted of three fathers and two lay brothers, who were set apart for the teaching and management of the college. From such a humble beginning the work developed even beyond the most sanguine expectations. The citizens of Manila availed themselves to the utmost of the liberality of the Dominicans, and so great had been the increase in the number of students in a few years that on the 27th of November, 1623, Philip IV. authorized the teaching of Literature for the secular students. Innocent X., by apostolic letters, dated 20th of November, 1645, granted to the schools of S. Thomas the right of conferring the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Philosophy, Theology and Literature. The work went on increasing in usefulness and importance till 1681, when we find Innocent XI. erecting the Colleges of S. Thomas into an Apostolic University by a bull of the 7th of August. In 1734 Clement XII. added to the faculties already existing those of Canon and Civil Law. The King of Spain, by a decree of the 17th of May, 1680, placed the University under the protection of the Crown, and by another decree of 1685 conferred on it the title of Royal University, and endowed it with all the privileges belonging to the most illustrious universities of Spain.

We learn from the letters of Innocent VI., 1681, that the Dominicans had at that time the desire of adding the faculty of medicine to their University, but its revenues were not sufficiently large to enable them to realize this desire. It was not until 1875 that they succeeded in establishing the Faculties of Medicine and Pharmacy. From its foundation, however, the University had been doing splendid work, as we can gather from the number of its students. From 1645 to 1820, 24,845 students of Philosophy and 2,240 students of Theology received their education in its halls. From 1734—when the Faculties of Law were established in the University—to 1820, 1,680 students matriculated in canon law and 3,360 in civil law. These figures show what work the Dominicans

were accomplishing, at their own expense, for education in the Eastern Archipelago, and how unjust have been the accusations prompted by ignorant bigotry—that have been made against the Friars, both in this country and America. Has Protestantism anything like this to show in the three hundred years of its existence? What has it done independently of State aid for the cause of education?

In the years 1870 and 1871, the Liberals and Freemasons of Madrid made a determined effort to arrest education from the Friars in the Philippines, but they were unsuccessful. The Dominicans were sufficiently strong in the islands to resist the efforts of the Spanish Government to establish in the Archipelago the godless teaching that had invaded the universities of Spain, and against which the Spanish Bishops protested in a body to the Senate. Confident in the justice of their cause and their abilities to secure its triumph, the Friars wished to remove every pretext which the Liberals could seize upon for the introduction of their revolutionary system of teaching. It had been alleged that the methods of the Friars were retrogressive, and that they did not keep pace with modern progress: they were still buried, it had been stated, in the darkness which the middle ages, and were but a hindrance to the success of modern methods. To refute these unjust calumnies, and to safeguard Christian education, the Dominicans applied to the Spanish Government for the necessary powers to establish Faculties of Civil Law (Spanish), Medicine, Pharmacy and Science. The Fathers made almost superhuman sacrifices to provide from their own resources the funds necessary for the new obligations they had imposed upon themselves. By a royal decree of the 29th of October, 1875, the Spanish Government created the Faculties of Medicine, Pharmacy and Science, and several supplementary courses in natural science and the arts were also added to prepare students for special careers.

The Dominicans of the Philippines, in accordance with an ancient tradition, do

not take the degrees of Bachelor and Master in Theology, but all the professors are required to take the degree of Doctor in the University. The Dominicans themselves occupy the chairs of Theology, Canon Law, Philosophy, Literature and Science; the Faculties of Civil Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, etc., are conducted by secular professors, who number twenty-nine. There are at present seventeen Dominicans teaching in the University. This number will be considerably increased when peace is completely restored in the Philippines. The salaries of the secular professors range from 5,000 to 7,000 *pesos* according to seniority, and some of them have assistants who are paid as much as 4,000 *pesos* annually. The University cost Spain nothing in the past, nor will it, in the future, make any demands on American generosity. It is supported by its own revenues, accumulated during the three centuries of its existence, and if these, as sometimes happens, are not sufficient, the deficit, as we learn from the royal decree itself, is made up by the Province of the Holy Rosary.

The Medical Faculty has introduced the latest improvements and equipped the laboratory of Physics with the most modern apparatus, and 300 of its instruments are amongst the best and latest inventions. This Faculty is located in a separate building, the College of S. Joseph, which was chosen on account of the spacious accommodation it afforded for the working of the Faculty. In 1885 the University constructed, at its own expense, an operating theatre for its students in the civil hospital of S. John of God. This theatre has been fitted up in the most approved style, and has, in connection with it, halls and all the necessary requirements for the teaching of Pathology and Surgery. There is a medical library for the use of the students in the college of S. Joseph, and a botanic garden, well stocked with medicinal plants, adjoining. In this college there is also an extensive laboratory for pharmaceutical purposes. From 1871 to 1886 the University of Manila matriculated 1,449 students in phar-

macy and medicine, of whom 1,029 took degrees. During this same period 2,571 students matriculated in civil law, and of these 1,904 took degrees.

The University buildings are noble and spacious. The library contains 16,000 volumes, all of them select works, and including the principal ancient and modern authorities on ecclesiastical and civil science. The museum of natural history contains 6,000 specimens of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and among these are included specimens of plants, animals and minerals peculiar to the Archipelago. These have been collected by Dominican professors, some of whom have written learned works on the fauna and flora of the Philippines. There is a special museum of natural science attached to the museum, and a library equipped with all the apparatus necessary for the study of nature.

The Rector of the University is nominated by the Master-General of the Dominican Order. The professors of the Faculties of Philosophy, Theology and Canon Law are nominated by the Provincial of the Philippines and the Rector, while the lay professors of the Faculties of Medicine, Civil Law, etc., are appointed by the Rector and his council, consisting of Dominican professors. Under the Spanish *regime* all these appointments were ratified by the civil power. In order to interest the lay professors in their work the authorities of the University allow them, after a certain number of years, to become possessors of the chair they occupy during their life, with the power to appoint a substitute, and under the Spanish Government the Dominicans obtained for their lay professors the title of Irremovable Functionary, from the State.

It need hardly be mentioned that a University in charge of the traditional officials of the Inquisition would be thoroughly orthodox in its teaching, and that the education given in its several Faculties should be in strict accordance with the Catholic Faith. The professors, priests and laymen are bound to profess

the Catholic Faith, not only in their teaching, but in their morals and in the examples of their lives, and they are strictly prohibited to teach any doctrine that is in any way opposed to the dogmas of the Church. The Dominicans would allow absolutely no latitude on this point. They lived up to the reputation for orthodoxy that history has given them, and hence they brought upon themselves the hatred and sneers of contemporary liberalism. In an *Exposition*, made by the Spanish Government in 1887, they defended their position, and fearlessly asserted that they were determined to adhere to the policy they had hitherto pursued, regardless of consequences.

The universities of Manila and Louvain are the only Catholic universities at the present time in the world possessing the full number of university faculties and the free exercise of the right to confer university degrees. There is no Catholic university in Germany, Austria, Spain or Italy in the enjoyment of the complete number of university faculties, and where the Church intervenes in the nomination of the professional staff. France in recent years has created Catholic universities at Paris, Lille, Lyons, Angers and Toulouse, but the French Government has deprived them of the title of universities and the right to confer degrees; besides, Lille is the only one of them that possesses the Faculty of Medicine.

Under the Spanish *regime* the University of Manila was at once a university of Church and State, and the Dominicans were the official representatives of both. The Master-General of the Order, as Delegate of the Holy See, appointed the Rector, whose authority extended not only to the University, but to all the secondary schools in the Philippines. The King of Spain was the Civil Patron of the University and the secondary schools under its superintendence, and was represented by his Vice-Patron, the Governor of the Archipelago. It is clear that the University of Manila was quite an anomaly in the nineteenth century, where there was a perfect union between Church and

State in educational matters; and this very anomaly goes far to explain the diabolical hatred with which Freemasons pursued the Dominicans, and persecuted them in every possible way. It is to the everlasting credit of the Spanish Dominicans that, at the cost of untold sacrifices, and in the teeth of such opposition, they succeeded in wresting Christian education from the grasp of liberals and atheists.

The conquest of the Philippines by America has radically changed the political position of the University. It has ceased to be an institution of the State, and now belongs to the Dominican Order, subject to the jurisdiction of the Pope, autonomous and supported by its own resources, with the guarantee of the liberties that the American Republic accords to all educational establishments without distinction of creed or nationality. The Dominicans have accepted the new situation with characteristic zeal.

The University possesses eight faculties—theology and canon law, with eleven professors, all Dominicans; philosophy and literature, with five professors, also Dominicans; civil law, with twelve professors, four Dominicans and eight laymen; medicine, with twenty professors, four Dominicans and sixteen laymen; pharmacy, with eleven professors, four of whom are Dominicans; science (engineering, architecture, etc.), with six professors, all Dominicans. We must remember that the Dominicans of Manila are not satisfied with the knowledge they can acquire in their *Alma Mater*; you will find young Spanish members of the Order in the leading universities of Europe pursuing special courses of study to fit them for their professional work in the University of Manila. They not only interested themselves in university education, which is in keeping with the aims and end of their Order, but they took a leading part also in secondary education in the Archipelago, and I hope to sketch in a future article the efforts they made and the success they achieved in this important department of knowledge.

A BIT OF CALIFORNIA CHURCH HISTORY.

II.

ESPERANZA.

The main point had been gained; the Holy Father had authorized the erection of a missionary college with a novitiate for the training of novices for the Franciscan Order. It remained to obtain the consent of the Superior General. Bishop Alemany also undertook to accomplish this. Of course, the Fathers in California could not properly have made application to the Holy See over the heads and without the consent of the Order, which the concession, indeed, implied, unless consent had been obtained. Hence Bishop Alemany on February 1, 1852, likewise appealed to the Most Rev. Minister General and earnestly supported the petition of the Fathers for permission to found a Franciscan College with a novitiate on the coast of California. The reply was dated April 1, two months later, from the grand monastery Ara Coeli, Rome. It reads as follows:

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS EXCELLENCY:—With real pleasure to my soul I received your Excellency's most precious letter of the first of February last, directed to the Most Rev. Minister-General, who is absent from the Capital holding visitations, in which you deign to say such grand things about the poor Religious, my subjects, existing in that venerable diocese, and of whom notice is given that they plan a hospice or college in the Mission of San Gabriel, or in some other locality, and that for such purpose authority is asked of the head of the Order to whom said religious are subject, and to whose call they must respond absolutely and sincerely, without which they would remain without a lawful head, and without which they could not preserve themselves in true obedience to their vows. I therefore greatly appreciate the zeal of Your Excellency, and by virtue of the present letter I grant all the faculties necessary

to the Rev. Fr. Jose Joaquin Jimeno, Commissary Prefect of the mission, for the purpose of establishing a hospice or College at Mission San Gabriel, or at any other place, and I also grant authority to receive and invest novices according to the circumstances of the new establishment.

After the College has been organized with the religious existing in that mission, according to the rules of the Pontifical Bulls and the Constitutions of the Order, they will all assemble in the name of the Lord and elect their own superiors, and at once forward the acts of the meeting to the said Father Minister General for approval and blessing; and, for such election, I hereby wish to communicate the necessary authority. Meanwhile I recommend to the great goodness of Your Most Rev. Excellency the said religious, that you may assist them and take them under your exalted protection, in order that they may be of real utility to souls, and a credit to the Order of which Your Grace has deserved so well. I beg you to accept meanwhile the assurance of my sincere appreciation and profound respect.

Your Most Rev. Excellency's humble and sincere servant,

FR. ANTONIO DE RIGNANO,
Delegate General.

Rome, Ara. Coeli, April 1, 1852.

His Excellency Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Bishop of Monterey in California.

P. S. The favor granted by the Holy Father to organize the Franciscans in a regular community must be approved by the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of Faith, and the said Convent will be the beginning, as I hope, and the center of others, which God will have erected for the assistance and service of those missions.

Bishop Alemany hastened to communi-

cate the glad news to his clients at Santa Barbara, whose happiness he so heartily shared, for the concession of the Holy See meant the continuance of the Seraphic Order on the Pacific Coast of North America. The College of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, which was doomed to extinction, like all the religious communities, by the iniquitous Masonic "Reform Laws," was likewise notified. Possibly Fr. Oruña, the guardian of the dwindling community, hoped for some relief from California; at all events he made his way to Santa Barbara in order to see the plan take shape, and to take part in the important proceedings. Accordingly, what was left of the Seraphic missionary band in California met at the Old Mission to organize in obedience to the directors of the Delegate General Fr. Antonio de Rignano, as communicated through Bishop Alemany. Their generous protector likewise presented the Fathers with the following document:

"Inasmuch as the Sons of S. Francis have brought the Catholic Faith to these regions of Upper California, and have preached it incessantly, and have irrigated the same with the sweat, even blood, of apostolic labors, and have also graced it with the flowers of virtue, with the highest gratification to ourselves, we grant that they may establish a Hospice and College for the missions of their Order at the Mission of Santa Barbara, or, if this be deemed unsuitable, in any other place to be designated in our diocese, in order that from there missionaries may go forth to convert to our Faith the pagan Indians, and organize missions according to the direction of their regular superiors."

Given at Santa Barbara, Feast of the Epiphany, 1853.

FR. JOSEPH SADC ALEMANY,
Bishop of Monterey, Upper Calif.

FR. JESUS ORUÑO,

Pro-Secretario.

Two days after the meeting took place at the Old Mission. The whole transaction is related in the following report preserved at Santa Barbara:

"By virtue of the Papal faculties and

with the hearty consent of the Right Rev. Bishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany, the Very Rev. Fr. Jose Maria Gonzalez, the Very Rev. Fr. Jesus Oruña, Guardian of the Apostolic College of San Fernando, Mexico, the Rev. Fr. Jose Joaquin Ximeno, Prefect of the Missions in California; the Francisco Sanchez, at a council held in this Mission of Santa Barbara, Upper California, on the fifth day of January, 1853, resolved to establish at this mission Joaquin Ximeno, a religious of San Fernando College, to be the Superior, and this institution, with the help of God, is to be the foundation of an Apostolic College (Seminary) of the Propagation of the Faith. This resolution, signed by all those interested, for a perpetual memorial shall be the first document in the archives that will begin from that date.

Santa Barbara, Alta California, January 7, 1853.

FR. JOSE SADC ALEMANY,
Bishop of Monterey, Alta California.

FR. JESUS ORUÑO, Guardian.

FR. ANTONIO XIMENO,

FR. FRANCISCO DE JESUS SANCHEZ.

FR. JOSE MARIA DE JESUS GONZALEZ,
Vicar-General.

FR. JOSE JOAQUIN XIMENO,
Commissary-Prefect.

All necessary formalities had now been observed; a regularly and canonically established Franciscan community at length existed. This was a decided improvement over past conditions. Formerly, during a period of thirty years, each missionary, whilst laboring to save others, had been obliged to work out his salvation by himself, and not always with the best success. For the religious such a condition of things is an exceedingly serious matter. Christ Himself had foreseen the difficulties, and therefore had sent out His disciples by twos. It was also the intention of S. Francis that his sons should not be deprived of either assistance or consolation in any emergency. He, too, directed that each missionary have a companion. Nor did the first missionaries, who had arrived on the coast under the leadership of the venerable Father Junipero Serra, and had devoted

themselves to the conversion of the natives, bargain for any other system. One of their number, the pious successor of Father Serra as Superior of the California missions, Father Firmin Lasuen, even declared he would sever his connection with the mother college and return to his original Franciscan Province rather than labor on the mission alone, "for nothing, save the commission of sin, could be so terrible," he wrote in 1787, when Governor Neve wanted the number of missionaries reduced to one at each Indian mission.

Hence, we generally find two Fathers working together down to about the time of the declaration of Mexican independence in 1827. Other rulers thereafter governed the country, and other ideas likewise controlled those rulers, who showed little or no interest for the progress of religion and much less for the great work that was going on in California by means of its missionaries. On the contrary, the Fathers not only found themselves hampered at every turn by governmental agencies, but missionary recruits became scarce in Mexico, because vocations under the Masonic republic and in its indifferent atmosphere grew less. The result was that the poor missionary finally saw himself alone with the obtuse natives who were imbibing "liberal" notions and daily growing more intractable, because they observed how little respect and attention the white people paid to their "padre." The decay of the California missions dates farther back than the year of "Secularization" (1825), though it was due to the same spirit which dictated that cruel and unwarranted measure. The ruin of the system which had wrought such wonderful results, and which even our own United States Government has adopted and continues in her Indian reservations; because, if rightly handled, for the Indian character there is no better—the ruin of the beneficial mission system set in the moment that Mexico called itself "free"; free, indeed, not only from Spain, but from every restraint of religion as well. It was then that poor missionaries, in

their old age, were forced not only to live alone at a mission, but to attend to two and more as well as they might, with scarcely enough to eat to keep body and soul together, all the lying "closet historians, superficial correspondents and flippant travelers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Of Father Vincente Sarna, for instance, we know that on one Sunday morning in the month of May, 1835, the year of "Secularization," he assembled his little Indian flock in the church of Soledad as usual; that with chalice in hand he tottered to the altar to say Mass, but that he did not ascend; for the little strength that his firm will power had thus far held together all at once completely failed him: he fell at the foot of the altar and there expired; "starved to death," at the age of sixty-eight—as his neighbor Father Mercado of San Antonio declared. Soledad, by the way, is the same mission of which Ekanor C. Donnelly in *Mosher's Magazine*, quoted by *The Monitor* of November 22, asserts, upon the authority of some superficial copyist, of course, that "in 1826 it owned more than thirty-six thousand head of cattle and a larger number of horses and mares than any other mission in the country." The fact is, if we add together everything that walked on four or on two feet, the Indians themselves included, the sum will not approximate the number by twenty-five thousand. Soledad generally was the poorest of the poor missions. Equally absurd are the figures given by Miss Donnelly for San Francisco, but that is another story.

The new establishment at Santa Barbara for the time being was intended to obviate the difficulties and the unwelcome results indicated. It was to be a house of refuge, retirement recess and recuperation for the survivors, whence they might visit missionary stations as well as old age and means permitted. That is included in the idea of a "hospice," or missionary home. Into such an institution Old Mission Santa Barbara, the only one left in the hands of the Franciscans, had now developed.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE REVEREND FATHER WILLIAM GLEESON.

BRYAN J. CLINCH.

Since the issue of the preceding number of DOMINICANA, death has removed from among us one of the oldest and most venerated priests of California, Father William Gleeson of East Oakland. His death occurred on January 29, which, by a strange coincidence, was likewise his birthday. He had rounded out seventy-six years when the summons came, and yet he retained all the mental and bodily strength of manhood till four days before death.

The stroke of paralysis which brought life to its end came almost at the foot of God's altar. Father Gleeson was preparing for the late Sunday Mass, a duty which he had performed almost uninterruptedly since first he founded S. Antony's Parish thirty-two years ago. He was in his room, preparing himself with his usual devotion, when the stroke came, and it was only his long delay that called his assistant to find him sitting on the floor and half conscious. When addressed he said it was merely a fainting spell, and he tried to rise and go forth to the sacrifice. But he could not, and the congregation had to be dismissed with the sad tidings. He lingered four days without pain, and conscious but not alarmed at his approaching end. On the following Thursday his brave spirit passed calmly away, and a noble heart was still on earth forever.

The funeral rites were held on the following Saturday in the church which he had built, and were attended by the entire population of his charge and by sixty of his brother priests. His body was laid to its rest in S. Mary's Cemetery after the funeral Mass.

Father Gleeson's life was strangely varied in its incidents, and yet stamped with a character and purpose that knew no change since his early college days, though the golden jubilee of his ordina-

tion was near at hand when God's summons came to call him from earth. He was born in 1827, two years before Catholic emancipation, in the well-known Irish county of Tipperary. His family was of an old Catholic sept, identified with Tipperary for over four centuries. William Gleeson first attended the old private classic schools for which at the time "Learned Munster" was renowned among the Catholic population of Ireland. He entered the missionary seminary of All Hallows a couple of years after the death of its founder and received ordination in 1853. At college he showed the same traits that marked his long subsequent life—unshrinking courage, abhorrence of falsehood in any form, and earnest attention to duty and study. He showed little ambition for collegiate honors, though marked for his goodness for original research and literary culture. His intimates were few, but he won the respect of all.

His choice of life work in the priesthood indicated the self-sacrificing nature of the young Tipperary man. All Hallows is a seminary for foreign missions, and its students are those who elect freely to spend their lives in clerical work away from their native land. Still it was founded mainly to supply Irish priests to the Irish emigrants who were then beginning to pour forth in millions from the land of their birth. Their work was to be in distant lands, but largely among familiar faces and congenial fellow-worshippers.

William Gleeson chose a harder field. He volunteered for the diocese of Agra in the East Indies, where Catholic priests were called upon to keep the Faith alive among the dark-skinned descendants of the old converts of the Jesuits and to present it to the millions of Mahomedans and Hindoos who knew not Christ

nor His kingdom on earth. The Vicar Apostolic to whom he pledged his obedience was an Italian, as were some of the few priests to be met in Northern India at the time. The only men of Irish race there were the soldiers in the British regiments moving from cantonment to cantonment, without family ties and without education or training to make them congenial associates.

Father Gleeson, from the first, accommodated himself to all the strange races of his new home with a kindly cheerfulness which had no color of servility. His love for his native land and people was strong and never concealed, but he did not obtrude his patriotism on those around him. His Bishop, Monsignor Persico, afterwards Cardinal and Papal Legate to Ireland, he ever spoke of with sincere esteem, as he did of the Italian Capuchins who formed a part of the clergy. He was placed in charge of a congregation of Hindoo Catholics at Saldana, near Agra, which had been provided with a church and orphanage by the famous Catholic Begum Sumroo long before the British conquest. Father Gleeson conscientiously studied the Hindostani language as needed for his duties, and supplemented it with Persian, the language of the higher native classes of India. His Hindoo parishioners were as dear to him as his own countrymen, and he proposed somewhat later to the Prefect of Propaganda to establish a Congregation of European missionaries exclusively for work among the natives of India. He pointed out in his memorial that conversions had been far more numerous under the Mogul rule than the British and attributed the fact largely to the natural dislike of the natives to their foreign conquerors. Their prejudices, Father Gleeson believed, would be overcome if priests could be found to wear the native dress and associate with them on a footing of equality in all things not contrary to Catholic belief or morality. To such a life he offered himself. His plan was not carried out, but it illustrates the nature of the man and priest.

It is remarkable, too, that he formed

strong friendships with many European Catholics in India, several of them officials in the British service. His last request was to notify two dear friends in distant India of his death; one a priest of more than eighty, the other a member of a convent at Naini Tal. He had maintained constant and affectionate correspondence with both during the forty years that had passed since he last saw India. His intimate friends were few, but those, once accepted, he literally grappled to his soul with hooks of steel. Neither age nor distance could make any impression on his tenacious and unselfish affection.

The terrible scenes of the mutiny occurred three years after Father Gleeson's arrival in India, and he passed through some of its most thrilling incidents without change of heart or convictions. He was in the Deccan, six hundred miles from his parish, when the first outbreak at Meerat occurred. He traveled at once to the scene of danger, making his journey for several days in a bullock cart under the full heat of a tropical sun. He was at Agra when the British division of General Wyndham was surprised and defeated by Tantia Topee.

During several months afterwards he served as chaplain to the Catholic soldiers, but even in the heat of a fierce war he never identified himself with the political passions of the European conquerors. He did the duty of a faithful priest, but nothing more. Nevertheless he won the respect of most of the British officers, while never concealing his sympathy with the natives. It is characteristic of Father Gleeson's sense of justice that, while never disguising his opinions on the ill effects of British government on the natives of India, especially in a religious point of view, he rendered full credit to the character of Sir Colin Campbell and General Outram, with whom he came into contact during this war.

His health was seriously affected a few years after the war, and he was threatened with a complete loss of voice, which obliged him to retire from India. He found employment for a year in teaching

in the Vincentian College at Smyrna in Asiatic Turkey, where he perfected himself incidentally in the Arabic language and literature. An invitation from a brother priest in Manchester, Father Moriarty, another of his life-long friends, brought him to England. He spent a year in missionary duty in the diocese of Salford and about three in that of Glasgow in Scotland. His health was still somewhat affected and he came to California in the hope that its climate might restore the full use of his impaired voice.

Here his first employment, as at Smyrna, was teaching. In S. Mary's College, then lately placed in the hands of the Christian Brothers, he spent a couple of years at this work, and formed another life-long friendship. Brother Justin was then its rector and a congenial spirit to his own in every way, and a bond of affection was formed between the two. Father Gleeson's esteem for the Order of de la Salle was very strong, and, on resuming parochial work, one of his cares was to install its members as teachers in his parochial school.

While at S. Mary's he wrote a history of the Church in California, which was published in 1872. The noble work of the Spanish Franciscans among the natives appealed strongly to the apostolic sympathies which had made him devote himself to teaching the word of God to Hindoo and Mahomedan. Archbishop Alemany cordially aided in the work, which was conscientiously carried out.

In 1871 Father Gleeson resumed the life of parochial work which continued in the same parish for the next thirty-two years. Father King, his old classmate, was then charged with the whole Catholic population of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley. He begged the Archbishop to allot the southern part of it, the present districts of East Oakland, Fruitvale and Alameda, to Father Gleeson, and the Archbishop at once assented.

There was only a small chapel of boards lately built within the parish when Father Gleeson took his charge. He toiled with unrelenting zeal to collect its people and furnish them with the means

of due religious worship and instruction. A small four-room cottage, built at a cost of sixteen hundred dollars, served as his own abode for over twenty years. His life was singularly abstemious and simple, while marked with tireless energy. For money or power he seemed to feel no desire personally. The first he looked for only as far as absolutely needed for public services and his own limited wants. Nevertheless, he furnished his parish with a beautiful church, schools for boys and girls, in which nearly four hundred children were gathered, he also built a hall for lectures and public meetings. His dwelling was enlarged only after all other objects had been provided for, and more for the benefit of successors than his own. The first church in Alameda and the convent school of Notre Dame there were also his work, as well as the small church in Moraga Valley. At his own request Alameda was formed into a separate parish about twelve years ago. It is a more populous and wealthy district than the portion which Father Gleeson reserved for himself, but he never was known to show the least regret for his choice.

His missionary life in California was one of unceasing work without haste or rest. Whatever institutions he needed he built without noise or display, and rarely had he recourse to parish fairs for such purposes. The parochial schools were watched over with constant care, and the days were few in which he did not give some hours to actual teaching. The youngest and most advanced pupils shared his kindly care equally in this regard. Teaching was congenial to his nature, as was study down to the end of life. His acquirements in the field of language and history were profound. He read at least fifteen languages with ease and spoke nearly every modern language of Europe with fluency. In India he had been used to preach and hear confessions in the native languages. In East Oakland, where nearly half his flock were Portuguese, he made himself thoroughly familiar with that tongue. His studies were no mere learned relaxation. Most

of them were taken up of set purpose, as fitting him better for clerical duties. In that spirit he mastered Hebrew and Syro-Chaldaic when past sixty. He considered it only a fitting accomplishment for a Christian priest, and he liked to compare the meaning and derivation of Arabic with the older Semitic tongues in the discussion of religion with Jewish friends.

A peculiarity of Father Gleeson's personality was that he never seemed to grow old, either bodily or mentally. He was always cheerful, though somewhat reticent and serious, while his keen delight in new scenery or in the visits of friends was boy-like in its freshness to the last. Though inflexible in principle where points of duty or statement were involved, he never seemed to grow angry and his dealings with others were marked by an exquisite courtesy to young and old. His temper grew notably gentle in his last years, though it never had been harsh. He was singularly reluctant to censure others by name, even while reprobating their actions or theories. Falsehood in any form was essentially repugnant to him, and he schooled himself incessantly to temper truth with charity.

His was a soul of antique mold. His thought was molded firmly on the principles handed down through centuries from the beginning of the Church. His fixed desire was to be "faithful over few things." The care of his people, exact, thoughtful and kindly, the discipline of

his own heart and the training of his mind for the best discharge of his duties, were sufficient for his desires on earth. The marked humility of his nature seemed to make him blind not only to all desire of popularity or advancement, but still more to his own vast abilities. The earnest simplicity of his remark, "How thankful a man should be that the Lord has not given him great talents," expresses his nature exactly. It is borne in on the minds of those who knew and loved Father Gleeson how well this antique Christian character fitted him for the full discharge of his priestly duties in the modern American world. He passed through it with a serene activity totally unlike the strenuous self-assertion which like the Pharisees of old, can only work to the sound of trumpets blown around it. Yet no duty was left undone, and the well-filled life had no regret nor bitterness to mar its close. Its lot was cast among men of many races, and Father Gleeson's love of his native race was as strong as the other feelings of his deep nature, yet he gave no offense to the feelings of others. His Catholic principles were stronger than any earthly patriotism. He sought first for the kingdom of God in all his works. His salvation of Hindoo or Saxon was dearer to him than any earthly patriotism, however fervent it might burn within him. May the Almighty send us others like him, and receive in loving kindness the soul of our beloved Father Gleeson.

I COME BACK TO ERIN.

ROSE C. CONLEY.

I come back to Erin, O green Island
Mother,
To thy glamour of waters and emerald
hills,
I come for the peace all the world else
denies me,
Give me rest, Island Mother, from
heartache and ills.

Through years and through years, sweet,
from far thy voice calls me,
"Come, rest in this bosom, my own
stricken deer";
And the joy dreams of youth seemed to
ring in its singing,
"Come home to thy mother, fulfillment
is here."

My heart, O my heart, was a vessel still
empty,
When I saw o'er the waters sweet Free-
dom's land dim;
But my head was a palace of dreams
whose fulfilling
Should flow that deep vessel with bliss
o'er the brim.

Ab! then it was morning! 'Twas morn
in the heavens,
And morn in my lifetime; I come,
mother, fair,
Ere evening, to ask, Canst thou give back
the dreaming,
With joy fill my heart and from it
drive dark care?

A GLIMPSE OF MODERN JERUSALEM.

REV. F. PERRET, O. P.

The traveler journeying from Nazareth through Samaria, having completed the ascent of the Mount of Olives, is amply rewarded by an extensive panorama admirable for its exceeding beauty. From all sides monuments, picturesque and imposing meet his eager eye. Objects whose interest is enhanced by the sacred character of their remarkable history—ruins which silently force upon him the realization of their long-departed glories, while they stimulate his veneration for the sacredness they represent, create in his mind regretful musings upon the havoc made by human passions.

Far beyond the valley of Kedron lies the beautiful majestic city of Jerusalem, imposing and picturesque in the "high-raised battlements" that enclose her sacred soil.

Within the walls is evident the immense esplanade—the site of Solomon's temple—where for centuries has stood the gorgeous mosque erected by Caliph Omar, incomparably beautiful in its artistic adornment. Saddening indeed, is the sight as the Christian reflects upon its mockery of worship, its usurpation of the temple of the living God.

Irregularly disposed upon the sloping hills, upon which the Holy City stands, are innumerable habitations surmounted by picturesque domes, gilded by the sunlight, giving to the distant observer the impression that he beholds a beautiful flight of stairs mounting heavenwards. Numerous minarets and the larger domes of the synagogues rise at various points and command attention. All these are dominated by the somber dome of the Holy Sepulchre.

The charming illusion of symmetrical features of architectural beauty is, however, gradually dispelled as the traveler begins the descent of the

Mount of Olives. Crossing the valley of Kedron and approaching the walls of Jerusalem, pleasing impressions fade away, and upon reaching the gates of the city, they are entirely erased from his mind. As he enters the city his eye is offended by the sudden and rude transformation. He wanders through a labyrinth of filthy streets and crooked passages, badly paved; in certain sections, vaults resembling a succession of tunnels are here and there interspersed with sunken shafts which admit little light to these subterranean thoroughfares.

The dwellings are poor and simple, devoid of beauty of design; they rarely exceed one story. The people are extremely untidy. Peddlers' stands are scattered everywhere among the shops, while the shop-keepers themselves squat upon the floor somewhat resembling spiders in their web—alert only on the entrance of a visitor.

Bazaars are very numerous; these differ altogether in character from those either of Cairo or of Damascus. To inexperienced visitors all appears confusion, particularly in the morning hours when Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Abyssinians and various other peoples are thronging to procure provisions for the day. Added to these crowds are long lines of camels following one another in slow, heavy step, steadily pressing against the human throng. This busy scene is further enlivened by the sudden breaking away of numerous donkeys who instinctively seek refuge from the merciless stick of their impatient guides.

Sauntering along the roads in a sort of dreamy revery, the visitor is frequently startled by the unexpected appearance of half-naked beggars and of unsightly lepers whose arms, from which the hands

have disappeared, are waved in the frantic appeals for alms to relieve their misery.

Despite the cosmopolitan multitude that fills the Holy City, it is not unusual to meet a typical Abraham or Jacob; or, even an outcast Judas. Venerable old men of noble stature, with flowing white beards, whose countenances reveal the serene resignation of their souls, fortified by a faith in the efficacy of their patient sufferings in this life, attract the notice of the stranger and recall the patriarchs of ancient Jerusalem.

Modern Jerusalem is divested of almost all the glories of architectural beauty that fascinate the mind and delight the imagination. Disappointment and humiliation await the Christian as he beholds the Moslem-keepers of the Holy Sepulchre, sitting in their native fashion, smoking

their narghili, sipping coffee all day long, while they guard the religious services of the many schismatics that have usurped the first Christian shrine of the entire world.

Pagan mosques have replaced the Cenacle, others desecrate the spots once sanctified by the footsteps of the Son of God, Derision points the way to Calvary. Yet, these all but intensify the ardor of the Christian pilgrim. He stands where Christ has stood, he weeps where Christ has wept, he prays with tears of gratitude where Christ has died for the redemption of mankind! Glorious triumph of the risen Saviour! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thy greatness and beauty are eternal. Loving sorrow, faith and hope merge in thee. In vain does man attempt to rob thee of thy spiritual life. Thy "beauty is ever ancient, yet ever new."

THOROUGHFARE.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

How sings the glad lark near the summer cloud?

O like the soul of Music clear and loud:
The sweet song comes unaided by all art,
As softly as the warm blood to the heart!

How comes the sunrise to the morning sky?

O swift as rapture to the lover's eye:
The gold light kindles all blue heaven's plain,
As some great thought illumines the poet's brain!

How comes the red rose to the field of June?

O warm as the bright sun to glowing noon:

Like fragrant coals of fire on summer's head,

The hundred leaves of loveliness are shed!
How comes the blossoms to the orchard tree?

O soft as stars to night's immensity:

The white bloom crowds the empty branch and spray,

As thickly as the suns the Milky Way!

BE KIND.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

From the fullness of your living,
When the world on you is smiling,
Be not chary of your giving
To the saddened and distressed;
For the Lord is watching o'er you,
With a vision past beguiling,
And reward is yet before you,
In the homeland of the blessed.

O the heart that opens kindly
To the sorrow of the weary—
To the weak ones groping blindly
O'er the rugged way of life,
Will find even here a pleasure,
For the days grow far more cheery
When we share our earthly treasure
With the needy in the strife.

THE HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

Mr. James Q. Howard's excellent work, *THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE*, recently published by Callaghan & Company, Chicago, contains a most interesting condensation of informational data upon the vicissitudes of the vast expanse of territory acquired by the United States Government one hundred years ago.

The phenomenal development of Louisiana during the past century will be adequately illustrated during the international exposition that celebrates the centenary of the great treaty of April 30, 1803. To the earnest student of history the presentation of chronological details and contrasted conditions of Louisiana in 1803 and 1903 will scarcely suffice. He must go back to the days of the intrepid explorers of this vast region and follow the footsteps of Narvaez, De Soto, Joliet, Marquette and La Salle.

The indomitable La Salle, who on April 9, 1682, with his faithful followers, having passed out through the three channels of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, effected a joint landing, and there planted the holy cross, proclaiming the divinity of their religion and the sovereignty of their country "in the name of the most high, mighty, invincible and victorious Prince Louis the Great, by the grace of God, King of France and of Navarre," is a strikingly picturesque figure. Shouts of "Long live the King" and three volleys of musketry confirmed the grant of the vast region to Louis XIV., at that time the most powerful monarch in the world. La Salle named the entire region, extending to Canada and to the great tributaries northwest, Louisiana, in honor of its new sovereign, Louis XIV.

The evolution of events from the days of the martyred La Salle up to the moment of our proud ownership of this much-coveted region furnishes food for the philosophic inquirer into moral causes. Peculiarly attractive to the American student must be the research

that enlightens him upon the constraining force that moved the great Napoleon to cheerfully relinquish his claim of empire in America for a comparatively insignificant barter. In a chapter entitled "Echoes of the Great Treaty," Mr. Howard says:

The three most significant dates historically connected with the acquisition of the magnificent domain known as Louisiana are April 30, 1803, when the Great Treaty was signed; October 19, when the treaty was ratified in the Senate by a vote of twenty-four to seven, and December 20, 1803, when our government received formal possession at New Orleans from the French prefect Laussat. Were we to add an interesting fourth date, it would be April 10 of the same treaty year—that blessed Easter day—when Napoleon, having returned from his Easter devotions to the still standing palace of St. Cloud, announced his sudden resolution to sell the whole of his possessions in America to the Americans.

Much has been written about the motives of Bonaparte in parting with his newly acquired and still unexplored territory on this side of the Atlantic. It can only be asserted with reasonable safety that he doubtless acted from mixed motives, which were as various as his moods. When not inscrutable, the mainspring of his actions seemed to be military glory and personal aggrandizement. He was probably impelled to adopt what proved to be a foolishly unwise policy for these reasons:

1. He feared that in the event of war, which was imminent, he would lose the colony of Louisiana within sixty days after he took possession. The Treaty of Amiens was at an end; Austria was threatening; a British fleet was in the West Indies and a sensational report had come from London that fifty thousand men were being raised for service in Louisiana.

2. His affairs on the island of San Domingo were, in 1803, the worst possible; Toussaint l'Ouverture had worsted three of his best marshals; Le Conte had just died, to whom he was attached, next to Duroc, Lannes and Berthier; and Livingston was shrewd enough to hold this bloody specter ever before his eyes; another San Domingo on his hands he did not want.

3. The First Consul, impressed by our minister's social rank in his own country, no less than by his merciless logic and solid understanding, had given his promise that debts due for the spoliation of our commerce should be paid. This promise, of which he was again and again reminded, could only be kept by realizing on sale of public lands. He had then no funds.

4. About this time the hero of Italy caught a faint glimpse of a larger game. He projected the wild scheme of carrying the war, not into Africa, like Scipio Africanus, but into Britain, like Cæsar. The scheme did not mature, partly because the young chieftain was not the peer of the mighty Julius, whom Shakespeare calls "the foremost man of all the world." And then the heroes of the Nile and the future victors of Trafalgar were lying in wait in the channel, and had the French levies ever gotten into England, the retreat from London would possibly have paralleled the retreat from Moscow, the most disastrous in all history.

5. Livingston's powers as a logician and sublime persistence were influencing actors in this momentous contention. Talleyrand said "he was the most importunate negotiator he had yet met with." And lastly the French Consul cherished a desire to build this nation up at the expense of Great Britain. He had rather the American Union would grow strong and great than should his most dangerous rival.

A few genuine Napoleonic utterances must suffice to support the preceding propositions. The most remarkable of these is found on page sixty-five of *Histoire Generale des Traites de Paix*, by Le Comte de Garden: "Objection may be made that the Americans will prove too powerful for Europe in two or three centuries, but my plans do not take into ac-

count such remote contingencies. They (the Americans) will have to give attention in the future to conflicts among the States of the Union. Confederations which call themselves perpetual last only so long as the contracting parties find it to their interest not to break them, and it is to other present dangers to which we are exposed from the colossal power of England that I propose to apply a remedy." This is both authentic and prophetic.

A translation from a passage on the same page shows that we paid for the Louisiana region something more than Napoleon would have taken: "If I should regulate my terms by what these vast territories are worth to the United States, the indemnity would have no limit. I will be moderate for the reason that I am obliged to sell. But, keep this to yourself (to Marbois), I want fifty millions and for less than that I will not treat. I would rather make a desperate effort to hold these fine territories." On page seventy-five of the same historic source we find this characteristic utterance of Napoleon: When told by Barbe-Marbois that there was some uncertainty and obscurity in one article of the treaty, he replied that "if obscurity was not there, it would perhaps be good policy to put it there."

These and numerous quotations have been transferred bodily without credit to what is known as Marbois' History of Louisiana, which was probably written by William Beach Lawrence in the interest of James Monroe and other political friends.

Interest in the subject-matter of Mr. Howard's volume is enhanced by his pleasing pen pictures of important personages instrumental in the creation and preservation of our glorious republic. The book is a timely stimulus to extensive historic study.

As one who reaches after toil and fight
A happy place, exalted peers among,
And yet remembers, not without light,
The small beginnings whence his greatness sprung—
The breast on which he wept, to which he clung—
The spot where earth first opened on his sight—
The garden walk where first his play-shouts rung—

The spade hard by that tumbled down the height—
So Mary, Mother, on the sapphire throne,
Where thou art seated with thy Royal Child,
Thou treasurest in thy memory every stone
And rafter of that inn and manger wild,
Where David's Son became thy very own,
And on thy smile Incarnate God-head smiled.

—Edward Vaughan Kencaley.

EDITORIAL.

To the devout Catholic this month offers, in the liturgy of the Church, the climaxes of pain and joy, the depths of woe and the crown of glory, in the beautiful ceremonies and commemorations of Holy Week, sacred to the Passion of our Blessed Lord, and in the splendors of His triumphant Resurrection ushering in the newness of life in the gladsome days of Paschal tide. Again we counsel our readers to study the Calendar, and so to prepare for the great festivals, that none may pass unblest.

From the address delivered by Father Reginald Newell, O. P., at the Jubilee celebration held by the Dominican Fathers in San Francisco, in honor of our Holy Father Leo the Thirteenth, we take the following striking passages as recorded in the daily press:

When, on the 20th of February, 1878, Cardinal Joachim Pecci was elected to the Chair of S. Peter, the Church was being driven, seemingly, at the mercy of an anti-Catholic storm, before the fury and bitterness of which the great heart of Pius the Ninth sank in sorrow and dismay.

The widespread secret sect, self-styled the "International," had secured the powers of Europe, and enjoyed their aid to deprive the Papacy of its temporal possessions and independence, hoping thereby to put an end to the Papacy, and, as a consequence, to the Catholic Church. The movement culminated in the armed occupation of Rome by the "International" under the forced leadership of Victor Emmanuel. The International Society numbered among its members powerful rulers of the old world dynasties, and laws that Catholics could not obey were promulgated. In Russia Catholics were driven at the point of bayonet to sacrilegious communion; in Spain and Portugal they were persecuted; in France, then a republic, Bishops and priests were shot down,

and in Prussia they were exiled and imprisoned.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth was equal to the emergency. He warned the powers of the real enemy in their midst and won them over to the respect, if not friendship, of the Holy See.

The echo of his warning to Emperor William of Germany had scarcely died when William was shot in the face in the streets of Berlin; his warning to the Czar of Russia was scarcely given when that Emperor was blown to pieces in the streets of St. Petersburg; his warning to Alphonso the Twelfth of Spain was quickly followed by an attempt on the King's life in the streets of Madrid; his admonition to France was followed by the assassination of President Sadi Carnot in the streets of Paris. Thus Leo the Thirteenth won the powers. Then turning on the "International," he launched that famous encyclical to the world which dealt the European "International" a blow from which it is still reeling.

The life of labor, regularity, piety and abstemiousness of Leo the Thirteenth, is equal to that of the most observant of religious. He rises early, and robing himself in his white soutane, he recites the Divine office; then he says Mass and later assists at another Mass in his private chapel. Then he breakfasts on a small cup of black coffee and a roll or an apple. At 8 a. m. he is attending to his correspondence. At 9 a. m. he receives the Bishops and pilgrims. After a brief walk in the garden of S. Peter's he lunches, and then the whole afternoon is given to the affairs of his exalted office and the public audiences so well known.

His appearance, as I saw him nearly twenty-five years ago, when he laid his venerable hand on my unworthy head, was very nearly as follows: Somewhat above medium height and of slender, yet graceful frame, his brow very lofty and crowned by silvery, curled hair, surmount-

ed by a white silk skull cap; his eyes jet black, rivaling the flash of the diamond; his nose long and shapely and of aquiline figure; his mouth large, firm and expressive; a perfect Cupid's brow, having an habitual expression of benevolence and stamped with the force and grace of eloquence, while his voice, powerful and sonorous, is wondrously sympathetic and gives one the idea that, were his calling to have been to the political arena, it would have shaken Senates with admiration and delight.

Such is Leo the Thirteenth, the two hundred and sixty-first in the long line of Roman Pontiffs. And, as we recognize in that unbroken chain of successors of S. Peter, maintaining the Papacy, amid the changes of human affairs, a standing miracle of the Divine power and foresight of Christ, so in the luminous, arduous, lengthy and holy reign of Leo the Thirteenth we acknowledge the hand and providence of Christ, the founder of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

From the latest reports issued by the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children we learn that less than one-fourth of the amount required for the maintenance of our Catholic schools for Indians was received from the various collections and offerings made for this purpose.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies has published an earnest letter to the Catholic press in behalf of this most worthy cause, and to our previous commendations and entreaties we now add our warm appeal to the readers of DOMINICANA. Contributions may be sent to the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Father W. H. Ketcham, 941 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C. From different parts of the country offerings have been received by Father Ketcham, but out of the total for the first three months of the society's existence, \$30,000, more than \$18,000 came from the two dioceses of Philadelphia and Cleveland.

We hope that all our friends will help

this noble work, and if they desire we shall be pleased to forward to the Bureau any contributions placed in our care.

On Sunday, the 28th of this month, God willing, our Holy Father will have completed the days and months of the Roman Pontificate of S. Peter, whose years he saw on February 20. On this happy occasion Rome will witness the final ceremonies of the Jubilee, when the homage and congratulation of the Catholic world will be offered to His Holiness by the delegates representing his faithful children in every land.

Our Episcopalian friends are still furnishing much mirth for unsympathetic onlookers, in the various contortionist acts through which their bishops, ministers and laymen are going, in the comedy that might be entitled "How shall we call ourselves Catholic and Protestant at the same time?"

The wedge is entering, and the split will soon come, despite *The Churchman's* patriotic (?) efforts to mold the "Church" in the United States on federal principles, by withdrawing from what it holds to be the evil of "States' rights," an issue fought out forty years ago on lines political.

It is sad and pitiable, at least to earnest men, to find so human, so political, so merely national a view taken by those who pretend to stand for a Church Catholic.

Despite the peculiar combinations effected by his imperial majesty the Emperor of Germany in his recent utterances on the subject of revelation and the Scriptures, it is gratifying, it is cheering to hear, at a time when nominally Catholic governments and governments in nominally Catholic countries persecute religion, a public declaration of his faith in God and His Providence by this powerful Protestant monarch. William may be erratic, but he is an example to fathers, to sons, to men old and young, on the subject of religion and domestic virtue.

Though the opening of this month and a considerable portion of it bespeak, in the contemplation of our Blessed Lord's Passion, the virtue of penance to be cultivated by the true followers of His Cross, nevertheless the dominant spirit of this time should be one of rejoicing and congratulation because of the triumph of our Risen Master. The first glorious mystery of the Rosary is the precious object of our meditation, signaling, as it does, with the greeting of its *alleluias*, the welcome we give to the glad Paschal time.

Christ risen from the dead, and dying now no more, having entered on the newness of His glorified, is the fountain of our hope and joy. To us death will come, as with us sorrows ever abide; but if these latter we bear in the spirit of Christian patience and courage, in like fortitude shall we meet the great conqueror, not as vanquished, but as victors, for we know that our Redeemer liveth, and that with Him are the keys of death. The cheering thought of our coming glory must sweetly mingle, therefore, with the rejoicings filling our hearts because of our Lord's triumph in His Resurrection. Peculiarly suitable to this month's devotion should be the study of the glorious mysteries of the Beads. Their lessons are of light and hope and courage—lessons we all need, with graces, too, in this vale of tears.

The crisis in the Church of England, which ritualism has long endeavored to precipitate, will be hastened by the action of Parliament, which has taken into its hands the work of disciplining by law the recalcitrant parsons who would introduce and uphold *Romish* practices in their services. Irrespective of political parties, the strong Protestant spirit of the Church of England has asserted itself. Here in the United States the farce goes on among the Episcopalian clergymen, who, in denying that they are Protestants, and in claiming that they are Catholic priests, repudiate the official name of their denomination, violate the canons of their organization and make themselves generally ridiculous. The injury they do to

the souls of the misguided people whom they deceive is the tragedy that sadly offsets the mimicry of their comedy.

Twelve years ago the Fifty-first Congress passed into American history as the "billion-dollar" Congress, because of the lavish expenditures its members made of the people's money. On March 4, the Fifty-seventh Congress adjourned, *sine die*, with a record of appropriations for Government expenses about fifty per cent higher than those of the "billion-dollar" legislators. While trusts and monopolies must be held responsible for a portion of the increased taxation, it is mainly to colonizing and imperialistic schemes that this burden must be charged. For the army alone we are now obliged to spend more than double the amount required before the war with Spain. And the navy demands a proportionate increase. These are only material features. The damage to principles, the crimes committed in liberty's name, and the horrors that have grown out of imperialism, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

The Holy Name Society was canonically established in the Church of our Lady of Lourdes, Colusa, California, in the Diocese of Sacramento, of which Father Michael Wallrath is Pastor, on March 18th. On the following day the Confraternity of the Rosary was organized in the same place. On March 22d the Holy Name Society was established in the Church of San Carlos, Monterey, Diocese of Los Angeles, California, Father Raymond M. Mestres, Pastor.

On both occasions one of the Dominican Fathers from San Francisco officiated. DOMINICANA is very pleased to be able to announce this spread of the apostolate of the Holy Name and the Rosary.

The controversy as to Bible reading in the public schools waxes strong in the Eastern States. It is bound to spread to the Pacific Coast. The latest phases are the attempt by a Brooklyn priest to have public school teachers, who are Catholics,

read the Catholic or Douay version, and the protest by influential Jews against the reading of the New Testament. Out of all the discussions let us hope that a re-adjustment will come whereby the public school funds and their control will be more equitably arranged. At present, Catholics are carrying a double burden, an injustice that must be remedied.

Subsequent dispatches from the East inform us that this priest has succeeded in his demand. The New York Board of Education has authorized the purchase of a supply of Catholic Bibles, to be available for those teachers who may desire to use them. This is a wholesome lesson in Catholic energy and pluck.

President Roosevelt's stirring letter on race suicide in the United States, and the frank and vigorous comments by Archbishop Farley of New York on the sanctity of matrimony, so frequently ignored by those who are unfaithful to one of its chief ends, have produced an unusual amount of newspaper discussion, *pro* and *con*, much of it highly seasoned with the American spirit of levity and irreverence.

The inimitable Mr. Dooley could not allow the opportunity to pass without adding some comments worthy of his philosophy, not to speak of his religion. We may summarize his sage reflections by quoting a few questions and answers:

"Ye ought to be ashamed to talk about such subbjcks, ye an ol' bach," said Mr. Hennessy. "It's a seeryous question."

"How many childher have ye?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Lave me see," said Mr. Hennessy. "Wan, two, four, eight, siviln, eight, tin—no, that's not right. Lave me see. Ah, yes, I f'rgot Terence. We have fourteen."

Mr. Dooley's answer we do not give. It is in his unusual vein. The point we would emphasize, from the homely illustration, is that the virtue of the Catholic parents, where Faith holds sway over their daily lives, and especially among the poor, is the standard to which the President of the United States bids many recreant Americans aspire.

All honor to Mr. Roosevelt for his manly, religious, outspoken words on a grave evil that has become widespread!

Commenting on the discussion occasioned by the President's letter, and on the inferences suggested by the head of Harvard University that the birth rate among the rich and the cultured is steadily and seriously declining, *The Sun*, New York, February 19, makes the following editorial remarks:

"Archbishop Farley has lately declared that 'there is no shrinking from marriage and the consequences of marriage where true Catholics are found,' and undoubtedly the assertion is supported by the facts. Nor can it be denied that as a correspondent remarked in yesterday's *Sun*, reproduction is opposed by an increasing sentiment among those not under the domination of religious scruples, that it is not desirable either for society or for children introduced into the pain and strife of the world. He contends, and probably with truth, that that sentiment has more to do with the declining marriage and birth rate among educated and thoughtful people than any purely selfish consideration. It is simply a social consequence of the spread of religious skepticism, or of what may be called a prudential philosophy."

From the *Sun's* concluding sentiment no intelligent observer can dissent:

"The whole subject is sure to become prominent in the social discussions of the future, and merely prudential considerations will determine its decision the farther people get from the influence of religious faith."

The Dominican Order has been generously honored by His Holiness Leo the Thirteenth by the appointment of five of its members as consultants of the Pontifical Commission on Biblical Studies.

During the holy Lenten season, which is rapidly drawing to a close, the Christian is forcibly reminded of the necessity of fulfilling more earnestly the duties re-

quired of him in his particular state of life, profitably to his salvation and unto the edification of his neighbor. Perhaps no more efficacious offering could be made to Him whose delights are to be with the children of men than the employment of our time for the advancement of our neighbor's spiritual good—the direction of his study to those things that nourish the mind for eternity, the pointing out of the treasures of immortal minds that may prove a balm for every ill. By this it is not meant that one should wearv nature by too close an application to spiritual treatises, but that he should be diligent in gleanng golden sheaves from the harvest of human experience by which he may enrich his own treasury, and thereby dispense literary favors to his neighbor. And, this, naturally, brings us to the consideration of the reason why we ought to read.

We ourselves are its answer, and if we desire to put into words the feelings that spring from our being, we may repeat the cry of David when, in the rapture of his admiration for man, he exclaimed, "Thou hast made him, O God, a little less than the angels." From this dignity of man, from his spirituality, from his soul stamped with the divine likeness, with its rich endowment of will, memory, and understanding, and its most rich supernatural gifts of faith, hope, and charity, must we seek the full answer to our question. A law of our being commands us to seek for spiritual culture and intellectual nourishment, and this law is largely satisfied by reading and meditation.

Man's existence on earth depends on food; we eat to live. But the Divine Master knew the higher needs of our life when He said that not by bread alone could we be sustained. The proper development, as well as the support of man, requires not only the daily bread of the body, but also that other bread which is spiritual, and which, like the manna that fell from heaven, will satisfy many cravings of our nature. To read, therefore, to yield to the just demands of our spiritual and intellectual appetite, is assuredly as pressing a duty as that which commands us to sustain our drooping physical energies, and to ward off, as long as possible, the telling effects of the wear and tear of toil upon our wearied bodies.

But further than this we must go. While standing for the claims of our infe-

rior part, we must, as Christians, as reasonable creatures, admit the higher claims of our minds, our souls, our undying and imperishable part. It is a great crime to destroy the life of our body, either positively by violence, or negatively by refusing to it its just support. In either case we usurp the sovereign rights of the Author of life. But as mind is above matter, as the immortal spirit transcends the perishing clay, so is there a more heinous sin in wounding our being's nobler part, in deliberately extinguishing the light of the Holy Ghost, or in failing to keep alive the divine spark ignited by the Creator. To read, to improve our minds by observation, conversation, meditation, and examination becomes an imperative duty so that we may stimulate others to a love of Catholic reading, as it involves a knowledge of true history, and a study of the Faith, its teachings, its effects upon nations, their manners and morals, their arts, science, and literature.

MAGAZINES.

The Very Reverend Doctor Middleton, an Augustinian friar, whose work we have already had occasion to praise, has recently rendered another and, we may add, a signal service to the cause of Truth, so villainously slandered by those who indiscriminately attacked the friars in the Philippines. In *The Ecclesiastical Review* for March Father Middleton presents a statement woven out of official documents and resting on impregnable facts, which may be regarded as a triumphant answer to the *Review's* bitter denunciation of the Friars last year.

We have no desire to go behind the scenes, nor do we wish to add to the humiliation of the editor of the *Review*, but we feel constrained to note that a scandal has been followed by such reparation as is embodied in the setting forth of beautiful truths that had been repudiated, in the solemn proof that the "ruins" so-called are still venerable buildings unscathed by the storm, still the dwelling places of men whose works in zeal and learning and for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ are not inferior to those of our time-serving American Catholics who, for subserviency to imperialism's mad policy, joined in the outcry of villification against the Friars. Fearing lest their "patriotism" might be

suspected, those lusty defenders of calumny did not hesitate to betray their own, and in betraying them, they were untrue to some of Mother Church's noblest sons.

The Bull of our Holy Father, proclaiming the re-organization of the Philippine Hierarchy, is also the Sovereign Pontiff's answer to the cry that "the Friars must go." His eulogy of their splendid labors we translate into the cry of the Friars' defenders who have been staunch from the beginning, and good Americans as well, "the Friars must stay."

Sunset for March is a beautiful number. "The Mission of San Juan Bautista" is well described and pictured by Paul Shoup. In "The Texas Petroleum Fields," "In the Orange Grove City, Riverside, California," and in the general scope and method determining the "make-up" of this prosperous looking and artistically published magazine, we have evidence that "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Once more we congratulate the Southern Pacific gentlemen who are in control of *Sunset*.

The *Y. M. I. Journal* for March, the official publication of the Young Men's Institute of the Pacific Jurisdiction, contains an earnest appeal by one of the Dominican Fathers of San Francisco, addressed to the members of that flourishing organization, in behalf of the work and mission of the Holy Name Society. The *Y. M. I.* is urged to "swing its force into line as a powerful auxiliary to the grand army of men who have taken the Cross of the new crusade for the vindication and honor of Jesus' blessed name."

That a great impetus will be given to the glorious cause we earnestly hope.

The *North American Review* for March contains an excellent paper by Father John T. Driscoll of New York, on "Philosophy and Science at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century." Among other timely contributions for which this magazine is

so notable, "The Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuela Affair," by a Jeffersonian Democrat, will be found thought-provoking reading.

MUSIC.

The Bates & Guild Company, 42 Chauncey street, Boston, have sent to us copies of their new monthly magazine, *Masters in Music*, the publication of which began in January. Each issue is devoted to a particular maestro, beginning with Mozart.

The first number contains a sketch from Otto Jahn's "Life of Mozart"; "The Art of Mozart," by Parry, and a small analytical sketch from Amiel's Journal, translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The musical contents are as follows: SONATA in A major; ANDANTE AND MINUET, from the string quartette in C major; COME, SHALL I TELL THEE, soprano aria from "Don Giovanni"; GIVE ME THY HAND, O FAIREST, duet for soprano and baritone, from "Don Giovanni"; JUPITER SYMPHONY.

The February number is devoted to Chopin, with the usual biographical sketch. The music and analysis are as follows: NOCTURNE, Op. 55, No. 1; PRELUDE, Op. 28, No. 15, familiarly known as the "Raindrop Prelude"; SCHERZO AND LARGO, from the SONATA in B minor, Op. 58; WALTZ in D flat major, Op. 64, No. 1, known as VALSE AU PETIT CHIEN; two MAZURKAS, Op. 17, Nos. 1 and 3; MILITARY POLONAISE, Op. 40, No. 1.

William Pond & Co., of New York, have just issued two songs for soprano by W. W. Lowetz. No. 1, FORFEITS, is full of archness and piquancy. No. 2, SHE IS NOT FAIR, a charming love song, full of sentiment and expression, and ends with a fine climax. Both songs are suitable encore songs. THE PICTURE IN MY HEART, by Emil Hahn, contains a sweet, flowing melody, is singable and attractive. The piano compositions are: A WALTZ FROM SPOTLESS TOWN, written in the usual popular vein; LILLA (SOUVENIR DE SEVILLE),

a Valse Improvisation, Op. 71; a good style pervades the composition, making it an interesting study. SPANISH INTERMEZZO, Op. 56, a very pretty salon piece, written in the attractive Spanish rhythm. These three compositions by Samuel Aronson.

The Octavo Sacred Selections are as follows: THE WANDERING SHEEP (contralto solo and quartette), by Chas. H. Wood, opens with a pretty solo, followed by the quartette. The composition is melodious and quite simple.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT (solo and quartette), by John B. Marsh. The soprano part becomes toward the end rather florid and requires fairly good compass and sustaining power. Each voice has its solo.

AT BLESSED EVENTIDE, by W. C. Williams, is a fine anthem, quartette or chorus. It is solid quartette singing throughout, there being no solo singing to mar the mass of beautiful harmony.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST, by Shattuck, is the well known song of the same title of H. P. Danks, harmonized for soprano, alto, tenor and bass. It is very beautiful.

BOOKS.

The appointment, by the President, of Bishop Spalding to the Anthracite Strike Commission, whose work is now completed, was recognized by the country as eminently fitting and happy. The Bishop of Peoria, about the same time, brought out his latest volume, SOCIALISM AND LABOR AND OTHER ARGUMENTS SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND PATRIOTIC—a coincidence of unusual timeliness.

Had vindication of the wisdom of the President's choice of Bishop Spalding for a post on the Strike Commission been demanded, the volume of essays named would have furnished it, and abundantly. Of the competence of the Bishop to write authoritatively on the truly burning questions of the social problem no one familiar with his works and labors will have any doubt. To mention the following headings is to emphasize the importance and the living interest of this book:

"Socialism and Labor," "The Basis of

Popular Government," "Are We in Danger of Revolution?" "Charity and Justice," "Woman and the Christian Religion," "Emotion and Truth," "Education and Patriotism," "Assassination and Anarchy," "Church and Country," "Labor and Capital," "Work and Leisure," "The Mystery of Pain," "An Orator and Lover of Justice."

Of the finished style and literary skill of Bishop Spalding we have several times spoken. Announcing this volume, we add, therefore, merely this word, that A. C. McClurg & Co., the publishers, Chicago, have done their part in a becoming manner.

ORATIONS OF HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, published by the Adams-Cannon Company, Saint Paul, Minnesota, have received cordial greeting from all those that have heard the story of the gifted lecturer. Those who have had the opportunity of listening to Mr. Adams will invest the subject matter of the selected lectures in the present volume with all the energy of the speaker's intense and brilliant style. Lofty in ideas and rich in images, he in turn appeals to the understanding, amuses the fancy and invariably touches the heart. In viewing the illustrious figures of "Cardinal Newman," "Leo the Thirteenth," "Sir Thomas More," and "Dr. Windthorst," so clearly defined by Mr. Adams, we appreciate the magnitude of their achievements; we are stimulated to labor more zealously for our glorious Catholic faith—the cause of their moral greatness—and for whose advancement they cheerfully spent their lives.

In contemplating "The Destiny of Erin," Mr. Adams pays an exquisite tribute to the sublime faith of her people, who have borne the cross of suffering for centuries of "smiles and tears." Divinely gifted with a joyousness in suffering, Erin's tears are prophetic of her ultimate triumph in the things whose significance will appear in the noonday of eternal glory. Mr. Adams' book deserves a wide circulation.

ST AUGUSTINE AND HIS AGE, by McCabe, is a scholarly appreciation of the character of the great Bishop. The author's admiration of the saint's intellectual attainments is evident; he, however, assumes at times a critical tone in commenting upon the saint, whom he evidently regards as excessive in the saint. But Augustine is shown by halves, and the extraordinary fervor of the closing years of his life manifests the workings of divine grace in a soul whose will, during his last years, had been engaged in a struggle of "high aspirations against carnal inertness." Saint Augustine and his life furnish suggestive material for a study of the insidious forces arrayed against Christianity in the days of this champion of the true faith.

Putnam's Sons, New York, have recently printed the volume, reproducing Augustine, in frontispiece portrait from the painting of Pietro Gan-

M. Vignon's book is of varied and readable interest. In presenting his arguments in support of the hypothesis that the image on the winding sheet is caused by the emanation of vapor, he draws abundantly from all sources that will elucidate his point of scientific investigation.

From Dundalk, Ireland, we have received a goodly volume of more than four hundred pages, whose clear print, excellent paper and appropriate binding bespeak praiseworthy work in the establishment of the publisher, William Tempest.

Entitled THE IRISH DOMINICANS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, the book before us is a reprint, in the peculiar Latin of its author, of a sketch that first saw the light in Louvain, 1706, when Father John O'Heyne, O. P., gave his reminiscences to the world. But the present edition is enriched by a translation into English, and by an appendix covering more than one hundred pages, recounting the story of the ancient Dominican foundations in Ireland. For this service to the cause of Church history in Ireland we are indebted to the pen of a zealous and scholarly Irish Dominican, Father Ambrose Coleman, whose work in the field of letters we have had on other occasions opportunity and reason to commend.

This present volume is one of great interest, not alone to the student of Church history or the client of the Dominican Order, but to all who would know something of Ireland's spiritual agony during the awful days of the seventeenth century. Testifying, as these sketches do, to the vitality and endurance of religious orders, they may be considered as timely in our own day. We are pleased to know that Father Coleman's most agreeable compilation may be obtained from any of our Catholic booksellers, or directly from Benziger Brothers, New York.

Professor Angelo Heilprin's account of MONT PELEE AND THE TRAGEDY OF MARTINIQUE is of twofold interest, presenting as it does interesting descriptions of the ill-fated island, its hospitable inhabitants

P. Dutton & Co., New York, have issued in a volume, remarkable for its beauty of artistic workmanship, a translation from the French of Vignon's interesting studies of the winding sheet, preserved at Turin, falsely purporting to be THE WINDING SHEET OF CHRIST. In addition to nine engravings and collotype plates, thirty illustrations embellish the text.

Vignon's scientific experiments have been patiently pursued with a view to establish the fact that the impressions upon the winding sheet have been caused by "vapors" given off by the body enclosed therein. This remarkable theory, novel to science, has attracted intense interest in probable developments of natural photographic phenomena. Future scientific research may establish the process by which the winding sheet itself might have been duplicated.

Religiously considered, the tradition known as the Turin Shroud is said to be proved the true winding sheet of Christ.

and the result of his scientific studies of the phenomena associated with the eruption of Pelée. Having witnessed the second eruption of the volcano, the author is able to depict most graphically his vivid impressions of the lamentable incident.

The phenomena of the eruption, briefly summarized, is of scientific interest, geologically considered. To the energetic labors of the author we are indebted for photographic views of "the consecutive stages in the paroxysmal eruption of a very active volcano."

Thirty-six full-page plates, with numerous additional illustrations, embellish the text. This handsomely printed volume is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A second edition of *THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS* has been published by John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York. A mirthful spirit pervades these legends of marvelous happenings in "merrie England," by which the author seeks to beguile his listeners into moral musing. Characteristics of English humanity—as well as that of other climes—are manifested in this comprehensive burlesque of individual idiosyncrasies. The nursery imp, the maiden coy the knight of chivalry, the royal idiot, the saint, the sinner, are paraded before us—to our intense amusement.

In the legendary battles of the saints with "Old Nick," who is sometimes victor, sometimes vanquished, the licentious strain that dominates the stories reveals the spirit of the literature of a degenerate age that would place monk, friar, clergy, Pope and Church upon a level with vulgar corruption. The legends are rich in illustration by Herbert Cole whose inimitable delineation of his quaint conceptions of appropriateness would coincide with the most fantastic dreams of Ingoldeby himself.

ROADSIDE FLOWERS, bright and variegated, culled by the loving hand of Har-

riet M. Skidmore, form a graceful cluster suggestive of sweet sentiment, a bouquet fragrant with the aroma of devotion. From several tributes to the Divine Mercy we select the following to the Sacred Heart:

Immortal Casket! meet to shrine
The Ruby Gems of Love Divine!
Clear Vase! whose crystal walls enclose
The crimson sheen of Mercy's Rose!
Unmeasured Chalice! ever filled
With saving Wine, so freely spilled,
That all a deluged world is dyed
With that pure Life-Blood's purple tide.
O Casket, let thy jewels gleam,
O'er darkest souls benignly stream!
O Vase, give now thy Royal Flower
To blossom in our desert-bower.
O'erflowing Chalice! Let each heart
Be fashioned with celestial art.
To thy Similitude Divine
To hold Thy Life-bestowing Wine.

Miss Skidmore has been long and generously and honorably identified with the apostolate of Catholic literature. Her art is best when her theme is highest. With Angels and Saints and the legends so beautiful in Church history she is at home. Cordially we commend her beautiful little volume, soul and body, for A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, the publisher, has given to her work an appropriate setting. The dainty cover design is by C. E. McQuaid.

A pathetic interest attaches to this notice of Miss Skidmore's little volume, because it is now our painful duty to add that since the foregoing was written the talented author has been called to her reward. After a lingering illness borne with the patience and submission which became her pious life, Miss Skidmore closed her earthly career on March 16.

DOMINICANA respectfully and gratefully places, as a wreath on her tomb, our testimony to her devotion, to her Catholic loyalty, to her generous labors for the cause of Catholic letters, to a life spent in doing good. Actively co-operating in various charitable enterprises, giving freely of time and means, Miss Skidmore had been identified with the Catholic life of San Francisco in a manner so hearty, so full, so unassuming, that her absence will be

keenly felt by those who knew and loved her because of her sterling qualities. Her example is a precious inheritance, and to an age given to material things, a remonstrance also, while the memory of her good deeds will long be treasured, we trust, among our people.

Let us pray that she is in the possession of the fullness of charity in which she so firmly believed, for which she so ardently hoped and which she so lovingly describes in the following lines:

Three kindly angels crowned with light,
Illumine our way through darkest night.
Safe shall they rest in realms above
Who follow Faith and Hope and Love.

But hope must die, her mission done,
Where blissful certainty is won.
And Faith, when face to face we see,
Is lost in glad Reality.

One fadeth not, one dieth ne'er,—
But robed in Heavenly radiance fair,
Shall keep through endless years above
Her glorious name—Immortal Love.

The Rev. P. A. Sheehan's collection of discourses in praise of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under title of *MARIAE CORONAE*, steadily grows in favor. Breathing the author's devoted love to the Mother of God, these delightful encomiums will certainly realize his "hope" that they will help to promote a tenderer love of the Queen of Saints, and a better appreciation of lives which were in a large measure devoted to her service." To this end Father Sheehan eloquently outlines the noble characteristics of the life work of those eminent exemplars of filial piety, Mary's favored sons, SS. Peter and Paul, S. Augustine and S. Dominic.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have brought out the volume in a beautiful dress of blue and gold.

SOME BY-WAYS OF CALIFORNIA, notable for natural beauty of scenery and important historic significance, have been pointed out to the traveler by Charles F.

Carter in his delightful reminiscences of his tour in Southern California. "Pala," "The House of Ramona," "Lompoc and Purissima," "San Juan Bautista," are eloquently appealing as portrayed by Mr. Carter. The noble ruins of Christian edifices which once formed the center of Franciscan missionary activity, arrest the attention of the passer-by and force upon him the melancholy regret that religious peace and simplicity retreated as selfish irreverence invaded those favored spots of earth.

"The Charm of Southern California" is summed up by Mr. Carter in his application of Shelley's beautiful lines descriptive of Italy:

The brilliant orb of parting day
Diffused a rich and mellow ray
Above the mountain's brow;

Long hung the eye of glory there,
A scene so lovely and so fair,
'Twere there even luxury to grieve;
And lingered as if loth to leave
So soft the clime, so balm the air,
So pure and genial were the skies,
In sooth 'twas almost Paradise.—
For ne'er did the sun's splendor close
On such a picture of repose;—

With every charm the landscape glow'd
Which partial Nature's hand bestow'd.

Mr. Carter's admirable appreciation of California's manifold features of excellence can not fail to inspire a sympathetic interest in those who peruse his pages.

The Grafton Press, New York, has brought out the book in attractive form.

Ginn & Company, Boston, are the publishers of Thomas B. Lawler's *ESSENTIALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY*. This text-book may be commended for its admirable clearness of style and absence of political and religious controversy. Facts of importance are presented briefly and with fairness. The work includes events of importance occurring in the administration of the late President McKinley. Footnotes, summaries, tables and clear maps enhance interest in the book.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

1—Octave, of the Annunciation. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

2—S. Francis of Paula. Priest, Founder of the Minims. (Self-sacrifice.)

3—The Compassion of the Blessed Virgin. (Benediction and Stations of the Cross at 7:30 P. M.)

4—S. Ambrose. Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Christian courage.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

5—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Palm Sunday. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Blessing and distribution of palms at 10:30 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

6—Monday of Holy Week. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

7—Tuesday of Holy Week.

8—Wednesday of Holy Week. The Solenn Office of Tenebrae will be sung at 7:30 P. M.

9—Maundy Thursday. Mass and Procession of the Blessed Sacrament at 9 A. M. Ceremony of the washing of the altars at 2:30 P. M. Tenebrae at 7:30 P. M.

10—Veneration of the Cross, Procession and Mass of the Presanctified at 8 A. M. Stations of the Cross and Sermon at 7:30 P. M.

11—Easter Saturday. Blessing of New Fire, Easter Candle and Water, followed by Mass at 8 A. M.

12—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Easter Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians; C. C.; visit; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

13—Easter Monday. (Benediction.) Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

14—Easter Tuesday. (Benediction.)

15—Of the Octave.

16—Of the Octave.

17—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

18—Of the Octave.

19—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Low Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for mem-

bers of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

20—S. Agnes, O. P., Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for faithful; C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers. (Benediction.)

21—B. Bartholomew, O. P. Priest, Martyr, (Humility). On this day begins the devotion of the fifteen Tuesdays in honor of S. Dominic in preparation for his feast August 4th. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on one Tuesday chosen at will and partial indulgences on each Tuesday. Conditions: C. C. in a Dominican Church; prayers.

22—S. Turibius. Priest, ((Almsgiving.)) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

23—S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P., Priest. Miracle worker of the Dominican Order (from April 5th). (Zeal for the Faith.) Plenary Indulgence for the faithful; C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers. In Vallejo—Patronal feast. (Benediction.)

24—The Crown of Our Lord—The Third Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary. (Benediction.)

25—S. Mark, Evangelist. (Love of Holy Scripture.)

26—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—BB. Dominic and Gregory, O. P., Priests. (Fidelity.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. C. C.; visit any church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

27—B. Jordan of Pisa, O. P., Priest. (Peace.)

28—S. Paul of the Cross, Priest. (Christian sympathy.) Founder of the Passionists. (Second Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

29—S. Peter Martyr, O. P. (Lively faith.) (Benediction.)

30—S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. (Spirit of Penance.) Plenary Indulgence for the faithful; C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Emma, Widow; S. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor; S. Richard, Bishop; S. Julius, Pop.; S. Leo the Great, Pope. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Sophia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Justin, Martyr; S. George, Martyr; S. Irene, Virgin and Martyr; S. Albert, Bishop. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Catherine of Siena, Virgin; S. Mark, Evangelist; S. Robert, Abbott; S. Walter, Abbott; S. Hugh, Bishop.

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SOME DOMINICAN CORNERS IN ROME.

THE CONVENT OF SAN SISTO.

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The Appian Way was a paved high road extending south by east from Rome to Brundisium, the modern Brindisi, a distance of some three hundred and fifty miles. It was built by Appius Claudius about 312 B. C., and is now preserved only in a few places. Along either side of this highway were the fashionable dwelling quarters for the rich and high-born of ancient Rome in the heyday of her power and glory. Some of her grandest and most imposing mansions and public buildings were located there. The palace of the Cæsars looked down upon it, and by its side stand the vast ruins of Caracalla's baths; there, too, are to be seen the green meadows covering the site of the once great Circus Maximus.

In fact, this circumstance of its being the patrician quarter of the city accounts for the mingling there of an abundance of Christian ruins with the relics of pagan days. It was the home of many noble and patrician or rich and influential families, whose dwellings, after the owners had embraced Christianity, confessed their faith and died the death of martyrs in its defense, were consecrated by the early Church and used as places of worship; in this way these immortal monuments have perpetuated glorious names that otherwise might long since have been forgotten. The Appian Way is thus traced by means of these old ruins and deserted churches.

In the course of time the population of Rome gradually gathered to the northern side of the Coelian Hill, until the once beautiful and populous Appian Way was finally left a dreary solitude where, in the midst of ruined palaces, towers and public buildings, fraught with melancholy pagan memories of death, there stand many Christian churches. These are neglected and deserted, excepting on certain feast days or occasions when the stations are kept in them; then great concourses of people flock from the city and surrounding country to pray in those old shrines, hallowed by the memories of the early Christian martyrs. Rome and all Italy are Catholic to the heart's core.

Notable among these many old ruins, both Christian and pagan, and not far from the Porta Capena, is the ancient and venerable church of San Sisto or S. Sixtus, so called from the sainted Pope and martyr of that name, whose mortal remains have reposed there for many centuries. The tombs of five other Popes and martyrs may also be seen within its hallowed walls. In truth, it is one of the richest in Rome in traditional history and holy memories. It now presents a desolate appearance.

According to an ancient tradition, which is supported by the title of the church, it was at this place on the Appian Way that S. Lawrence, archdeacon and martyr, overtook Pope Sixtus II. and

his four deacons, SS. Januarius, Magnus, Vincent and Stephen, who were being led to martyrdom. The scene, which was most affecting, has been described by many of the early Christian writers. Lawrence is reported to have shed bitter tears of grief because not allowed to share the glorious crown of martyrdom with them. Falling prone upon the ground at the feet of the Pope, he exclaimed: "Father, where are you going without your son? Whither are you going, oh, holy priest, without your deacon? You were never wont to offer sacrifice without your minister. Wherein have I displeased you? Have you found me wanting in my duty? Try me now, and see if you have made choice of an unfit minister for dispensing the blood of the Lord."

And the Holy Pontiff is said to have replied: "I do not leave you, my son, but a greater trial and a more glorious victory and reward are reserved for you, who are in the full vigor of youth. We are spared because of our weakness and old age. You will follow me within three days."

The Pope then embraced the holy deacon, bade him be of good cheer and invincible fortitude, and told him to distribute the goods of the Church to the poor for fear that they should be seized and confiscated by the persecutors.

This was during the persecution of Valerian, A. D. 252. In olden times the church used to have the name of Titulus Tigridæ, perhaps from the name of some Roman lady on whose property it was built.

It was probably on account of the seclusion of the spot and its remoteness from the noise and turmoil of the city, the sacred memories and pious traditions which were as a halo encircling this old church and the relics of the holy martyrs who repose within its walls, that charmed St. Dominic and influenced his choice of San Sisto from among many churches which we must believe he might have had in Rome for the mere asking. Besides, there were still many poor people living in that neighborhood, and it was

the delight of Dominic's great heart to work among the poor of Christ. But we must remember that Dominic did not know that this church was at the time in the possession of other religious.

Innocent III. had restored the church and erected some buildings adjacent to it in 1200, with the view of transferring thither a number of nuns living in Rome; some in small communities in different parts of the city, some even with their families, but the larger number at Santa Maria in Trastevere, without any fixed rule or mode of life. The Pope had given charge of the place to some English canons of Seringham, known as the Gilbertines from their founder, and whose rule had been framed with the purpose of taking charge of communities of sisters. Difficulties, however, stood in the way of accomplishing the designs of the Pope. The religious could not be prevailed upon to go there to live. Hence the buildings had fallen into a state of dilapidation. For this reason Honorius III., Innocent's successor, gave it to Dominic about the year 1218.

Dominic's first care was to repair the houses erected by Innocent III., seventeen or eighteen years before, and which had become unfit for habitation, to reduce them to monastic form and to enlarge them sufficiently to be capable of receiving the considerable number of brethren who wished to enter his newly established Order. But a large amount of money was needed, and of this he had naught, for the monastery was a veritable home of poverty. Hence, the saint was obliged to have recourse to the charity of the faithful, which he sought with his usual zeal and confidence in the assistance of God. He was not deceived. The Pope himself contributed liberally to the good cause and his example was generously emulated by the faithful in all walks of life. This was the first foundation of the Order in Rome. It must have been quite ample, for we are told that through his eloquence and evident sanctity, Dominic gathered around him a hundred or more disciples in the course of a few months.

Dominic and his community, however,

not destined to remain long in their mode in the Eternal City. Only a few so elapsed when we find them out of it to take possession of the monastery of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine. As we have already seen, San Sisto was originally repaired by Innocent III. and occupied by the nuns of Trastevere and others in different parts of the city, but that Pontiff went to his eternal rest without seeing the realization of his plans. Honorius III., like his predecessor, had striven to reform these monasteries, and, like him, too, had failed in his task, owing to the influence of their abbesses; for they were mostly all ladies of noble birth, and their rich and influential, accustomed to a life of ease and luxury, did not wish to see them kept in a monastic enclosure following strict penitential rules.

Learning what manner of man he was, Honorius determined to refer the matter to a commission composed of him and Cardinals Ugolino, Bishop of Ostia, an intimate friend of St. Francis, Stephen of Fessa, and Nicholas, Bishop of Tuscan.

But Dominic was the guiding spirit of the commission. His first exhortations were to no purpose. He tried to persuade the sisters to take possession of San Sisto and to live there under a strict rule, but their friends dissuaded them. Finally, however, he prevailed on the abbess of Santa Maria, and through her influenced nearly the entire community. They surrendered to them his first monastery in the Eternal City, and he and his brothers went to live at Santa Sabina. He told that an angel appeared to him after one of his exhortations to the nuns, in which he tried to persuade them to go to San Sisto, and led him to Santa Sabina, signifying thereby that this was to become a home for himself and his religious when they should have returned to their former abode.

Dominic's labors to reform the nuns of Trastevere were finally crowned with complete success. When once they returned to San Sisto they led exemplary lives and became model religious.

He gave them the same rules he had previously given to the nuns of Prouille, France, and brought eight religious from the latter community who had been already instructed and trained in the religious life under his painstaking care to be examples to the new community of Rome. One of these, Sister Blanche, he made Superioress. But as the population gradually moved away from the district of the Appian Way, the locality became full of malarial fever and so unhealthy that it was unfit for human habitation. And hence, after having been in San Sisto for about two and a half centuries, the community was transferred by Pope Sixtus V., a Dominican, to the Convent of Saints Dominic and Sixtus, not far from the Trajan Column on the Quirinal Hill. This was in the year 1570.

Though Dominic spent only a brief period of his blessed life at San Sisto, he rendered the place forever dear and hallowed to all true Dominicans by reason of his very habitat, illustrious by the miracles which he had performed there. Four of these deserve special mention, and we notice them here with the hope of inspiring our readers with a deeper love and appreciation of this great man of God.

As we have remarked before, this celebrated monastery was a veritable home of poverty, as well as of sanctity. The community depended for their daily sustenance upon the alms of the faithful. Oftentimes they were reduced to such straits that they knew not while eating one meal where they should find the next. It is narrated in his life that on one occasion, when there was no food in the house, the saint told the brothers in charge of the refectory to call the community at the usual dinner hour. They replied: "But, holy father, there is nothing for them to eat." He repeated the command, and when the signal was given all entered the dining hall. Suddenly there appeared two angels carrying loaves of bread in white cloths suspended from their shoulders. They began to distribute the bread, beginning at the lower ends of the tables, one on either

side, and passing on towards the saint. When they came to him they placed an entire loaf before him, and then disappeared. Dominic spoke to his astonished children, bidding them to "eat the bread the Lord had sent them." He commanded the brothers to pour out the wine. The large vessels, which had been empty until then, were filled with excellent wine that lasted three days. We are told that the bread was exquisite, and that after the repast Dominic gave a beautiful discourse, and counseled the brethren to ever have implicit faith in God and His Providence.

As we have seen, San Sisto, from long years of neglect and disuse, was in such a dilapidated condition when Honorius gave it over to Dominic that it was necessary to do a great deal of repairing before it could be made a suitable habitation. During the course of these repairs an immense quantity of earth and debris fell on one of the workmen, while excavating under the old walls, completely burying him. According to human calculation, he must necessarily have been killed. Dominic ordered the workmen and brethren to clear away the mass of earth that had fallen on the man, while he himself, falling upon his knees, prayed earnestly to God. When the workman was at last found he arose alive and unhurt.

It was at San Sisto, also, that Dominic raised to life the dead child of a Roman widow, named Tuta de Buvaeschi, by merely making the sign of the cross over it. The mother, so it is said, was an ardent admirer of the saint's sermons, and went to hear him preach one day, though her child was dangerously ill. When she returned she found the child dead. Nothing daunted, however, she took it in her arms, went straightway with it to Dominic, and laid it before his feet. He saw her sorrow, prayed to God, made the sign of the cross over the child, and took it by the hand, and it awoke from the sleep of death. The mother went her way rejoicing and praising God. This miracle caused great excitement, and Honorius caused it to be proclaimed from the pulpits of all the churches in the Eternal City, notwithstanding the saint's vehe-

ment protestations and even threats to leave Rome.

The very day on which the nuns of Sisto, and while the commission was being to receive them, and to install in the new home, which the friars lately vacated for them, word was brought to Cardinal Orsini that his nephew, Napoleon Orsini, had just been thrown from his horse and instantly killed. Dominic, in his usual calm, commanded that the dead body be brought into the Chapter Hall. Then he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, after he prostrated himself on the floor before the altar and prayed. Arising, he touched the dead body thrice, stretched out his hands towards him crying out in a loud voice: "Young man, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ say to thee, Arise." Instantly the nephew arose, in perfect health, and without bruise or blemish, and was restored to his uncle, the Cardinal. Never was a miracle more evident and striking.

The first of these four miracles is the subject of a magnificent fresco by Sogliani, in the famous old convent of Marco, in Florence. The other three commemorated by paintings of the highest merit, the work of the celebrated Dominican artist, Pere Besson, in the Chapter Hall of old San Sisto.

We have mentioned the fact that the nuns whom Dominic established at Sisto were transferred to the Quirinal in 1570, having been forced to leave home because the malaria infected parts of ancient Rome. The monastery lay idle some thirty years, when Cleopatra VIII, a friend of the Order, restored it again gave it into the hands of the Dominicans. Later on some Irish Dominicans took possession, but they, too, had to leave on account of the insalubrity of the place. They, however, retained control over the ancient church and the Chapter Hall, which is in a special manner consecrated with and blessed by the sacred and cherished memories of S. Dominic. On this day they celebrate a solemn

the church two or three times a
 Bre Besson, during the term of his
 in the Convent of Santa Sabina,
 October, 1850, to the time of his
 ion in 1852, conceived the happy
 lecorating the old hall, so dear to
 ne son of S. Dominic, with paint-
 mmemorative of some of the mira-
 ad performed there. He laid his
 fore the Prior of San Clemente
 Sisto was the property of that
 ity), who, being a lover of art
 and a dutiful son cherishing
 ag closely associated with his holy
 omnic, readily entered into Pére
 designs, and agreed to defray all
 nses of the paintings and repairs.
 ve the authority of Pope Clement
 asserting that the first Confrater-
 the Rosary ever established in
 ras erected in San Sisto by
 ic himself. We are told that many
 rdinals had their names enrolled
 mfraternity and gave to it their
 -operation. Flaminius and Mal-

venda tell us that he had obtained many
 striking conversions by preaching it just
 as he had done when combatting the Albi-
 gensian heretics with the same powerful
 spiritual weapon. The pulpit from which
 he was said to have preached this beauti-
 ful devotion was long preserved there as
 an invaluable memento.

The lands of the convent and all the
 buildings, except the church and Chapter
 Hall, fell into the hands of the Italian
 government, long years ago. But the
 friends of the Order will, no doubt, be
 glad to learn that within the last few
 years a community of Dominican nuns
 has again taken up its abode on that hal-
 lowed spot. They have built a home for
 homeless and poverty-stricken children,
 and are meeting with considerable suc-
 cess. So, with improved sanitary condi-
 tions, we may hope to see ere long the
 first place inhabited, in the Eternal City,
 by the brethren of the Order, occupied
 by a flourishing community of Dominican
 nuns.

the glory of all days, to thee!
 happy day, Christ's day of victory!
 day, day most fit continually
 Our joy to show!
 divine illuminates blind eyes,
 rich Christ of hell's dark realms
 kes prize,
 th death and joins in one the
 es
 And earth below.

ment of the everlasting King
 ler sin concluded everything,
 venly grace the weak and waver-
 ;
 Might come to aid.
 odness and His wisdom from on
 h
 h hath tempered with His clem-
 y,
 n all earth was being rapidly
 In ruin laid.

er of all lies, man's ancient foe,
 npling on us in our bitter woe,
 no hope of pardon here below
 For sin was left;
 us the earth despaired of cure for
 ,
 ice reigned o'er it and all therein,
 od the Father sent His Son to
 n
 Of hope bereft.

The insatiate robber, monster hell did
 bear,
 Seeing the bait, but heedless of the snare,
 Rushing upon the hook's point hidden
 there,
 On it is caught;
 The dignity of man, as first begun,
 Is now re-fashioned for us in the Son,
 By Whose new resurrection to each one
 Comfort is brought.

Free hath He risen from depths of hell
 below,
 Who hath the human race re-fashioned
 so,
 And, on His shoulder borne, His sheep He
 now
 To Heaven doth raise.
 'Twixt men and angels is there perfect
 peace;
 The ranks of Heaven now swell to full
 increase;
 Praise to the Lord Who maketh wars to
 cease,
 Eternal praise!

O let the voice of Mother-Church agree
 With Heaven, our fatherland's bright
 harmony,
 And allelulias from the faithful be
 Counted to-day!
 The power of death o'ercome effectually,
 Let us enjoy the joys of victory;
 On earth be peace and jubilee on high
 In Heaven for aye!

—Adm of S. Victor.



FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS ON THE NAME OF THE CHURCH.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.

The article on "The Name of the Church" in the February number of *The Dolphin* brings up one of the most significant practical questions of the hour. Its strategic importance is simply incalculable; for there can be little doubt that the constant use of strictly Catholic phraseology by all the representatives of the True Religion would do more for the conversion of the separated world than can be accomplished in any other manner. Inaccurate and confused thought leads to inexact and obscure language; and, on the other hand, words react powerfully upon ideas, so that right language naturally leads to right thought.

There can be no doubt that the use of the expression "Roman Catholic" (even among theologians of the less careful type), arose originally from a deliberate conformity to Protestant habits of speech during ages of persecution, with a view to avoiding unnecessary offense to sectarian prejudices, and that its perpetuity in brighter times is due to an unconscious contamination by sectarian habits of thought and speech.

There are several inaccuracies in the excellent article referred to, which weaken somewhat the force of its author's arguments. For example, while it is literally true that the *Decreta* of the Vatican Council do not show on their face that any question regarding the name or designation of the Church arose was raised, the complete *Acta et Decreta* of that Holy Ecumenical Council give full details on the subject, so that we are not dependent upon any private testimony. While the present writer does not have present access to the volume in question, he had occasion, about five years ago, in the course of a public controversy on this very question, to carefully examine a copy of the said *Acta et Decreta*, placed at his disposal by the courtesy of Herder & Co.'s representative at St. Louis. Not only

is the discussion mentioned therein, but the very written words are given of the written protests made by thirty-six of the Fathers of the Council against the use of the words "Roman Catholic" as a "profane novelty, offensive to pious ears and favorable to heresy."

As a result of these protests it was formally decided, without hesitation, to use at the beginning of the first chapter of the Constitution *De Fide* the words "The Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church believes and teaches"; and it was further decided that in all other parts of the *Decreta* the words "the Church" or "the Catholic Church" were to be used without further qualification.

It is certain that the Council had no intention of recognizing the expression "the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church" as the official name of the Church. In order to understand the exact significance of these words all that is necessary is to have a clear view of the traditional Catholic usage in the matter of nomenclature. This usage can best be ascertained from Pre-Reformation documents—especially the writings of the Fathers, the Doctors of the Church and the great Schoolmen and the Conciliar canons and Papal and Episcopal utterances—and from those emanating in modern times from the Holy Apostolic See of Rome.

Citations are unnecessary, for it is impossible in the space at our command to make them in sufficient numbers to amount to a demonstration. But all persons possessing a high degree of familiarity with the canonical documents and with the early and mediæval Christian literature, should be prepared to admit the truth of the following contention, as not a single instance to the contrary from the sources enumerated can be brought up.

In the first place, the name of the

al Christian Society presided over successors of S. Peter is simply church." No other body is, or ever entitled to that name. Religious with a new and independent orion—that is, those not possessing priesthood—are not churches in per sense of the word, but simply

urch is any organic subdivision of rch—that portion of it within the of a single rite, a single patriarch-ngle nation or primacy, or a single e, diocese, deanery or parish. That tion may be applied even to a stion which is potentially, though ally, organic, or which is, through tal circumstances, devoid of a od, and is therefore presided over catechists like the Korean Church the first half century of its ex-, or the Japanese Church during tury or so that elapsed between its d destruction and its final emerg-om its secret hiding-places. But fullest sense it is particularly ap-to those parts of the Church hav-egular hierarchy, to the exclusion, re, of apostolic and patriarchal as and prefectures.

faithful of any nation or race, r few in number, constitute, in a sense, its church. Therefore, in Catholic parlance, the Church of d, during its darkest modern consisted of the little handful of cs who had survived the storms ecution, and not by any means of ud and prosperous sect, by law hed, which was in possession of arial monuments, its official pres-d the semblance of its visible or-ion.

only separated bodies that can with ow of propriety be called churches se which represent schisms invol-falling away of a whole organized sion of the Church, which has in-ly retained a true hierarchy and : the main outlines of the orthodox

Catholic or Universal Church is ole body of the faithful throughout

the world, as distinguished from those of any particular rite, religion or locality; as well as from all separated churches, sects, peoples and individuals.

It was only when certain sects (with valid orders, which were possessed by nearly if not quite all the ancient separatists), began to vociferously and impudently claim to be a part of the Church, that the original words of the Apostles' Creed "I believe in Holy Church," were changed to "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

The Church needs no name, and leaves names to sectaires. It is a noteworthy fact that the chief masterpiece of Catholic theology, the *Summa Theologica* of S. Thomas Aquinas, does not even contain the word "Catholic," and the same is true of most of the really great theological literature of the Church.

For convenience especially in popular usage the designation "the Catholic Church" is unobjectionable since universality—doctrinal, chronological, geographical, jurisdictional and cosmic—is the most striking and distinctive mark of the True Religion.

The word "Roman," on the other hand, is not, never has been, and never can be, the name, or any part of the name, or even a designation of the Church of Jesus Christ.

The "Holy Roman Church" is the Church of the city or diocese or province of Rome; just as the "Church of New York" signifies the Catholic body of the city, diocese or province presided over by the incumbent of that See.

It is the Roman Church (more particularly the Papal Cathedral of S. John Lateran), and not the Catholic Church, which is "the Mother and Mistress of all the Churches"—"all the Churches," in this phrase meaning all the integral parts of the Catholic Church.

Fellowship with the Holy Roman Church is the test of Catholicity; every Church in union with it is a part of the Catholic Church, and every organization or body of any kind that is separated from it is a mere sect. A Catholic is a person who is in the faith and fellowship

of the Church of (the city of) Rome; he may properly call himself a dutiful *child* of the Holy Roman Church, but not a *member* of it, unless he either holds an office in it, like that of Cardinal or Papal Chamberlain, or belongs to the city or province of Rome.

The Holy Roman Church shares with the Churches of Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria the glorious designation of "Apostolic," being of Apostolic origin, and also the patriarchal jurisdiction which all Apostolic Churches enjoy.

In a still higher sense it *alone* is Apostolic, for its Bishop alone inherits the plenitude of Apostolic authority, and its Cardinals (according to a probable opinion) exercise, by Divine right, the ordinary cosmopolitan jurisdiction of the original Apostolic College. It is, therefore, in a preëminent sense the Apostolic Roman Church; and from it alone the Catholic Church derives its Apostolicity.

While Apostolicity is the proper predicate of the Roman Church, and is derived from it to the Church Catholic, it is to the Church as a whole that the predicates of Holiness and Catholicity primarily belong, and from it they are participated to the Apostolic Roman Church, as to all others.

In the light of these indisputable facts it appears evident that the words "the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church" were meant to designate separately the Universal Church and that venerable Mother-Church which is its centre and head. The Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches, and must always believe and teach, exactly what the Apostolic Roman Church believes and teaches; and these are not two separate Churches, but one Church and its seat of government, so they are followed, not by a plural verb, but by a singular one. The language is strictly analogous to what might be imagined in some diplomatic document: "The British Empire and the Court of St. James holds"; "the Turkish Empire and the Sublime Porte holds," or "the United States and the Government at Washington holds."

The only plausible justification of the use of the word "Roman" as a designa-

tion, or part of the designation, of the Catholic Church is the language of the "Creed of Pope Pius IV." and the Profession of Faith required from newly converted sectaries. The words "the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church," which several times occur in it, would mean, under ordinary circumstances, the Church of Rome, i. e., the Roman ecclesiastical province; and the whole creed would necessarily have to be understood as referring to it, and not to the Catholic Church (and this very properly, for the faith of the Holy Roman Church is the test of Catholicity in doctrine, as allegiance to her is the test of actual Catholicity) were it not for the second paragraph, in which occur the words: "I believe the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church to be the one true Church established on earth by Jesus Christ."

This apparent designation of the Catholic Church by the proper appellation of the local Roman Church cannot be made the basis of an argument, inasmuch as the primary purpose of the document required the use, not of strictly Catholic language, but of language so unambiguous that by no sectarian ingenuity, however perverse, could it possibly be wrested into any other significance than that of the Church presided over by the Roman Pontiff.

But to designate an empire by its government is not at all an extraordinary proceeding. In view of the immense body of facts attesting the true Catholic usage, and of the consistent practice of the Holy Roman Church itself, the expression in the Profession of Faith must be considered strictly analogous to such a one as this. "The Sublime Porte is the only Mohammedan nation of modern times," in which the name of the government is used for the name of the nation. These are only illustrations of the familiar rhetorical figure in which the part is taken for the whole, as when we say so many "head" of cattle, a "poll" tax, a "city of ten thousand souls," "pitiable is the village which has no cross-tipped spire," etc.

Another possible interpretation would be that the language of the Profession of

does actually have direct reference to the local Roman Church only, of which other Churches within the pale of Unity may be considered members, in the same sense as the trunk and limbs of a human body are members of the

As the Holy Catholic Church is really one with the Apostolic Roman Church, as a body with its head, an acknowledgment that the Roman Church is the one Church founded by Jesus Christ could not possibly be understood to include any of the other Churches subject to its authority.

Another tenable alternative hinted in the preceding sentence is to interpret the words of the Profession of Faith in the same significance as those of the Vatican Council—"Holy Catholic" meaning the Universal Church, "Apostolic" the Center of Unity, and "Anglican" a verb indicating the non-tenetness of the two. It may even be that there was originally an ambiguity between "Catholic" and "Apostolic" which has been omitted in the many popular reprints and translations. If such were the case (which is, or, not likely), this interpretation certainly be the true one.

No Papal document has the word "Anglican" ever been used, except as applied to the Church of the Roman Province. The word "Catholic," except as applied to the Universal Church in distinction either from local churches or from the separated world.

To call the Church Universal the "Anglican Roman Church," as certain sects have done, is not by any means to the fatal objections, from the point of doctrine and policy, which are against the Protestant nickname "Anglican Catholic." Those who call themselves "Roman Catholics" and the Church "Anglican Roman Catholic Church" thereby bring up the whole cause of Catholicity, into the hands of the Russian and Greek sectaries, and are guilty of designating the Vicegerent of God into the hands of a sect. As a rule they will not and to show in their whole thought an adequate appreciation of the super-

natural dignity and exclusive Catholicity of the Church. Sometimes they actually go to the fatal length of speaking of the Oriental sectaries as a kind of Catholics.

Even Father Tanqueray's "Dogmatic Theology" is marred by the vulgar Protestant distinction between the "Roman Catholic" and "Greek Catholic" Churches. The context shows that the contrast in his mind was not between the Latin Catholics and Greek Catholics, as one might surmise, but between the Catholic Church of all rites, on the one hand, and the various bodies of Oriental schismatics (Greek, Slavonic and Turkish) calling themselves orthodox, on the other. And yet these schismatics whom he calls "Greek Catholics" have been for centuries the most relentless and bloodthirsty persecutors of the true Greek Catholics!

No one can be considered as understanding the Constitution of the Church, and the true Catholic position, who does not recognize that the Latin, Latin-Slavonic, Greek, Russian, Greco-Ruthenian, Greco-Bulgarian, Greco-Roumanian, Syrian, Syro-Maronite, Syro-Chaldean, Armenian and Coptic rites are co-ordinate branches of the Catholic Church, whose various branches, languages, liturgies, traditions and customs (especially those of the five great mother-rites—Latin, Greek, Syrian, Armenian and Coptic) are equally at home in it, and who does not also recognize that the separated portions of those rites, such as the State Churches of Russia, Greece, Bulgaria and Roumania, the Schismatic Greek Church of Turkey, the Gregorian Armenians, the Nestorians and the Monophysite Syrians, Copts and Abyssinians, are all mere sects, having, in spite of the valid orders of their clergy, no part nor lot in the Catholic name, whatever may be the measure of their "orthodoxy."

The "Greek Catholic Church" or "the Greek Church," signifies, in Catholic language, the portions of the Greek rite and its derivative rites which are in union with the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman See. There is only one true Greek Catholic Patriarch in our days, the Patriarch of Antioch of the Greeks; and, as there is

no legitimate Patriarchal authority except that derived from the Papal, the Greek Schismatic "Patriarchs" of Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria should rather be considered and called Pseudo-Patriarchs. The real Patriarchate of Constantinople of the Greeks is administered by an Apostolic Delegate, and the Greek Patriarchates of Jerusalem and Alexandria are ruled by Vicars Patriarchal in the name of His Beatitude of Antioch, who is the Apostolic Administrator. Similarly with the other rites, His Beatitude Cyril II. (of Alexandria of the Copts) is the only real Patriarch in Egypt, notwithstanding the existence of Monophysite and Greek Pseudo-Patriarchs there; the Patriarch of Antioch of the Syrians, being in fellowship with the Holy See, is the only legitimate head of the pure Syrian rite; the Patriarch of Babylon the only legitimate head of the Chaldean rite; and the Patriarch of Cilicia the only legitimate head of the Armenian Church.

Owing to a lack of understanding of the true Catholic phraseology and of the fundamental organization of the Catholic Church, it frequently happens that Catholic newspapers and even magazines, especially in matter reproduced from the secular press and relating to separated non-Latin Christians, use language which amounts to an utter repudiation of Catholic principles, thus diffusing and perpetuating among the people not only incorrect language but unsound ideas.

The habitual use of thoroughly Catholic language, especially in referring to the Oriental rites, would go far towards removing the veil which hangs over the minds and hearts of would-be Catholics among the Episcopalian and other sectaries, who still consider the Latin Church as coterminous with the Roman Communion, and cherish the delusion that there exists in the Orient a great and united international Church independent of Rome, which they absurdly call the "Greek Catholic Church."

In dealing with those who thus cling to the "Branch Theory," and call the True Church "Roman Catholic," in contradis-

tinction to the imaginary "Anglican Catholic" and "Greek Catholic" Churches, it is often necessary to use some term at which they cannot cavil, to designate what we mean by the Church. For this purpose the expression "the Roman Communion," "the Roman Fellowship," or even "the Roman Obedience," may be properly used; for, as it plainly designates the whole body of Christians in communion with the Holy Apostolic See, it is entirely unambiguous, and yet leaves an opponent no room to quibble, while not involving any such concession to heresy as is involved in the words "Roman Catholic."

What is universal cannot be limited by a geographical adjective. To say "Roman Universality" is preposterous; either the universality is absolute or it is non-existent.

There are only two features of the Catholic Church that are Roman; its doctrine and its headship. No Church is Catholic which does not acknowledge the supreme authority of the Holy Roman Church and enjoy its recognition, and agree with it in those conditions which it makes a condition of its fellowship.

Only a portion of the Latin, Greek and Syrian Churches are subject to the Patriarchal (as distinguished from its Papal or Supreme) jurisdiction of the Roman Church; only the pure Latin rite employs its language; only a portion of the Latin Church uses its liturgy and ritual; a still smaller fragment of the Latin Church is governed by its canon law, while the Churches that even approximately follow its ordos are very exceptional, except in the United States.

And yet those Churches that are least Roman in any of these respects are no less Catholic; and some that are most Roman (like the Jansenist Church of Utrecht, which uses the Roman language, ritual, liturgy and canon law, professes the Roman faith, save in a few particulars, acknowledges the Roman Patriarchal and Papal supremacy, and is actually known popularly as the "Old-Roman" Church) are not Catholic at all. Rome itself has always sought to restrain, even by ex-

isolation, those victims of a mis-
 al who imagine that in servilely
 and borrowing Roman ecclesi-
 astoms they are showing them-
 atholic above others,
 en though it were desirable or
 o endeavor to extend the lan-
 turgy, ritual, law and calendar
 oms of the Holy Roman Church
 arts of the Catholic Church, and
 igh that end should some time be
 in spite of the present Papal ef-
 a contrary direction, the fact
 ill remain that the Church, One,
 atholic and Apostolic, needs no
 ame, and that there is no such
 a "Roman Catholic," except a
 belonging in some way to the
 rovince or living in some of the
 d cities in various states and
 that have borrowed the Roman

is only one religious body (un-
 ther exception must be made in
 the little Jansenist sect already
 to) which is, or ever has been,
 entitled "Roman Catholic," and
 the Independent Polish Roman
 Church of the United States,"
 a mere sect and a peculiarly
 and evil one.

s one final argument not hitherto
 u, which of itself would be far
 u sufficient to forever put the
 of the name "Roman Catholic,"
 ere be, out of court. The Church
 is one with the Church in Pur-
 d the Church in Heaven. There-
 ame is applicable to the Church
 yfarers which is not equally ap-

plicable to the portion of the Church
 which has passed to its purification or its
 reward. The Church Triumphant is cer-
 tainly not Roman; neither is the Church
 Expectant, and therefore the Church Mil-
 tant cannot be so called.

Any one who holds that the Catholic
 Church on this planet is anything less
 than the terrestrial portion of the One
 Church of the whole Macrocosm, the So-
 ciety of the Possessors of Supernatural
 Life, whether angels or men (or any
 other kind of rational and redeemed
 creatures, if such there ever be, in any of
 the solar systems of boundless space),
 throughout the universe, is no true Cath-
 olic or has no adequate conception of the
 real majesty of the Church.

The One Holy Catholic Church existed
 in Heaven before the creation of man-
 kind, and on earth more than three mil-
 leniums, at least, before the foundation of
 the city of Rome. The fallen angels were
 the first sect that rebelled against it; and
 all the pagan religions represent sects
 that arose by prehistoric secessions from
 the faith and fellowship of the Catholic
 Church during its patriarchal stage.

The word "Apostolic" may be properly
 applied to the Church, for it is capable of
 being understood in a sense for higher
 and more significant than any historical
 one; but to call the Absolute Religion,
 the holy fellowship of the whole super-
 naturalized Cosmos, in all worlds, even
 to the high Empyrean (which is its real
 home and seat), the name of any terres-
 trial town would be as absurd as to try
 to tie the galaxies of the firmament to a
 gate-post.

violated, who can be
 mother and yet undefiled?
 any age a woman see
 at once and mother of a child?
 thyself, great Mother, thou alone
 sex this title canst receive;
 y free from all contagion
 touch, a Body didst conceive.

Thy spotless chastity did not impeach
 Thy wondrous Child-birth, nor that birth
 again

Make in thy virgin's fortress any breach.
 Pray, I beseech thee, that I may refrain
 From each lascivious, wanton, vain desire,
 And to thy purity in part aspire.

—Rev. Laurence Anderton, S. J.

BETSY GANNON'S STORY.

ALIDA M. BIBBY.

"Folks says I was 'a goose'; what do you say? But, Lord bless you, you can't say nothin' till I tell my story; it was so many, many years ago; and he is dead now."

The eyes of the old story-teller grew dim and a tear trickled down the furrowed cheek.

"I loved him," she continued, "though he done me harm in all those years for all the good I done him; but the good Book says, 'Do good to those that hate you.' No, I don't want to say he hated me; it makes me feel faint here," and the wrinkled, trembling hand pressed the heart that had nigh been broken. The old lady continued her story:

"The lad was han'some and had a soft, gentle way that won you right over to him. 'Tis nigh upon thirty year ago, but I can remember it as if 'twere only last night that he came to me in distress. It was in the winter time, when the snow like a great white coverlet lay along the roads and hedges and the cold froze the blood in one's veins. This night was without star to shine nor moon to give a ray of light. You ask me if I lived here then? Ycs, I have been here for sixty years. Why should I leave the place where I have been so happy nigh all my life, even though I have been 'a goose,' as some folks say?

"I have been blind-like; for I thought I was doin' my duty by the lad, but so it is. They say often 'she is as angel in disguise'; but I often think I was the devil in disguise to the boy; for, if he hadn't found shelter under my roof he might have been better off; but the dear Lord knowed my heart was lonesome arter my old man and he would give me somethin' to warm it like.

"So, I often says to myself: 'Betsy Gannon, the Lord trusted the lad with you and you done your duty, if folks do say

you was a goose.' " After a few minutes' pause, in which she heaved a weary sigh, she continued: "Well, sir, the Lord bless you for takin' sech pleasure like in an old woman nigh eighty year old as to hear her story. It is now up'ard of sixty year since me and my man was married and come to live here in this cottage—like two doves we was, he and I, in a little nest. We was well-to-do folks and happy as the two doves a cooin' and billin'." Here the old face assumed a smile, but only for a moment, for it soon clouded again as she proceeded:

"Well, sir, we was happy, as I says; he a blacksmith, makin' often four dollars a day, and me washin' for the rich folks in the town, gettin' up'ard of ten dollars a week. We livd this way for twenty year. My man, honored and respected by all, and the young maids and women all loved me, for I was kind to them and generous; for we might be called at that time as bein' rich; we was savin' in our younger days and put our money in the bank till, at the end o' twenty year, we had two thousand dollars. Then the sad day come when the good man sickened and died and the sunlight was darkened like for me, for I had no one to live for and I was so lonesome I felt I would die.

"But my heart was strong and I was still young. I had to live till the Lord called me; so I tucked away my grief and contin'ed my work. But often, sir, on the long winter evenin's, I would sit with my book tryin' to read while the tears streamed from my eyes." Here another pause, and the old woman sat still in a reverie of painful thought, with each withered hand lying listlessly upon a knee, her head bent in reflection. So long did she remain in this attitude that I looked at her with pity, saying: "My heart has been wrung with sorrow, too; I have lost a wife and son, so I have compassion for

you." This roused her from her reverie and looking up she said:

"Oh, sir, you are kind to say that; but when I git to the end of my story p'raps you'll say like the others that I was 'a goose.' Well, it don't matter much, for my course is nigh run, and the Lord knows if I be silly or not. Now to come to my sad story quicker: One evenin' in the cold, snowy winter, five year arter my good man's death, I was sittin' stupid-like in this very room—but, oh, it was a deal nicer then, for it had a bright rag carpet on the floor, pictures on the walls, curtings at the winders and bits o' ornaments to make it pretty like.

"Well, I was sittin' with the lamp a burnin' on the table and the winders shut, for it was bitter cold; a fire was a dyin' on the hearth, I r'member—a pictur' of life that was dyin' in my heart; the clock on the chimbley piece had jest struck ten. I shook myself, sayin', 'Come, Betsy, it's time to lay your lone bones to rest.' I was jest takin' the lamp in my hand to go upstairs when I heard a bustle like at the door. I stopped and listened; it come ag'in like a tiny moan, ag'in and ag'in. I was startled like and set down pale. At last I said to myself: 'Betsy Gannon, what are you a thinkin' of? P'raps it is one starvin' and perishin' with the cold; open the door this minute!' And jest as I was goin' to the door the winder next it was opened wide and quicker than a shot in leaped a young man.

"I did not holler, for, as I said afore, my nerves were strong; but when I looked at him, all smeared with blood, I commenced a shiverin'. I screwed up my courage, as they says, and asked him why he did not wait, as decent folks do, till the door was opened. To which he says, a-comin' very near to me and speakin' low—he was so tall he had to stoop to whisper to me—and he says: 'Only give me shelter and I will not harm you. I knocked twice and you did not hear me. I ask pardon for comin' in by the winder. I will be accused unjustly and have come to you for safety.'

"My first feelin's told me to open the

door and say, 'Get along with you'; but then I thought 'p'raps he tells the truth, and how sinful it would be in me to turn him away.' This thought to myself as he crouched like a dog afore me, a'pleadin' to me for mercy. I felt big tears of pity startin' in my eyes and a lump chokin' my throat.

"I stood the lamp on the table, and I says to him, a placin' a chair near me, 'Set yourself, young man, and tell me who you be!'

"He come creepin' up like a cat and set down on the chair by the table so that the lamplight fell clear on his face. Then I seed a big bloody cut on his white forehead; his light brown hair was all topsyturvy, and the drops of blood runnin' down his face and a tricklin' on his clothes. He was comely in face, for the eyes was large, dark and searchin'-like; his 'plexion fair, white and smooth, without freckle." Here old Betsy sadly said: "I can't say without specks, for the blood ran faster and faster, so I went to my basket and made a bandage, and arter bathin' his poor head I tied the rag about it. All this time as I come in and out a flurrin' to git somethin' hot for him to drink he cast his mild eyes upon me beseechin'-like, and I said to myself, 'Betsy, that pair of mild eyes couldn't look at you while tellin' a lie!'

"Well, sir, the hot drink set the lad up, for I could see he was young, although nigh six foot high. Arter a while, oh, he thanked me, sir, in sich a mild, sweet voice that my lone widdied heart went out to him; and I said agin, 'There be somethin' good in the lad.' I said then, a sittin' down: 'What be you accused of, young man? If you swear your story be true I will do my best to save you.' Then he says, a takin' my hand like a son:

"'I swear to you by my dead mother that all my story is true.'

"Then he told me, sir, his story; that he was the son of a rich merchant a livin' in New York; that he, hisself, went to school in the great city. At an early age his mother died, and one year arter his father forsook him—if you can call sich

men fathers, for I can't. Then he was ten year old, and he lived alone and uncared for. He boarded the train one day and come out to Jersey, where he did odd jobs for folks in different towns. This way he made a livin'. At last, arter two year, a wanderin' from place to place, he found a home with a farmer six mile from here, but he never heard agin of his father.

"He lived with the farmer six year, which everybody told him was strange-like, as he was so mean and stingy to every one. He was hated and had no friends, and often quarreled with all his farm hands. But Harry—that was the lad's name—got along well with him and all was peaceable-like atween them. The farmer even sent the boy to the town school, where he learnt very quick.

"Things went on well until the day afore the lad come here. The old farmer was crosser than usual that day, and that evenin' he had a quarrel with two of his men, and he threatened to lower their wages. That much he told to Harry. But how the quarrel begin he would not tell. Himself and the lad was the only ones asides from a cook in the house. On that evenin' him and Harry had their supper by a big fire in the farm kitchen, as it was freezin' cold, as I said afore. The cook she had asked leave to go out to see a friend who was dyin' and she must be with her. She left the supper all ready and the tea a standin' on the range. The farmer he eat a deal and drink two cups o' tea, but Harry wasn't hungry, so only took some bread and butter and a draught o' milk. Well, sir, don't be tired a listenin', for I am comin' to the end.

"A half hour arter supper the old man was took with spasms and rolled on the floor a groanin' and moanin' with pain. The lad, he done what he could, but there was no one in the house or anywhere near to go for the doctor, so the poor boy was in an awful plight. All hope of doin' any good was soon gone, and the farmer was dead upon the floor. Oh, sir, think on it. If that poor boy of eighteen had been found alone in the house with the corpse he would have been imprisoned for mur-

der. Think, for the innocent one, how awful! And yet, sir, how many what's innocent suffer for the wicked?" Here Betsy's eyes filled with tears for the third time during her narration.

"All these thoughts kindled-like in the lad's mind, and he seed all the harm of the futur' arisin' fore him if he remained alone in the house. So near crazed with grief and fright the poor lad bolted-like through the kitchen door and run with all his might, and his long legs soon covered the six mile.

"But he ran in the darkness agin a tree and near knocked his brains out, and that's what made the gash in his head.

"It was nigh on three o'clock that night afore I sent the lad to bed in the spare room; but I did not close an eye that night. In the mornin' he come down stairs lookin' so pale and haggard and his eyes so sad and pleadin' that I a'most cried when I looked at him. He walked to where I was standin' and took my big, rough hand in his and said: 'I have no home; let me stay with you and be your son.' I jest couldn't keep in another moment, and put my arms around the boy's neck and had a big cry, and then I begin actin' like a goose, as folks says. Well, I jest couldn't help it, and that's all.

"I coaxed him to eat some breakfast, and then I come to the conclusi'n that he had better go to New York for safety. I had a sister there keepin' a lodgin' house, and I sent him there to git him out of harm's way. I had saved another thousand dollars in those five year, and I be then continuin' to make ten dollars a week in summer and half that in winter. So I gave the lad forty dollars as a start and sent him to my sister, who was took with him even more then me.

"The next mornin' I took up the town paper and read the findin' of the farmer's dead body alone in the house and not a soul anywhere on the place. The body was taken to the Coroner's office, and the doctor's 'xamination proved he had been poisoned. Men were a-searchin' the country for weeks arter the murder and the house watched for to see if any one come,

but the house is vacant now and it has been for thirty year—ever since that dreadful night. Two men was found a prowlin' 'round the farm, catched and brought for trial; but nothin' could make them tell where the woman was. They confessed a comin' back afore daylight and robbin' the body of its gold watch and chain and one hundred dollars in greenbacks. They was imprisoned, but set free in three year, as there was no witnesses to the crime.

"Arter the men was captured I sent for Harry to come to me. My sister had growed to love him in that year, and we both put money together to pay for him to learn to play the fiddle and to speak French. Well, as I says, he come to me at the end of the year and was handsomer and more beautiful in his manners than when he first come. He was fat, healthy and that searchin' look had left his eyes.

"We was so happy, him and me! The Lord favored me, for I had more washin' arter he come back thin ever afore, and the money went into the bank quicker each year. Me and the hired man done all the work, for Harry was too much of a gintleman to soil his hands. He was not unwillin' to, but I would not let him do nothin' but play on his fiddle.

"Things went on happy for ten year, and Harry went round a givin' lessons on his fiddle, and often when he come home at night from the city he brought me presents bought with the money he had made.

"My sister what kept the lodgin' house died, and as she had no kin or kind save me a-livin', she left her money to me—six thousand dollars. Harry he wanted me to go to New York and see somethin' of the world. I told him might go if he wanted to, but I wouldn't leave the home where my good man died, even for him. I was nigh sixty year old, and as to the world, I knowed enough of its evil through the newspapers.

"But the boy wouldn't go without me. So I hired a woman to cook to comfort the lad and done more work myself, as I was near crazy a-keepin' still; for the Lord

never made me to be with nothin' to do like a grand lady.

"Arter a while, when I began to get the interest of the money left me, Harry he begin to want to see the world and got restless-like. I didn't blame him, for I knowed the rovin' spirit of the young. So he gave up teachin' the fiddle and I sent him to different places on stays of months; sometimes one, sometimes two. Then he come home full of all the wonders he seed in the big cities, and every time he come he was more gentle and grateful-like to me for all I was a-doin' for him. But I knowed I could do for him and have enough for my old age when I could do no more work.

"I suppose, sir, I was too good to him and trusted him too much. But I couldn't write, and he drawed all my checks, I jest signin' the cross; and every visit Harry made I let him draw a check for the expenses, but I was pretty sharp, as I thought, and never allowed him to draw more then two hundred dollars at a clip.

"I was very proud of him, for he was han'some; and he told me of the grand folks he met on his trips; and, sir, I did dress my Harry nice, although I do say it, for I was awful proud on him, as I said afore; and when he come home and stayed with me two and three months at a time I was the happiest, proudest old woman livin'. When all dressed in my beautiful black silk gown that he brought to me from New York I walked at his side a leanin' on his arm on our way to church, I felt I could not think more on him if he had been my own son." Noticing the tears gathering again in the old eyes of Betsy, I said: "It is too distressing for you to finish your story."

"Nay, sir," she resumed. "My heart is well nigh broken and it will soothe me like to tell it all. But wait and I will git his pictur'. P'raps you would like to see it afore you hear the end."

"No, no," said I. "Finish your story first." What my motive was for saying this I have often wondered.

"Well, sir," she answered, "jist as you please. We lived this way for nineteen

year. Two year afore I had to give up doin' any work, as I was near on seventy, and Harry begged so hard, a-sayin' all the time, 'I had made money enough,' and he knowed, so I jist give up, a-sayin', 'I would rest till the Lord called me.'

"We little know what we are sayin' half the time! For six months arter that my Harry was took down with a fever what the doctor said he would never git over. I set beside his bed a-watchin' him day and night, and all the time he was a-sayin' in his crazy-like way—for he hadn't his senses—'Money, more money! the old hag doesn't give me enough, and I must get more.' He was not in his right mind, my poor Harry; but he made my old heart ache to hear him a-callin' me, that had been so good to him, 'an old hag.'" Betsy paused here, overcome, to wipe her eyes with the corner of her clean but ragged apron.

"That evenin'," she resumed, the poor lad died without so much as knowin' me. So, sir, I was alone agin and left to grow old without a strong arm to lean on, what I expected to have from my Harry when I would be helpless, but the dear Lord knowed best! But if the partin' had been all it would not have broke my heart so much; but, oh, sir!" and a flood of tears gushed from old Betsy's eyes, "the Lord didn't will the harm he done his benefactor, a-coverin' it up durin' his life, as he did, by makin' presents and blarneyin' me," resumed she, as her tears dried. "When I knowed I had to put him in the church yard I said to him, a-bendin' my head: 'Since I have no one left to me, I will not spare any money in givin' you a fine restin' place, my lad.' I even had made up the writin' what was to be on the tombstone, which was, 'He brightened the lone heart of a poor widder, and that made up his life.' For then, sir, I didn't know what my boy had done."

"Arter a little spell, when the first of my grief had worn off, I send to the bank for three hundred dollars. The message come back I had but fifty dollars left."

"You were robbed!" I exclaimed.

The poor old soul bowed her head in affirmation as she covered her face with

both hands and gave a long sob, repeating: "My poor Harry; my poor boy. He was crazy-like; he couldn't mean to harm me!"

I asked her when she was calmer how she knew for a certainty that he was the thief.

"The man what gives the money at the bank," said she, "told me that Harry often drew five hundred or sometimes even eight hundred dollars in my name, and as I never called to the bank myself the man never knowed the difference, and Harry's cross couldn't be told from mine what was on the oter bit of paper. That arternoon, learnin' his crime, I come home broken-hearted and kneeled at his side, took his poor cold hand in mine, and, sir, I felt my eyes and head a burnin', but I couldn't shed a tear. At last I said, kissein' his brow: 'May the Lord forgive you, as this lone old woman does, my poor Harry! You had no father to learn you better.' And instead of the fine tombstone and restin' place he is lyin' in a lot knee deep in grass; but in spring and summer the wild flowers grow there and the birds chirp an sing, and I fancy-like the Lord has forgiven him, 'cause the birds sing and the flowers bloom on his grave."

After a few moments, rising feebly, she said to me: "But I will show you his picture. He was so strong and han'some, and it was took of him when he was seventeen."

Returning, she placed a photograph in my hand of a truly noble-looking boy, whose head was covered with a mass of curly hair and the eyes beneath the high forehead seemed to gaze intently at me. I had seen them before—the features—the nose and mouth—surely I had seen them at an earlier date than now. Great heaven! Could it be? His name was Harry, she said; and I—I had a boy by that name, too, whom I had not seen since his tenth year.

Merciful Providence! Was the father's evil doings to meet with this crisis? A mist gathered between me and the photograph. It might only be a strong resemblance to my boy. I had not asked his surname.

Then I said, steadying my voice as much as possible: "You did not tell me his last name; Harry what?"

Old Betsy awoke from her sad reverie and said, mournfully: "Bless you, sir, old Betsy only heard it once, and it is so long ago I 'most forgit it, but seems to me it is somethin' like Underwood or Under—somethin', that I know."

I was lost in thought as I still held the picture. Great heavens! I said within my breast, it is my son! For my name is Underhill. But the old woman must never know. How shall I atone? And rising, I returned the photograph to her, saying: "The boy's history has made me weep. He had *no* father; you are right." Then, taking my purse from my pocket, I handed it to her, saying: "Take this, but do not thank me. I shall be your friend as long as you live."

Her withered hand shook as she took it,

and the old eyes swam with tears, but I could not prevent her crying: "Oh, sir, the Lord will bless you, for you have been good to the widder!" And in her gratitude she almost knelt before me and grasping my hand she said: "But tell me, sir, do you think I was a goose?"

"No, my good woman," I succeeded in saying. "God will bless you for taking care of the outcast."

And so saying, I parted from old Betsy, saddened, indeed, leaving her to bless my undeserving name.

A year from that eventful day I laid old Betsy Gannon beside my unfortunate boy in a finely kept graveyard plot. On a glistening white column bearing the name, birth and death of each, was the inscription: "To her who befriended the child-outcast the Lord has raised up a friend in time of need, even he whose days were wasted and spent in idleness."

OUR LADY'S TREASURY.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

One who loved our Lady as a Mother
In sweet strains has told
Of the treasury of celestial graces.

Richer far than gold,
Opened by the jeweled key of Aves
To her clients given
By the Maid Immaculate, God's Mother,
Queen of earth and Heaven.

All the mysteries of Christ's life and pas-
sion,

All its joy and pain,
In the mirror of its meditations
Are revealed again.
How they speak to us, these glowing pic-
tures
Of our Saviour's love,
Who, to rescue us from sin's dominion,
Left His throne above,

Suffered earthly sorrow and privation,
Bitter anguish bore,
That Heaven's gate God's justice closed to
mortals

Might be opened once more
To the hosts that, following in His foot-
steps

Till life's cross laid down
At His wounded feet receive the guerdon
Of His mercy's crown.

We whose souls bow to the fascination
Of joy's glittering dross
Thrill with awe before the great oblation
Offered on the Cross,
Tremble in the cloud the world enfolding
Till its love pierced gloom
Brightens with the Easter dawn, behold-
ing

Jesus rise triumphant from the tomb.

Thus through joy, through sorrow and through glory
Do our thoughts ascend,
Following the heaven-inspired story
Holy hands have penned.
And our Lady, Keeper of Love's treasure,
Listens—intercedes,
And behold, in overflowing measure,
Grace supplies our needs.

SALVE REGINA.

REV. BERNARD COTHONAY, O. P.

We have no certainty as to the authorship of the sweet antiphon *Salve Regina*, but the opinion prevails that Adhemar of Monteil, Bishop of Puy, composed it in the eleventh century, inspired by the appeal of Urban II. and the thrilling cry of Peter the Hermit, that the Land sanctified by the footsteps of the Incarnate Deity should be wrested from the desecrating hand of the Moslem.

The prayer, *Salve Regina*, breathes a tender love of the Mother of Mercy and an intense confidence in her signal mediation in behalf of her devoted clients. Impressive, indeed, is the solemn chanting of the *Salve Regina*, processionally, in all Dominican churches at the end of Compline—a solemn “good night” to the Mother of Mercy, a fitting close to the day spent in the service of her Divine Son. *Eia ergo advocata nostra* springs from the heart to the lips of eminent theologians, eloquent preachers, humble lay-brothers and suppliant penitent.

“Turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us, and after this, our exile, deign to show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!” Sublime, yet beautiful in its simplicity—transporting the soul to the realm of future joys, where the tears of this terrestrial exile will cease to flow.

Of the impressive character of the liturgical chant in the ceremonies of the Church we have ample testimony; of the efficacy of this form of community prayer we have many instances; of its harmonies there can be no doubt; religiously interpreted, its value is significant. The following tribute of a Carthusian monk is an eloquent appreciation:

“How moving are those perpetual sighs of the monastic chant! How full of joy to heaven and how consoling to earth these accents of the liturgical prayer, that

are as the voice of earth crying to heaven, and as the voice of heaven resounding on earth! God hearkens to them and men appreciate them. God hears them as the purest accents of earth, and men realize in them the nearest echoes of heaven.

“This is the double signet of heaven and earth, the plain chant, so grave and so sweet, so calm and so majestic, so mournful and so imploring. When you have penetrated into a cloister, you behold those figures of monks, serene and silent, gliding like shadows under the arches of their living tomb; one might say like spirits. They enter the church, follow them. After a few moments of silence that proclaims the intercourse between heaven and earth, hear how slow and plaintive arises the chant whose notes proceed in a modulation apparently monotonous, but singularly impressive. And during long hours, these doves moan before the tabernacle uttering to God the desires of earth, and to the earth the desires of God. If, in the clothing of the chant, you understand the words which it clothes, you will realize, at the same time—all the majesty of God, and all the misery of man. You will also understand why and how the souls of true monks are so elevated. How slowly, drop by drop, each note of the chant distils a drop of the Divine into the soul of the monk, and a drop of the human into the ear of God. Do you not, accordingly, recognize the power of ascending? Do you not perceive their most intimate manifestation, the relation of the human soul with God? You see that, like the nightingale, this soul never disrelishes its chant. It chants, and chants; for hours the notes are slow and grave, yet still, sweet and joyous, they follow each other without interruption. And when they have finished, you can see their countenances beaming joyfully, their bod-

the, their hearts contented. It is returning from a joyful festival. Three hours will not have elapsed you will see the same festivity re-ence, with the same calm joy, the grave earnestness. God and man come together, and again, in the of the liturgical chant, you will hear oice of earth and the echoes of a. Such is the life of the monk."

custom of singing the Antiphon *Regina*, processionally, after Com- in Dominican communities, had its with Saint Dominic himself. It was ned at Paris in 1226, under Blessed 1, then Master-General of the Order, ammemorative thanksgiving to the of Heaven for her powerful protec- f Saint Dominic's children from the f Satan. The custom of singing the when a friar is dying, has its origin istoric incident of pathetic interest. he city of Sandomir, in Poland, d Sadoc in quality of friar, governed ent community of forty-eight relig- . On the first day of June, 1260, the

novice, who was reading in a loud voice the martyrology, saw in it suddenly in- scribed in golden letters the names of all the brethren. The holy prior compre- hended the warning from heaven. In fact, on the following day, while in the choir, the community was chanting the *Salve Regina*, the Tartars, having taken the city by assault, forced the doors of the monas- tery and massacred the religious at the foot of the altar. According to tradition, the chants commenced on earth were heard terminating in Paradise, and the Blessed Virgin was seen to open to her children the gates of heaven.

This joyous practice has been perpetu- ated by the brethren. Consoling, indeed, to the faithful child of Saint Dominic at the supreme moment of death, is the knowledge that the Mother of Mercy, whom he has daily called his "life," his "sweetness" and his "hope," will unite her petitions with those of his brethren to ob- tain for him the privilege of chanting the praises of his beloved Queen for all eter- nity.

CRADLE SONG.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER, M. D.

He one! O close thine eyes!
O, my dearie; do, my dearie!
Drows kiss the ev'ning skies,
So dreary, O so dreary.
He chimes come slowly stealing
He willows, full of feeling,
They bring me peals of gladness,
They soothe the thoughts of sadness,
While I whisper, sweet and low,
Sleep, O sleep, my baby, O."

Sleep, O sleep, my dearie, do!
Do, my dearie; do, my dearie!
Two wee eyes, so bright and blue,
They are weary, they are weary.
Hush! the Dream-man's coming, coming!
Hear him calling, hear him humming!
On the field the frost is lying,
And the breezes they are sighing,
While I whisper, sweet and low,
"Sleep, O sleep, my baby, O."

Hark! I sing a hush-a-bye
To my dearie, to my dearie;
And I kiss, where roses lie,
Cheeks of dearie, O so weary.
Gentle voices joy are bringing,
For thee, dearie, they are singing;
All night through a love-watch keeping,
O'er thy cradle, angels peeping,
Whisper, ever sweet and low:
"Sleep, O sleep, my baby, O."

A BIT OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY.

ESPERANZA.

III.

A few years, however, would have put an end to the new community—which consisted of the two Fernandinos, Fr. Joaquín José Jimeno and Fr. Antonio Jimeno, the two Zacatecanos, Fr. Gonzalez Rubio and Fr. Francisco Sanchez—unless new blood could be infused. With no lay brothers to do the necessary housework and an insufficient number of fathers, the hospice was doomed from the start. Besides, the venture was intended to be a preliminary step, merely, towards a regular missionary college or seminary for the education and training of young men who should take the places of the old fathers in spreading the faith among the Indians of the interior, and in attending places for which secular priests could not be obtained. Hence, it was absolutely necessary to collect a number of young men having an unmistakable vocation for such work, otherwise all the great plans would miscarry.

California, at that period, was thronged with adventurers; the Indians about Santa Barbara had already disappeared; no candidates were to be expected from among them; and, as for the Spanish population, it was but a degree above the Indian in its love for religion. Fr. Oruño, of the missionary college of San Fernando, therefore undertook the task of enlisting the interest of candidates for the priesthood in greatly despised Spain—the fruitful mother of American missionaries. The results of his efforts were three young Catalonians who had already made the preliminary studies for the priesthood; recruits who volunteered to leave their homes and relatives in order to devote themselves to missionary work in California under the banner of S. Francis. While the three candidates were preparing to cross the Atlantic, the fathers at Santa Barbara hastened to prepare suit-

able quarters for their reception; but right here some difficulty arose which nearly deprived Santa Barbara of the enterprise, for the question of moving the whole establishment to Santa Cruz was seriously mooted. However, Archbishop Alemany, ever the staunch friend of his poor Franciscans, settled the matter by means of the following document:

Inasmuch as our dear brothers, the religious of S. Francis, have planted and cultivated the holy Catholic faith in our diocese with apostolic zeal and with great benefit to souls, we gladly permit them to establish an Apostolic College for the missions in our diocese, for which purpose we transfer to them the mission of Santa Barbara, in such a way, however, that the Very Rev. Fr. Jose Gonzalez del Rubio remain pastor of the congregation as long as he desires, and also that he may always occupy the parts, cells and rooms of the mission that may suit him.

"Given at San Francisco, Upper California, April 18, 1853.

+ FR. JOSEPH SADOE ALEMANY, O. P.,

Bishop of Monterey, Up. Cal.

P. S.—The quarters set apart for the Rev. Fr. Gonzalez shall be subject to the disposition of the Superior of the College above named, after the death or departure of said Fr. Gonzalez.

+ FR. JOSEPH SADOE ALEMANY, O. P.,

Bishop of Monterey, Up. Cal.

FR. JOAQUÍN JIMENO, Pro. Secr.

Many of the old Mission buildings had gone to ruin whilst they were in charge of the "Comisionados" and "Administradores" appointed by the Governor when the decree of secularization deprived the missionaries of all control of mission property; others were unfit for the purpose they were sent to serve. It was then discovered that after the Vicar-General had made his choice of rooms, little re-

ed, and that the expense of repairing modeling would be heavier than the ruotion of new buildings. Fr. Jimeno, fore, again consulted Bishop Ale. His Lordship thought the little of Santa Barbara would after all be ch better place for the new institu- because the people would be bene- by the college and its priests, whereas rent distance made it impossible for to attend service and instruction at old Mission. To this proposition the rs agreed, and the Bishop then au- zed them to construct a house for selves in the town, and to erect a h as well. Fr. Jimeno accordingly ased the site now occupied by the hial church and residence. Early in a convent was built and one of its ments arranged for an oratory until ew church could be finished. The h was constructed from the remains e old presidio church, which had rily been used by the soldiers and re on Sundays and holy days of ation. The new college and convent ings were completed in July, the ation taking place on the twenty- of that month. On this occasion the tion of the three young Spaniards the Franciscan Order took place. record of this memorable event in istory of Santa Barbara and of the iscans on the Pacific Coast is of in- t, as it was written on the same day r. Gonzalez Rubio:

this city and port of Santa Barbara, r California, and diocese of Monterey, unday, July 23, 1854, the Very Rev. ose Maria de Gonzalez Rubio, Vicar- ral of the diocese, the Very Rev. Fr. Joaquin Jimeno, Commissary Prefect e Missions, the fathers missionaries tolic, Antonio Jimeno and Francisco Jesus Sanchez, and the honorable ico, Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, ther with many other gentlemen and eat many of the people having assem- in the chapel of the house destined our apostolic college of missionaries he regular observance of our Father rancia—which chapel was arranged in

the main part of the building whilst the church is under construction, and which for the solemn celebration was decorated in the best manner possible—at nine o'clock in the morning of said day, high Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Vicar-General, assisted by the Commissary Prefect, Fr. Jose Joaquin Jimeno, and Fr. Francisco Sanchez. After the first gospel the Apostolic Letter of our Holy Father Pius IX., dated February 28, 1852, was read, together with those of our Most Rev. Delegate-General, Fr. Antonio de Rignano, dated Ara Coeli, April 1, 1852; likewise, the permission, given in writing on January 6, 1853, by the Most Rev. Fr. Joseph Alemany—then Bishop of the diocese and now Archbishop of San Francisco—was published with the record of the founding of the hospice dated February 7, 1853, in which the Most Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany and the Very Rev. Fr. Guardian of San Fernando, Mexico, Fr. Jesus Oruño, had concurred personally and given authority.

Thereupon, Fr. Francisco de Jesus Sanchez delivered an address suitable to the occasion. After high Mass the new Apostolic College of our Lady of Sorrows was declared erected in view of the letters quoted, of the written and verbal wishes of the Right Rev. Diocesan Bishop, of the clergy, and of the public who desired the said establishment. The Very Rev. Jose Joaquin Jimeno was acknowledged as the Superior of the community in accordance with the directions of the Most Rev. Delegate, in the absence, on account of irritations, of the Most Rev. Minister-General.

At five o'clock, the same day, the bells having been rung three times, the persons before mentioned, and a great multitude of people having assembled, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin was recited in the new chapel. At its close, after the manner prescribed by our constitutions, and after a touching address in keeping with so edifying a ceremony, delivered by the Superior—Fr. Jose Joaquin Jimeno—the habit of S. Francis was given to Jose Godoy, Francisco Codina and Jose Alcina; the habit of lay brothers was bestowed

upon Geronimo Lopez and Jose Hermenegildo Salgado. With the conclusion of this ceremony the novitiate of this Apostolic Seminary of our Lady of Sorrows was solemnly and legally declared opened, amid the joy and edification of those assembled, the ringing of bells, the discharge of cannon and muskets, and followed by other festive demonstrations.

In order that there always might be found a faithful and lasting record of the whole proceedings, complying with an

order of the Very Rev. Fr. Superior, Fr. Jose Joaquin Jimeno, I, the undersigned secretary, have drawn up the present document, of which three copies have been signed by all the persons named before, to which I certify, and which I likewise sign in this city of Santa Barbara on the date as above.

FR. JOSE MARIA DE JESUS GONZALEZ RUBIO,
Vicar-General of Monterey, California.

Virgin of Virgins, thou the first did make
The sacred vow of spotless chastity,
Through which example many now forsake
The vain world's frail delights to follow thee;
In the whole course of thy life's blessed race
All the perfections of virginity,
As in a clear unblemished looking glass,

Mother Unspotted, thou art Moses' Bush
Which flamed indeed, yet was not burned at all;
Thou art the Woman whose blest Seed should crush
The serpent's head, for to repair our fall.
As in hot furnace Israel's Three Young-men
The Almighty's praises did untouched sing;

O Queen of Virgins, thou the glorious crown
And chiefest grace art of that spotless state;
Thy sacred womb to man was never known;
Yet he's thy Child, who doth hell's pride abate;
Thou though a Mother, yet without compare
Than purest virgins wast by far more pure

Mother of God—oh, rare prerogative:
Oh, glorious title—what more special grace
Could unto thee thy dear Son, dread God, give
To show how far thou dost all creatures pass?
That mighty power within the narrow fold
Did of thy ne'er polluted womb remain,
Whom, whiles he doth th' all-ruling Sceptic hold,

In their true colours well reflected be,
Yet though a Virgin, thou a Mother wast
Whose fruitful Maiden-womb sent forth a Ray
Of sacred beams which all dim errors chased.
Deign, then, pure Mother, to thy Son to pray
That he would grant, thy great Integrity
May be a salve for our impurity.

And as to Daniel in the lion's den,
The door shut, Abacuc did victuals bring;
So to redeem the forfeit of the Tree,
Thy Virgin-womb True God, True Man did bear
Without all touch unto thy chastity.
Grant that I may, O spotless Mother, fear
To come before thee with a spotted soul,
A sin-infected, unprepared soul.

From the deccits of each entrapping snare;
Thy thoughts, words, deeds were ever all secure;
None but thy greatest Son, whose wondrous birth
Did not at all thy virgin-bands untie.
Deserv'd in thy virgin-womb to lie.
Vouchsafe, chaste Queen, that while we live on earth
Thou would'st be pleased with thy unspotted train
Before thy Son our Advocate t' remain.

Not earth, nor yet the heavens can contain;
Thou in the springtime of thy age brought'st forth
Him who before all matter, time and place,
Begotten of th' Eternal Father was.
Oh, be thou then while we admire thy worth
A means unto that Son not to proceed
In rigour with us for each sinful deed.

—Rev. Lawrence Auderton, S. J.

A TRIP TO MOUNT LOWE.

S. M. A.

a well-established fact that environment influences more or less the tone of character, and it is also generally admitted that Attic Culture attained its high degree through the geographical position of ancient Greece. California may be said to stand without parallel in the climatic conditions conducive to splendor of verdure, nurture of refined and active thought, distribution of civilized energy, the development of Christian sentiment, and the indulgence of smiling love and sweet, poetic life.

Scarcely to be found in any part of the world to-day, within a radius of twenty miles from a city, can more delightfully varied scenery be found than in the vicinity of Los Angeles; and amongst the possible excursions to favored spots into the lover of nature, none is more interesting than one to Mount Lowe. Leaving Los Angeles in the cars of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, we descend through the valley of San Gabriel, so close from the historic old Mission San Gabriel, and pass over the Arroyo Seco or river, where we obtain an excellent view of Pasadena, and a still more beautiful view of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the distance. Those mountains seem almost too high hills which might be easily ascended from any point; but experience teaches that the nearer we approach the more wild the wilder and more rugged the hills. Great walls of rock and a dense growth of chaparral clothe their slopes, making an ascent almost an impossibility. We cannot pass through Pasadena without a few words in its praise. It is comparatively a young town, but one of the loveliest in California, situated nine miles from Los Angeles, on an elevation of about a hundred and fifty feet above sea level. It commands a fine view of the val-

ley, covered with fields of grain and dense rows of orange trees. To the east, down the valley, Mount San Jacinto, with crest of snow floating in the blue, while nearer rise San Bernardino, San Geronimo and San Antonio, all topped with snow! The town has been settled mainly by Eastern capitalists, who have spared no pains to make their home as attractive from an architectural standpoint. They have surrounded them with grounds so extensive that they are veritable parks. Long avenues of magnificent palms, rows of graceful pepper trees, the delicate grevillea, and stately eucalyptus lend their beauty to its palatial homes.

A short ride brings us to Altadena, a charming little town nestled in the Sierra Madre Mountains. Here begins the Mount Lowe Railway, the successful completion of which is regarded as one of the greatest scientific feats of engineering. To Professor T. S. C. Lowe belongs the honor of its construction. The ascent is accomplished by means of a combination of cable, electricity and water power. We change cars at Altadena, riding through an uncultivated country close to the base of the mountains till we reach Rubio Canyon, two thousand one hundred feet above sea level. Here commences the great incline cable road. Standing at the foot of the incline and looking upward, passengers are variously and thrillingly affected. The timid feel like abandoning the trip till assured that they are as secure as they possibly could be in the most comfortable of carriages. The system used for the incline is wire cable, and one car ascends while the other descends. About midway the ascending and descending cars automatically turn out and pass each other. The cars are attached to an endless cable of the finest steel, being so balanced as to pass at the turnout in perfect

safety. An ascent of sixty-two feet in a hundred! But that ascent is made so easily that all fear vanishes, and as we step out of the car at Echo Mountain, three thousand five hundred feet above the sea, we are charmed with the view of land and ocean which lie spread before us.

Below the broad plain of San Gabriel Valley, with its orange, lemon and olive trees, Pasadena once more; and, beyond, the Mission Hills Los Angeles. At Echo Mountain is placed the great operating machinery, and every passenger is interested in taking a view of the various shops. From Echo Mountain to the Alpine Tavern one views the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world. We look down on the tops of mountain ranges and into great valleys—La Canada and San Fernando. We have vistas of giant oaks, pine and sycamore trees, with their varying shades of green. Constantly ascending, winding around the edges of canyons, at length we reach the Great Circular bridge, which spans a large canyon, making a circle around the mountain, revealing once again Echo Mountain and the valleys. Finally we reach a lovely nook, nestled amid the pines, where has been built "Ye Alpine Tavern" for the accommodation of guests. The latter part of this ride was an easy grade, through apparently impassable granite, spanning chasms by means of bridges. At one point on the road there were no less than nine different tracks to be seen, each rising above the other. One bridge on this line is a marvel of construction. It spans a canyon and then swings around the edge of the mountain, forming a complete circle, describing an arc of about four hundred feet. On one side it projects over a yawning chasm, on the other it firmly grips the solid mountain granite. The entire roadbed of this division is constructed on a shelf of solid rock.

Five thousand feet above the plain the railroad ends, but gentle saddle animals conduct the traveler to the summit, one thousand feet higher. Many prefer to walk, enjoying the scampering of the squirrels, the songs of the birds and

sweet breath of the pines. From the summit of the mountain the landscape which lies before us covers a range of one hundred miles.

Mount Lowe has been the inspiration of many a poet, but no one has written more beautifully than Mr. James G. Clark, with whose charming lines we close:

Looking southward to the sunlands
On the ocean's ebb and flow,
Keeping watch o'er Echo Mountain,
Dwells the spirit of Mount Lowe—
In the glowing light of noonday,
In the midnight calm and lone,
Gazing outward from the summit,
Like a ruler from his throne.

At his feet sits Pasadena,
Framed with fields of fruit and grain,
Where the valley of San Gabriel
Slopes in beauty to the main—
Pasadena, decked with roses
And with gems of gold and green,
Resting on the landscape's forehead,
Like a crown upon a queen.

And the "City of the Angels,"
On the hills of bronze and gold,
Stands amidst her groves of olives,
Like Jerusalem of old;
With the purple Sierra Madres
Smiling downward from the dawn,
As Mount Hermon smiled on Zion
In the ages that are gone.

West and south the blue Pacific,
Hemmed with surf and fringed with
spray,
Bathes in floods of molten silver
Headland, island, beach and bay;
East and north the inland deserts,
With their ever shifting sands,
More unstable than the waters
Fade in distant mountain lands.

Oh! what vision of the sunlands,
Where the skies are ever fair,
And the Autumn woos the Winter,
With young rosebuds in her hair.
Where the orange blooms forever,
And its leaf is never sere,
And the mocking-bird is singing
To his mate the livelong year.

It has haunted me in slumber,
It has gloamed and throbbed again,
In my solitary musings
And in crowded throngs of men.
Like a vanished revelation
Floats the memory back to me
Of that dawn upon the mountain,
'Twixt the desert and the sea.

EDITORIAL.

nth of May is so identified in devotional life with the honor of that we do not consider it necessary fuller comment than that of to her clients. Consulting the they will find frequent comments which appeal especially to of the Rosary and to the loving great champion, S. Dominic, y's guidance, of the Rosary. ld also emphasize the fact that is entirely within the range of e, and that, therefore, we quote ful sentiments of Adam of S. honor of our Risen Lord.

is our painful duty to announce of a gentle friend, a contributor, a talented writer, one of the gifted daughters, Fannie , who, going home had features of sadness (for the invitation far-off land) that have intensified of her afflicted relatives s. In our next number we shall becoming sketch of the departed

h installment of Dr. John A. eisson the French realistic and c romance will appear in our ber. The distinguished author bliged to suspend his work, but short time. Our readers will, forget their temporary disap- in the expectation of renewed ed pleasure to be derived from ming portions of this admirable criticisms.

y do we commend to our read- ork of the Apostolic Mission blished near the Catholic Uni- ashington for the special train- sts whose lives will be devoted stolate of missions to non- We bespeak the generosity of in behalf of this noble work,

of which, in a subsequent number, we shall speak more fully.

To read, to improve our minds; to train intelligently our moral nature; to know ourselves; to put ourselves in an intellectual communion with the beauties of creation and with the divine beauty of the Creator; to be intellectually alive to some of the treasures with which human genius has enriched the world, are surely higher duties than to pass one's years in a mere effort to consume and to wear. We should read, therefore, because we are little less than the angels; because we are so gloriously dowered by the munificent Father who is in Heaven; because we are not of this world only, nor for this world only; because we possess immortal souls touched by the finger of God, and kindled by the fire of the Holy Ghost.

Reading, especially when it runs in spiritual channels, while it is important even inside of the walls of the convent, is in a manner necessary to men and women of the world, who have neither rule, nor cloister, nor superior, but who desire to feed and nourish prayer, to plant the wilderness, and to irrigate what they have planted. Such a taste must be cultivated, though Faber says that it is more than a taste, that it is a grace, and that one who possesses it has a much greater chance of advancing and persevering than one who does not possess it.

For many, the thought or meditation that accompanies reading is the only thinking or meditating in which they can engage; and, therefore, the habit of reading must be of great assistance to them, in making a good use of free time, and in giving a real value to spare moments that by some are habitually squandered. When time hangs heavy, the wings of the spirit flap painfully and slow. Then it is that a book is a strong tower, nay a very church,

with angels lurking among the leaves, as if these were so many niches. The book becomes a guard. It takes possession of the mind for which the evil one is always on the watch. It occupies it; garrisons it. It peoples it with thoughts which are directly or indirectly of God. Read Crashaw's stirring words:

"Lo, here a little volume, but great book!
It is, in one choice handful, Heaven and all

Heaven's royal host, encamped thus small
To prove that true schools use to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.
"It is an armory of light;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields.
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields,
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts."

Another suggestive thought of Father Faber is that it is very hard for a person who does not like reading, to talk without sinning. As a help to the government of the tongue, a taste for reading is invaluable. In a general way it will make piety more attractive, because more intelligent. "Ignorance is repulsive," he says, "but I doubt if it is so repulsive as that half-ignorant narrowness of mind which characterizes persons who do not read."

Good books rouse us to courageous action and stimulate the weak to noble deeds. "Heroic arms of old cut down the Pelian pines, and dragged the oar all night long through the foam of an unknown sea. Is this more than a lesson of courage and perseverance to the Arctic discoverer than to the village boy who finds a brave resolution checked by a trivial obstacle? Men read these things, and their physical aspect itself, mien, and step, are altered. A breath from far summits sends strength into their souls. Experience not their own is imparted to them; the heart is made more single, but the mind is made many-sided, and the faculties of the individual are multiplied into those of his kind."

"They awaken our sleeping powers; excite the fancy; develop reflection; we are able to use our faculties as the trained runner his limbs, reaching on, fresh and vigorous, where others are blown and fall

behind. . . . Our troubles lose their name before the majestic repose of books, whose immortal peace silently hushes our fretting. Our envies, jealousies, mean ambitions, petty rancors, strifes, and exaggerations, gnaw and consume us, but they know nothing of them, and stand lovingly side by side, their hates, and heart-burnings, and eruptions, forgotten forever." We can recognize, in this, the truth of Aubrey de Vere's conclusion that "the enlarging influence of an imagination developed by the higher class of literature does for the intellect of man something analogous to that which the holier power does for him at the depths of his being. It creates a communion of intelligences; it abolishes isolation; it bestows on each what belongs to all; it cannot, therefore, but abate prejudice, break through narrowness, destroy littleness." Of this development, the beautiful fruit is magnanimity, on which, hear again Aubrey de Vere: "One who ranges among the great men of all ages, and recognizes that far-reaching influence by which, silently, unostentatiously, and grasping at no power, they have built up the empire of thought, is less likely than another to join in the stress and strain of petty emulations. He does not need the lordship over a narrow circle. To him there are sceptres not made of iron and gold, and spiritual thrones to rest at the foot of which is better than vulgar rule. The remoter power, he knows, is the more permanent. The senate amid which he may, if he deserves it, sit as an assessor, includes all the great men who have ever lived; yet within it there is no clamor, and no pressure at the gate."

Father Faber is right, therefore, when he declares that we become better missionaries in daily society if we have a taste for solid reading; that we rise above the little-minded, short-sighted people who have no relish for study, and who are only fractions of true men or of true women; that this taste for reading will call out our manhood and womanhood; that it will make us serious; that it will infuse an element of greatness into every-

about us, aiding us wonderfully in the unnatural task of gaining inward

The light coming from this will not illuminate our own work, it will encourage charity in judging the work of . Through it our sphere of vision is increased, our horizon widened. We shall free ourselves from little jealousies, from uncharitable doubts, from unsuspicious, from unsympathetic ones, from ungenerous delays, from criticisms, from conceited pedantries, from shallow pomposities about our and their good works, things which are the especial disease of little and little good men, and which may lead to frustrate one-third, if not more, of the good works which are attempted by the Church. This doctrine of Faber is admirable, and few priests there are who have not found in their experience the truth of his remark that "goodness is not greatness is a sad mistake." While it saves its own soul it lets others save theirs. Especially contrive, in proportion to its inability, to put a spoke in the wheel of all this; and it has almost a talent for dealing with efforts for the salvation of all."

After such disasters a taste for reading is ours. "How many a narrow mind has not made broad! How many close, unwindowed hearts has it filled with mountain air, and sunshine, and led them to noble, spacious halls, so full of room for God where He had no room before." How many have been raised in spiritual stature, and so lifted above this material world, that they could listen uninterruptedly to the voice of the Spirit of God! Such examinations of the saints are familiar. We do not recall them; we only urge their example.

Coming once to Chatillon on one of his journeys through France, it chanced that an infant son of his hostess (the wife of the vicar of the town) had but a few days before fallen from a terrace, and his parents were lamenting his death.

Moved with pity at the sight of their grief, S. Dominic prostrated himself for a short space in prayer, shedding many tears; then, feeling his prayer was heard, he rose and gave back the boy alive and well to his mother. The sorrow-stricken home was filled with joy; the child's uncle, the vicar, got ready a great supper and invited many honest folk to rejoice with him. But the child's mother, being unable to partake of an eel which was served up, because of an ailment with which she was afflicted, the saint, after making the sign of the cross, gave it to her to eat, saying, "Take and eat it in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." The woman ate some of it and was cured.

From time to time we shall set before our readers extracts like unto the foregoing, made from that delightful medieval compilation, "The Lives of the Brethren," which illustrate early Dominican life.

BOOKS.

A delightful collection of sketches embodying THE DEEPER TEACHINGS OF PLANT LIFE, as recognized and pointed out by Hugh Macmillan, D. D., is published for the first time in book form by Thomas Whitaker, New York.

The author does not present to us a botanical treatise on plants, but considers chiefly their universal influence upon human existence, their unrivaled beauty and their mystic language. From the beautiful rose that blooms amid Alpine snows to the tiny violet whose fragrance wags our wandering senses the individual beauty of Nature's jewels appeals to the heart and is tenderly emblematic of its ecstatic joys as well as its most sacred sorrows.

Deeply imbued with religious sentiment, Dr. Macmillan conveys high moral meanings in his charming analogy between plant life and that of the human species.

"Ye bright mosaics that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create."

Ginn & Company, Boston, have taken the initiative in the publication of literature in available form for educational purposes in the advancement of international peace by arbitration. Foremost in comprehensive treatment of this imperative problem stands the monumental work of the late Jean de Bloch, whose experimental knowledge of economic conditions in Europe augments the force of his arguments.

The present translation of the sixth volume of his scientific work, *THE FUTURE OF WAR*, contains a summary of the great financier's conclusions on the subject. With a keen discrimination of the fundamental change in conditions and methods of war, Bloch shows the superiority of a constructive system to a devastating policy.

ADDRESSES ON WAR, by Charles Sumner, also published by Ginn & Co., are searching and impressive appeals for the institution of an arbitration that will consider not so much the negative value of peace as the positive advantages accruing to the individual state in the active distribution of general justice.

Both books are printed at a nominal price, as an inducement for extensive circulation.

NIGHT THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK AND DESOLATE and *EUCCHARISTIC ELEVATIONS*, the latter by the zealous and learned Oblate, Father John Fitzpatrick, have been issued in attractive form by the London Catholic Truth Society.

Both booklets furnish excellent spiritual reading, and, therefore, we cordially commend them. Benziger Brothers, New York, are the American agents.

Mr. C. S. Devas, whose name is well and honorably known, we thank for bringing out a new and enlarged, an "up-to-date" edition of his compilation of the writings of our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth. *THE POPE AND THE PEOPLE—SELECT LETTERS AND ADDRESSES ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS*, by His Holiness, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, is the appropriate title of

this welcome volume. Mentioning it, we feel satisfied, will be its sufficient praise. We advise all our readers to become familiar with the teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff on the vital matters so luminously discussed in the various letters comprising this work. The book is well printed and neatly bound. Benziger Brothers, New York, have favored us with a copy. They represent the publishers, the Catholic Truth Society of London.

Benziger Brothers, New York, as the American agents for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, have recently issued, in becoming style, an admirable little book, *THE ART OF LIFE*, written by the Reverend Doctor Frederick C. Kolbe, long and favorably known as the editor of *The South African Catholic Magazine*, published at Capetown.

We should be pleased to dwell, at length, on the excellencies of this volume, but we prefer to urge upon our readers that they become readers of Father Kolbe, and we promise to them a delightful employment while so engaged.

B. Herder of Saint Louis has sent to us a copy of the *OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CONFERENCES* included in the second series 1900-1901, by Father Joseph Rickaby, S. J. It is difficult to specify the good qualities of a book of sermons. In this case, the variety of theme, the historic associations of old Oxford and Cambridge, and the name of the honored author combine to accentuate interest in the work.

We compliment Father Rickaby, and we thank Mr. Herder who has so well clothed the former's excellent productions.

Father W. J. Madden, of whom his editor does not tell us anything, wrote four sermons on the Priesthood, to which, as editor, Father Girardey, C. SS. R., has added two discourses on clerical vocation and clerical celibacy. These, with a panegyric on S. Patrick, by Father Madden Mr. B. Herder of Saint Louis has published in a neat volume and at a moderate price.

histories, we could easily select many old men wonderful for their sanctity, and, at the same time, rich in all the gifts treated of in the course of this work; but as things which we can see with our eyes and touch with our hands make a stronger impression upon us, and give more strength and lustre to the truth, we have determined to take a living man as our illustration and place him as a faithful picture before the eyes of all, for the honor of old age. We speak of one who is still living at this very day, and whom all may see, who has lived in Rome, the very theatre of the world, these fifty years and more. He has spent his days so as to win the praise of all, guiding people of every kind along the path of Christian virtue, and animating as well as assisting them wonderfully in the service of God. This is Father Philip Neri, a Florentine, who has reached the age of eighty years, and has so long, like a mighty tree, yielded the various fruits of his virtues for the good of Christian people."

The letters of Saint Philip, appended to the second volume, reveal his charming simplicity of heart and the singular humility which attracted both young and old. Every Christian household should be familiar with the life of this favored servant of God.

The Reverend John Talbot Smith, LL.D., in his latest novel, has admirably portrayed a hero—eminent for his manliness, moral and intellectual—who becomes a proficient in *THE ART OF DISAPPEARING* under the tutelage of a gentle and lovable Catholic priest, Monsignor O'Donnell. From the moment of introduction to Horace Endicott and the Monsignor until the final scene in the story, the reader's interest is centered on their attractive personalities.

The anti-Catholic bigotry of politicians dominating New York public affairs, after the war, is powerfully depicted; the prejudice against the Irish exposed, and unscrupulous methods of inciting popular hatred against unoffending citizens vigorously denounced. In the presentation

of characters and incidents that conduce to strengthen the plot of the story—the love theme of which is tenderly worked out and is the reason of its being—the reverend author has exercised a fine discrimination. His general conception of incongruousness is felicitously expressed in his impersonations. Under the magic of his touch we behold an Endicott—a name that once stood for all that was rabid in Puritanism—a descendant of the notorious John Endicott whose fanaticism mutilated his *régime*—whose personal prejudice would not suffer him to gaze on the national emblem upon the English flag, because the cross of Saint George reminded him of the symbol of Catholic faith, so he cut it out—we behold an Endicott transformed into a valiant "*Fenian*" leader of an "Invasion of Ireland" in the cause of common justice and the advancement of Catholic truth.

In the isolation sought for and obtained by his hero, Father Smith has demonstrated the strength as well as the inconsistency of the religious and social prejudices that disfigured the lives of the Puritan settlers in America.

But Time has rung down the curtain on the dramas of the Endicotts, and the audience applauds most loudly their *ART OF DISAPPEARING*.

William H. Young & Co., New York, are the publishers of this entertaining novel.

THE LIFE OF LAURA KEENE, actress, artist, manager and scholar, as detailed by John O'reahan, excites a sympathetic interest in the woman whose professional career of more than thirty years was marked by constant endeavor to exalt dramatic art upon the public stage. Believing as she did that "the theater is the great intellectual and moral barometer of every generation," Laura Keene put forth her best energies for the realization of the loftiest ideals of inspired poets. Dramatic education, culture, refinement and enthusiasm she considered essential qualifications in a successful actor—"the minister of manners," the artistic teacher.

Deeply religious, Miss Keene exemplified in her daily life the lessons of rare virtue and holy charity imbibed from Catholic doctrine.

The Rodgers Publishing Company, Philadelphia, has printed the book in excellent style. Full-page reproductions of old prints representing Laura Keene in alternate comic and tragic roles attest the versatility of her genius.

With great pleasure we greet a collection of poems, lyrics of genuine beauty and poetic power, entitled *IRISH MISTS AND SUNSHINE*, by the Reverend James B. Dollard, whose reputation is already well established. For an exceedingly pretty bit of word-painting and in illustration of his work's quality, we quote the following lines:

Soft mists on Irish mountains,
Bright sun on field and dell;
Swift tides of joy and sorrow
In Celtic hearts that swell.
Green glen and haunted woodland,
Loved homes by laughing streams;
Firm faith and matchless manhood,
Lo! these my varied themes.

Gray mist and flashing sunshine,
That fleck the gorse-land brown;
High deeds and cloudy legend
Of Eire's old renown.
The saints' and martyrs' yearnings,
The patriot's rhapsodies;
With tim'rous touch uncertain
I strike my harp to thee.

Among the other poems is a touching Irish ballad, "On Kenmare Head." A poor, broken-hearted mother is represented as looking out on the cruel sea which separates her from the dear ones of her heart who have died far from home and friends. She finds expression for her grief in words such as these:

My Owen left our cabin door
A dreary winter day,
"Full quick I'll send ye gold galore,
The heavy rent to pay."
Mo nuar! 'twas the killing word
They wrote from over there—
"Hes dying and his love he sends
To those in Old Kenmare."

Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Thy woes were greater far,

To thee an earthly mother prays
Who art the Ocean's Star.
Thou standing by the awful Cross,
O strengthen me to bear
My sorrow swelling like the sea
By the Head of Old Kenmare.

From the Preface by William O'Brien, M. P., we quote the following estimate of Father Dollard's performance: "The Irish priest who is also a poet is privileged, as no other man, to enter the Holy of Holies of the Irish soul, which contains a virgin mind of passion, pathos, mirth and tragedy still awaiting the poet's alchemic touch. No one can well read Father Dollard's verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through his lungs and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as affects one who in dreams in a distant clime hears the sound of the chapel bell of his young days floating on his ears. Irish priests with the gifts of Father Dollard can do more to revive the power of the poet in its ancient Greek sense than the most misty-minded of the dilettanti who arrogate to themselves the credit of what is called the 'Gaelic Revival.'"

We hope that this little book will find a place in every library where the literature of the Gael is honored, and that Father Dollard will be encouraged to treat us ere long to another volume of stirring verse. The publishers, Charles E. Peabody Company, Boston, deserve much credit for the artistic manner in which the present work is brought out.

McChure, Phillips & Co., New York, are the publishers of *THE SIMPLE LIFE*, by Charles Wagner, a series of essays written as a plea for simple living—simple thoughts, simple words, simple pleasures, simple beauty.

It is gratifying to be able to call attention to this wholesome volume, whose style well fits its theme, while it holds a charm all its own. As a gentle protest against the complexities of "modern life," despite its "modern improvements," we welcome Mr. Wagner's good little book, and we thank the publishers and translator for making it known to American readers.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

1—SS. Philip and James, Apostles (Good example). Novena in honor of S. Antoninus begins.

2—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Fortitude.) Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

3—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—THE FINDING OF THE CROSS.—Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; Assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

4—S. Monica, Widow, Mother of S. Augustine. (Perseverance in prayer.)

5—S. Pius the Fifth, O. P., Pope. (Recitation of the Rosary.) Third Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.) Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries; C. C.; visit; prayers.

6—S. John before the Latin Gate. (Love of God's House.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

7—Octave of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. (Penance.)

8—Apparition of S. Michael, Archangel.

9—S. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

10—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Antoninus, O. P. Bishop. Spiritual Reading.) Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

11—S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr. (Firm Faith.)

12—B. Jane of Portugal, O. P., Virgin. (Detachment.) (Fourth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

13—B. Albert of Bergamo, O. P., Tertiary, Layman. (Charity to the Poor.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

14—B. Giles, O. P., Priest. (Love of Silence.)

15—Conversion of S. Augustine. (Hatred of sin.)

16—S. John Napomucen, Martyr. (Right Intention.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

17—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

18—S. John of God, Priest. (Zeal for God's Glory.) (Rogation Day.)

19—S. Peter Celestine, Founder of the Celestines, and Pope. (Rogation Day.) (Fifth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

20—B. Columba, O. P., Virgin. (Prayer for others.) Rogation Day. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

21—THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD—Second Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (This may be gained from the first vespers, about 2 o'clock, on the afternoon of the Vigil, till sundown on the feast.) (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers. (3) C. C.; visit five altars of any church or one altar five times—the Indulgence granted for the Station churches in Rome.

22—S. Servatius, Bishop. Patron of the Dominican Order.

23—B. Louis Mary Grignon, O. P., Priest, Founder of the Missionaries of Mary. (Confidence in Mary.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

24—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Feast of our Lady Help of Christians.

25—Translation of the Relics of our Holy Father S. Dominic.

26—S. Philip Neri, Priest, Founder of the Oratorians. (Sixth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

27—B. Peter Sanz, Bishop and Companions, O. P., Martyrs. (Zeal for Souls.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

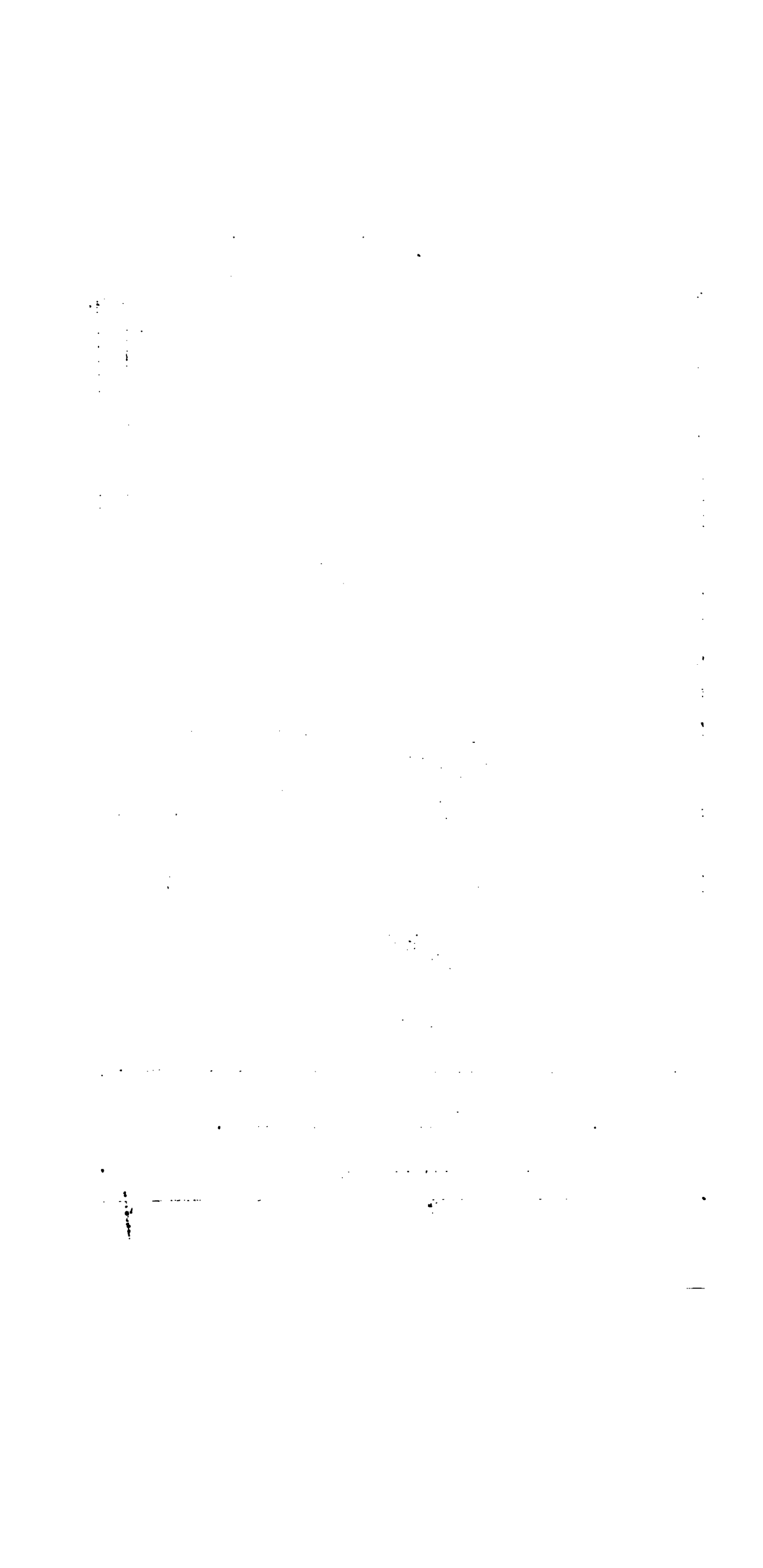
28—Octave of the Ascension.

29—B. William, O. P., and Companions, Martyrs.

30—Vigil of Pentecost — Fast Day. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

31—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Pentecost. Third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers. A plenary also for Rosarians, available from first Vespers, 2 P. M. on the Vigil: C. C.; visit chapel; prayers.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Monica, Widow; S. Pius V, Pope; S. Angela Merici, Widow; S. Pascal Baylon, Confessor; S. Ferdinand, King. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Juliana, Virgin and Martyr; S. Flavia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Philip Neri, Confessor; S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr; S. Emilie, Widow. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Confessor; S. Philip, Apostle; S. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor; S. Isidore, Confessor; S. James the Less, Apostle.





HIS EXCELLENCY
Most Rev. Diomedes Falconio, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF LARISSA

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE UNITED STATES

DOMINICANA

V.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 6

SOME DOMINICAN CORNERS IN ROME.

SANTA SABINA.

REV. VICTOR F. O'DANIEL, O. P.

II.

Church of Santa Sabina, like that of Santa Maria in Trastevere, is dedicated to an early martyr, who suffered for the faith during the persecution of Adrian. The church, which bears her name, was built by an Illyrian priest in the fifth century of our era; it stands upon the site of her former home, and her sacred relics repose in the tomb over which the church is built.

Sabina crowns the summit of the Aventine Hill and is unsurpassed in the beauty of its natural surroundings. It is a view on one side of modern Rome, the other of ancient Rome. The architectural beauty, myriads of old groups of palaces, mark the way towards the colossal dome of St. Peter's—the chief attraction of the city.

From the head, the observer's glance passes on another world—a world of gigantic arches, crumbling walls, gilded towers are heaped about in a confusion; bright green vineyards interspersed here and there, adding the pathos of these monuments of departed glory. Shimmering over the sea, the Campagna stretches to the dimly outlined horizon, the line of aqueducts by which it is appearing to unite with the distant mountains that surround the Eternal City as the hills of Judea gird

beautiful Jerusalem in the days that the world's Redeemer wept for her sins and for the sins of her children.

Of the Aventine in its native wildness we receive a vivid impression from Virgil's lines,

*Lustrat Aventini montem,
Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volu-
crum.*

But the eagle and the vulture withdrew at the approach of the feudal lord, and the virgin forests were partially divested of their beauty to supply material for the palatial abode of the conqueror. Hence, in the tenth century we find the Aventine the imperial home of Otho, subsequently the home of the Savelli and many other noble families. From the Savelli the feudal palace passed into the hands of Pope Honorius, a member of that family. In its character of pontifical palace it may be said to have been a "veritable workshop of saints"—having at different periods sheltered S. Dominic, S. Raymond, S. Thomas Aquinas, S. Hyacinth and S. Pius V. Many papal bulls referring to the infant Order of Friar Preachers were dated from this palace. It was a favorite sanctuary of Gregory the Great; here, it is said, he instituted the custom of singing the Litany of the Saints.

Exquisitely unique, however, are the

legendary treasures and historic facts connected with S. Dominic's association with Santa Sabina—incomparably beautiful the life of holiness he led there and wonderful the good he perpetuated through his faithful children. Drawn by his reputation for holiness and learning, concourses of people listened to his preaching and went away spiritually comforted. In his daily charitable ministrations in the valley between the Aventine and Palatine Hills, on his way to Rome, Dominic sowed the seed of divine truth. "No pathway exists," says Father Laccordaire, "which so faithfully preserves the traces of his footsteps."

With the trend of population westward, Dominic's reputation for holy zeal was extended over the country. His constant preaching on the devotion of the holy Rosary bore abundant fruit; his miracles, fastings and penances secured, in a special manner, the favor of Heaven for his white-robed children of Santa Sabina. The church and convent will be forever cherished for its tender reminiscences of their holy father by S. Dominic's faithful children.

Santa Sabina and the convent attached, though somewhat modified by process of repair, retain the ancient characteristic features that they possessed in the days of S. Dominic. Similar in style of architecture to the ancient basilica of Rome, two long rows of pillars, supporting a broad roof, divide the church into three naves. The first chapel on the right of the entrance is dedicated to S. Thomas Aquinas, the second to S. Dominic and the third to S. Hyacinth. The Rosary chapel is at the extreme end of the church. Above the altar is placed Sassoferrato's masterpiece—representing the Blessed Virgin, S. Dominic and S. Catherine. On a canvas at the end of the apse is portrayed the martyrdom of S. Sabina. The other aisle contains the Chapel of the Crucifix and that of S. Catherine of Siena, the latter chapel being adorned by a superior painting of the saint.

Returning to the central nave almost opposite to the side-door may be per-

ceived the stone upon which S. Dominic knelt during his continual vigils of ardent love for God and earnest petitions for the souls of men.

Portions of the convent proper stand as they did in the days of S. Dominic. The refectory—hallowed by heavenly favors—is unchanged. The saint's place at table, out of reverence for his sanctity, has not been occupied by another since his death. Part of the dormitory has been preserved—the saint's cell, having been turned into a chapel, is especially sacred to his memory; here may be seen Bozzani's so-called *vera effigies* of the saint. The old cloisters and enclosed quadrangle are but slightly altered; the ancient well in the centre of the quadrangle attracts attention, and the famous orange tree planted by the saint, nearly seven hundred years ago, inspires one with sentiments of wonder at its remarkable vigor. Fragrant blossoms, branches and fruit are generously given to pious pilgrims. Like the devotions taught by S. Dominic, scions of this noble tree have been extensively propagated in various climes.

The Chapter Hall teems with memorable instances of heroic and ardent zeal. It was here that S. Dominic animated his beloved children to deeds of sublime self-sacrifice for the salvation of souls. It was here that Dominic clothed some of his illustrious missionaries, Hyacinth, Celsus, Henry of Moravia, Herman—and, in all probability, Blessed Reginald of Orleans, who was tenderly loved by S. Dominic and prominently connected with the beginnings of the Order.

The monastery of Santa Sabina is further enriched by the memories of the holy lives of Blessed Jordan of Saxony, S. Raymond of Permafort, Blessed Humbert, S. Thomas Aquinas and S. Pius. In the former cell of S. Pius, now used as a chapel, is religiously preserved the crucifix before which the great Pope was accustomed to pray. On one occasion the feet of the crucifix, which he was wont to embrace, had been steeped in poison, when the Pope was about to press his lips to the crucifix, the poisoned feet detached

es and withdrew; thus the Pope's miraculously preserved.

at Santa Sabina that the office of er of the Sacred Palace was in- and bestowed upon S. Dominic. humble in its beginnings, it now of the most important in the luria. The functions of the office n successively discharged by a n since the days of S. Dominic. le authorities tell us that it was . Sabina that S. Dominic con- and perfected his plans for the tion of a spiritual militia—the der of lay persons—whose serv- eligion have been of incalculable

Associated with Santa Sabina in later times are the names of Père Lacordaire and his five companions, whose sublime courage and persevering zeal stimulated love for the sons of S. Dominic and secured a recognition of their services after the dreadful days of the Revolution in France.

May the spirit of these saintly teachers ever hover near their mother country, and when the epoch of spoliation will have passed away may Santa Sabina welcome to her hallowed walls willing recruits to the white-robed army of S. Dominic, valiant for the defense of righteousness and invincible in the cause of truth.

A SONG OF JUNE.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

s of June! What stars are those
fall
he shadow of the orchard wall?
Sunrise, like a smith of light,
ikes the orioles like sparks from
t?

is of June! What wings are those
beat
ummer's airs with fragrance soft
sweet?

Music in the garden close
s the dewy crannies of the rose?

The trees of June! What harps are those
that sound,

Filling with joyous notes the vales
around?

Or is it Echo, in her lyric mirth,
That leads the leafy choirs of Mother
Earth?

The brooks of June! What pearls are
those that shine

Around the neck of day with light divine?
Or is it Heaven, lying on the sod,

That mirrors in its skies the smile of
God?

THE SACRED HEART.

ROSE C. CONLEY.

ie! queen month of all the year.
ummer's first fair child!
wned, we dedicate thee to
cart of Jesus mild.

summer's day may sunless be
orm-clouds lower dark;
! Unfading radiance streams
Jesus' Sacred Heart.

When from thy path June's roses fade
And the thorn's—life's trials remain;
Within that thorn-wreathed heart thou'lt
find

The rose of joy again.

When mild-eyed Peace deserts thy side
And the "narrow way" looms dark;
Look up! For endless light and peace
Dwell in the Sacred Heart.

And when thy soul in darkness gropes
And sorrows be thy part;
Still shalt thou find kind pity—love,
In Jesus' Sacred Heart.

MARION, OR THE DAUGHTER OF TRIANON'S GARDENER.

SISTER M. XAVIER, VISITANDINE.

One summer morning, ere the sun had gilded the housetops of the Parisian palaces or the domes of its edifices, Madam Maria Theresa of France, daughter of Louis XVI., was promenading the gardens of the little Trianon, accompanied by her governess, Mme. de Polignac. The young princess was weary and had come out to seek distraction among the beautiful flowers of the royal garden.

Casting her eyes toward the rose bushes, she cried out: "Oh, madame, look at that peasant girl stealing the roses of mamma-Queen!"

"Your highness mistakes," replied the governess; "that is Marion, the daughter of one of the gardeners; she is not a thief. It is her charge to cull the faded flowers every morning before the Queen makes her rounds; therefore, she has to begin early. Come, let us speak to her."

They approached the young girl and received from her a very gracious salutation; she immediately turned to go. "O do not go," said Mme. de Polignac; "continue your work; we shall not disturb you. You must have commenced a little later this morning."

"No, no," replied Marion, "I began soon enough, but there are so many roses. My father has counted more than two thousand. I have finished my task and am going to empty my basket." She advanced to a wheelbarrow upon which was a large basket wherein she emptied the contents of the one she carried on her arm.

"Marion," said the princess, "will you not teach me how to cull the roses?" Then taking the scissors from Marion's hand she began to cut the flowers, but so awkwardly, that she pricked her fingers and tore her little sleeves to pieces.

"Oh," said Marion, "that is not the way to cut roses. Allow me to show you, my little princess." And Marion gave as re-

spectful a lesson that the governess was charmed and the princess quite captivated with her new teacher.

"Is it true," she asked of Marion, "that there are some single roses? I have never seen any." "Yes," replied Marion, "there are some at the Trianon, but not in the Queen's garden; they are lower down, by the lane, or in the kitchen gardens."

"I should like to see them; and turning to her governess, the princess asked leave to accompany Marion. Then, taking the hand of the girl, they started off at a brisk walk followed by the governess. The single roses were not so pretty as the child had imagined, but she saw quite near them, very beautiful flowers resembling marabouts, and she begged Marion to make her a crown of them. As the amiable girl was anxious to please the princess, she made her a beautiful wreath. The princess, looking into the mirror, was charmed at her lovely appearance and exclaimed joyously: "What a charming crown! I wish mamma Queen could see me. Am I not very beautiful, madame?"

"Your highness is always beautiful," replied the countess, but that headdress is too rustic and extravagant for you, and I doubt if it will please the queen, whose taste is so delicate."

"We shall see," said the princess. "I will make the trial on the first one I meet on our return to the chateau. Ah! see, here comes John de l'Eau just in time; I shall run and ask his opinion," and off she started in haste.

John de L'Eau was so named from his duty of bringing water daily from the village d'Avray for the Queen, who could drink no other. John was a handsome and very good boy, of athletic strength, meek as a lamb, and devoted to the Queen whose godson he was.

"John de l'Eau," cried the princess, "come and look at me; Marion has made

y headdress. Is it not beautiful?" said John, "if your Highness v what you have upon your head I throw it upon the dunghill." Is it, then, what is it?" exclaimed es with alarm.

he beggar's herb, madame, with t to you. The wicked poor who eeive and impose upon the rich, of this herb by applying it to s and arms, and it makes horri- esting sores. It is droll to see a your beautiful queenly little

nness quickly cast off her crown and in rather a pouty mood to remonstrance of her governess. ok up the crown and laughing- Since it has been worn by my nness and made by Marion, I it as a precious memento."

ears later, or in 1793, Marion e, very early in the morning, ne garden, plucking roses—roses poor captive Queen was not to The bushes had grown to be e, and Marion had developed utiful girl of eighteen. She was ng, well-proportioned, and so at one could not behold her dmiration and respect. She was mourning for her mother and her ive expression sufficiently told

She was so absorbed in her t she did not hear approaching

elle, Marion," some one ex- a high key. She bounded with and rejoined: "What! is that de l'Eau? How did you get Alas!" replied he, "I have noth- to do in Paris. The Queen has sferred to the Concierge and the tes have informed me that I onger be allowed to carry water uesty from d'Avray. I have in- vain. They have even threatened he guillotine if I am seen again ket. I have lingered around the r three days and finding that I nothing, I thought I might ven- ; do you think your father could ny employment?"

"My poor John," replied Marion, "have you yet become a Republican?"

"Certainly not," answered John; "for even if I did not fear God or were not the god-son of the poor Queen, I should have a horror of those brigands."

"Would to God that my father were like you! But he has made bad acquaint- ances and since the death of my poor mother he is not the same man. He goes to the club every day and associates with the wicked ones who have rented the houses of the Queen's hamlet in which they have established a public den of wickedness. I am miserable and you know not the difficulty I have in taking care of my poor little brothers. I keep them imprisoned, as it were. I try to have them in bed and asleep before my father returns at night, as he is always intoxicated when he comes from the club. Oh, John, I dare not allow you to remain here in these times, you must either join the mob or be arrested as an aristocrat; you had better leave the country en- tirely."

"I will become a soldier," said John; "for I would rather fight on the battle- field than see the horrors committed around us. Paris is a hell."

"Trianon is hardly better," said Marion, "and were it not for my brothers and my roses I should wish to be dead. We must part, John; you are not safe here. If that brutal Renaud knows you are about, you would not be safe a moment; he is now called Brutus and is the head of the club; in fact, it is he who perverted my father."

"Does he continue to pay respects to you, Marion?" enquired John. "Unfortu- nately, yes; but I keep him aloof and do not fear him. Be not uneasy on that score, John."

"Oh, that I could but remain with you, Marion, for five minutes; it would make me happy, and then I might be willing to leave."

"John," said Marion, with a serious air, "you must depart at once. You know my mother loved you as a hero. Behold my hand!" and lifting it, she said: "I am an honorable woman; I shall wait for you. Adieu."

Marion hastily entered the orange grove and closed the gate behind her. John departed, and that evening beheld him an enlisted soldier.

* * * * *

Late one evening, after Marion had seen her little brothers snugly fixed in bed and was preparing the supper for her father, whom she did not expect for an hour or more, she was disagreeably surprised at hearing his voice near the door and she knew by its hoarseness that he was more intoxicated than usual; she also recognized another voice, one she could not hear without disgust.

"Marion," called the father, "I have brought company. Citizen Brutus will sup with us. Go and get out the best wines, some of the Capet."

The two men removed their red bonnets and their wraps, staggered about, then sat down and began to drink. Brutus spoke in a low tone and the subject of his conversation was evidently unpleasant. He seemed to be earnestly pressing something that the gardener cared not to listen to. After taking the fourth glass of wine the gardener coughed, then calling to his daughter, said: "You have to-day been proclaimed the most beautiful girl of Versailles and to-morrow you are to fill the role of the goddess Reason."

Marion was dumb from fright; her eyes wandered from her father to Brutus; she sought to read the truth in their countenances. The troubled air of the father and the infernal laugh of Brutus left no doubt in her mind.

"Citizen Brutus," said she, with great firmness, "what am I expected to do?" "Nothing but what is very agreeable, my beautiful one," replied he. "In the early morning I shall come with a party of patriots to escort you to Versailles. There you will be clothed with the insignia of the goddess, the Phrygian bonnet and the transparent tunic. You will be mounted upon a golden chariot and conducted with music to the church, heretofore called Notre Dame; you will be seated upon the grand altar to receive incense and the homage of the people, with nothing more nor less than what has heretofore been

given to the Sacrament; afterwards, you will preside over the patriotic banquet, and with me open the grand ball."

"Do you hear that, my father?" said Marion, pale and trembling. "Do you consent to such infamies? Do you allow me to submit to such shameful affronts? Will you profane the church in which you espoused my dear mother; the church in which I was baptized and made my first Communion? Tell me, father, do you consent to all these blasphemies?"

"You will receive all with my full consent," answered the drunken man, without daring to cast a look at his poor daughter.

She fell upon her knees, saying, "In the name of my deceased mother, in the name of God, my father, save me!"

A blasphemous oath was the reply.

"Think," said the poor girl, in weeping, "think of the shame to which you condemn your own child, the dishonor and infamy. How can I ever dare to appear before my little innocent brothers? What honest man will ever consent to give me his name?"

"I, by all the devils in hell," cried the infernal Brutus. "I shall espouse you to-morrow night as a goddess upon the altar of patriotism, and I shall knock down the first man that insults you."

"Oh, my father, do you hear all this?" said the afflicted Marion. "Have you no pity for your poor child? Will you not answer me?"

The drunken father, yawning and hic-coughing, rested his head upon a table and seemed to comprehend nothing.

Marion arose and hastened to hide herself in her own room. Some minutes after she heard the infamous Brutus taking leave and her father's heavy tread on the staircase. She waited some moments, then entered her father's apartment with the intention of making a last appeal. She found he had thrown himself upon the bed without removing his clothing and was in a deep sleep; asleep on the bed in which Marion had seen her beloved mother breathe her last holy sigh. She shook her father, called him and made every effort to rouse him, but all in vain; he was

too intoxicated to be awakened by anything. She extinguished his lamp and left the room to go into that of her little brothers, who were fast asleep in their innocence; their little faces, half hidden by their beautiful blonde curls, were lovely to behold. "Dear children," said poor Marion; "if you were grown you would defend and save me." Kissing their little hands, she said in her grief: "I can never embrace you after being dishonored."

Marion descended the stairs with the intention of leaving the house, but she found the outer door locked and knew that her father had the key; she tried the windows and found them all secured by iron gratings that she could not remove. The unfortunate girl was a prisoner. Falling upon her knees, she invoked the mother of God, saying: "Holy Virgin, when Almighty God took from me my dear mother, I implored you to take her place and be a true mother to me; will you abandon me in my sad distress? O, tell me, what must I do?"

A sudden thought enlightened her; she quickly ascended to her room, tied several sheets together, glided to the ground and ran to the cedar grove. She passed the river; the water was deep and dark. A horrible temptation seized her. "There," said she, "I should be freed from the shadow of infamy." But, making the sign of the cross, she continued her route to the cedars. A faint moonlight guided her; she reached the spot where the beggar's weed grew and hastily gathered some of the leaves, knowing them to be poisonous. Taking a ladder that was near, she regained her apartment and began the work of destruction of her fair looks, saying: "If this does not succeed, I shall have recourse to red hot irons."

Very early next morning the gardener awoke with a heavy head. He recalled, little by little, the scenes of the previous evening, and as his senses awakened a cold perspiration came upon him and trickled from his forehead.

"I have surely been dreaming," said the cruel father; but, just then a loud knocking commenced at the door. Brutus was there, accompanied by a party of noisy

women. The gardener opened the door.

"Where is our beautiful goddess?" inquired Brutus.

"She is above," replied the miserable man, who, when he pronounced the words, retired to hide himself.

Brutus bounded up the steps. Marion awaited him at the door of her room and stood with firm calmness. He did not recognize her and called out:

"Where is Marion?"

"Behold me," she answered. "I am ready if I am fit for your purposes." Her face was covered as with the leprosy; she was not recognizable; she was hideous.

"Miserable girl, what have you done?"

"I am sick," she replied; "I may have the smallpox."

Brutus recoiled from her with a cry of horror. Marion advanced towards him, saying: "Go, seek another goddess, and if you find her, I will embrace her."

Brutus and his friends took flight, glad to make their escape from such a hideous monster of ugliness. Marion remained alone with her little brothers, who began to cry: "Marion is going to die! Marion is going to die!"

"No," said their sister, "Marion is saved. Let us kneel and thank the blessed Mother of God."

Fervently did she and her little ones pray that God would ever continue His watchful protection over them.

Marion's face and features remained disfigured. Every time her father beheld her he felt the sword of remorse, yet the unfortunate man tried to drown his sorrows by drinking more and more and by entering into all the crimes of that perilous time.

One very cold night, as he was returning from the club, with Brutus hanging on his arm, very drunk, they stumbled, rolled into a ditch, and fell into a sleep from which they never awoke. They died like dogs, without a moment's warning, we fear, and great was the affliction of the few good friends by whom they were known.

John de l'Eau conducted himself bravely in the army, and rose to the grade of captain. Wounded at Marengo, he was

obliged to have his left arm amputated. Returning to Versailles, he was appointed by the First Consul, Napoleon, head gardener of the Trianon. He espoused Marion. She had raised her brothers properly, and they were able to earn their own living. She was no longer the beautiful

Marion, but never was beauty chanted by poets more deservingly than that she was entitled to, nor homage rendered to a sovereign more befitting than the respect she received from a devoted husband, loving children, and the praise of all those who heard of her heroism.

BLESSED DIANA DE ANDALO, O. P., AND HER COMPANIONS,
BLESSED CECILIA AND BLESSED AMATA, O. P.*

REV. A. J. HOWARD, O. P.

Bologna, home of learning and of truth!
An eagle eye has met thy magnet
glance
To cull thy fairest flowers of age and
youth;
Within thy sphere must Dominic's steps
advance;
Here must his children dwell.

Soon, glorious 'mid thy vast Cathedral
walls
The standard of that Father meets our
gaze,
Where voice of Bertrand de Garriga falls
Who, mirror-like, reflects the Patri-
arch's traits
By imitation's spell.

The Blessed John, a child of fair Navarre,
His glorious labors and their harvest
shares,
As, day by day, they gather from afar
The fruits that zeal untiring ever
bears—
Awaking joy above.

Fresh aids, in time, the Preacher's vine-
yard bless;
Fresh conquests shed their lustre on its
soil;
But, 'midst the eager crowds that round
them press,
The fairest, choicest trophy of the spoil
Still waits the call of love.

'Tis meet such prize for Reginald should
rest

Whose favored view had haply first
descried
That livery by Mary's pure hands blessed,
Henceforth the Preacher's ornament
and pride—
His buckler in the field.

Diana de Andalo—noble—young—
In home of splendor dwelt 'mid pomp
and show;
For radiant gifts her name by poet's
tongue
Is traced to "Diana, Queen of Silver
Bow"—
At starry night unveiled.

Her lofty nature rose above the charm
Of adulation's vain, insipid bait;
But yet her spirit's glow and passions
warm
Unconscious, clung to brilliancy and
state,
In high position known.

Those raven tresses, decked with dia-
monds bright,
A brow of thoughtful majesty en-
shroud;
Her dark eyes beam with intellect's pure
light
Whose impulse bids her join the list-
ing crowd
When eloquence is enthroned.

One evening, clad in sumptuous robes,
Diana near the Preacher's chair w-
find—

*Foundresses of the Convent of Saint Agnes at Bologna. Beatified by His Holiness Leo XIII., 1892.

Where Reginald's impassioned tones of
fire
The proud and learned captivate and
bind,
How high so'er their grade.

His words, denouncing pomp and worldly
dress,
In glowing accents dwelling on their
sin,
With vivid force upon the maiden press,
Awaking light, yet glimmering far
within
But ne'er again to fade.

Henceforth, her costly vesture holds con-
cealed
The garb of penance closely pressed be-
neath.
To Reginald alone her thought revealed,
Her hope 'mid Dominic's children yet to
breathe
In unity and love.

Her parents dream not of the blow to
come
When she, their cherished one, their
beauteous child
Shall cease to cast her radiance o'er that
home
Where Earth's affections, as they
brightly smiled,
To win her vainly strove.

Her father's wealth, through her request,
provides,
'Midst great Bologna's palaces and halls,
A dwelling where the voice of truth pre-
sides
As Dominic's sons send forth through-
out its walls
The chant of sacred praise.

Then, with a quivering heart, but high re-
solve
Her cherished wish she opes to parent
ear,
With pleadings whose success must yet in-
volve
The sacrifice of all on earth most dear—
But, Heaven's high claim out-
weighs.

At first she asks to raise another Home
Where Sisters, too, might use the
preacher's power,

Whence chant and prayer to aid their toll
might come
Through daily course, and e'en at mid-
night hour,
When worldlings feast in joy.

Thick clouds the fair horizon now ob-
scure;
Diana's thought, like lightning, sears
the heart
Of father, mother—as a token sure
That such a home would call their child
apart—
Their brilliant hopes destroy.

In time all clouds disperse, the bond is
signed.
Andalo cannot long resist the plea
Of one whose lightest wishes are entwined
With every fibre of the parent tree,
On every leaf impressed.

But more than ever now Diana feels
That stratagem alone can rend her
chain;
That vain would prove entreaties and ap-
peals
Its iron links with peace to break in twain
To reach the haven blessed.

A pilgrimage of pleasure then she starts,
By fair companions joined, with bril-
liant suite;
And playfully from childhood's hearth de-
parts
To seek Ronzana's newly raised retreat
Where many white robes shone.

But scarce the bevy rich and gay arrives,
When, 'scaping from her bright cortege,
she flies,
And gliding through the cloister's shade
contrives
The longed-for robe to grasp on bended
knees—
By earnest pleadings won.

Attired thus, the Novice meets her friends
Who gaze with sorrowing hearts in
mute surprise,
As farewell words through them she fond-
ly sends
To those whom Nature quits with loving
sighs,
By voice of grace subdued.

But tender words and earnest prayers are
vain
To calm the storm of grief and anger
wild

That bids Andalo hie, with armed train,
To seize by love or force his darling
child—
And Heaven's own claims elude.

When threats and fond caresses all have
failed,
Strong love alone her weapon and her
shield,

Diana is with violence assailed
Till, faint and wounded, forced at last
to yield
She quits her loved abode.

Her staff, the blessed Reginald, has fled
To Heavenly scenes, but guards her
from above;
By Dominic clothed, she still is taught
and led
Through stolen missives of Paternal
love—
The last on earth bestowed.

For soon that Father's heart has ceased to
throb,
Yet, mindful of his cherished daugh-
ter's weal
And guarding, lest the demon's wiles
should rob
Bologna of her aid, the work of zeal
To Jordan he bequeathes.

At length, Andalo yields with heart re-
signed
His household's joy, and all fair hopes
conceived,
And once again, in convent home, we find
Diana who, from fetters' thrall relieved,
With deeper ardor breathes.

The cloister of Saint Agnes, quickly
raised,
Receives her from Ronzana's sheltering
bound;

By "*Focineus Sesus*" God is praised
Bologna's hope and Dominic's prayer
are crowned—
Despite of earthly foes.

But fourteen years of cloistered life are
given,
Diana's glorious combats to repay,

When, joyfully her spirit soars to Heaven,
While angels seem to hover on her
way—
So tranquil is its close.

High virtues marked that course, though
short its space,
For Time, who ripens earthly flower and
fruit,
Flies swiftly o'er the fertile field of grace
Where sunbeams nurse Humility's deep
root—
Direct from Golden shore.

Nor was the test of miracles denied;
As perfume rich, revealed Diana's head,
When prayer had asked a token to decide
Of three, together resting 'mid the dead,
That which her impress bore.

Seven hundred years have almost passed
away
Since on that tomb the pale, fair Queen
of night
Looked down and shed her mild, benig-
nant ray
While yet unseen remained the kindred
light
That lay beneath the soil.

But he, whose friends exceeding honored
dwell,
Concealed awhile from earth's impeded
gaze,
Had marked the hour when yet its beams
should tell
How, e'en below, His bounty pays
The "faithful" servant's toil.

Yea, now, with Mother Church, our hearts
rejoice;
An arrow from the "silver bow" has
sped—
Henceforth, Diana claims the choral
voice,
With two companions from the holy
dead,
Now, 'mid "Beatae," crowned.

Cecilia and Amata we invoke
With her whose praise through clois-
tered walls shall ring;
As flowers, casting far Night's dewy cloak,
Reviewed beneath the breath of opening
Spring—
New spirit walking round.

A BIT OF CALIFORNIA CHURCH HISTORY.

ESPERANZA.

III.

The generous sponsor of the new foundation, Right Reverend Bishop Alemany, had meanwhile (July 29, 1853, just fifty years ago) been promoted and transferred to the newly established archdiocese of San Francisco. It is needless to affirm that the Archbishop expressed his satisfaction at the progress of the institution by letter to the Fathers, even though he was no longer the Ordinary of the diocese which included Santa Barbara. His fatherly counsel and interest continued and was their main consolation during the dark and gloomy years of 1857-1859, which nearly wrecked the entire establishment and community.

Nor were his brethren of the Dominican Order behind in fraternal affection for their cousins in gray—the color of the habit the Spanish Franciscans wore at that period. The following letter, directed to the Very Reverend Father Jose J. Jimeno by the Dominican Superior, explains better than a third person's words the lively interest taken in the new establishment by the Fathers in white:

"San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 25, 1854.

"Very Reverend Father: I was looking for a suitable opportunity to write to you with security against having the letter go astray, which offers itself to me through Don Pablo de la Guerra (1)*. It is superfluous to express the satisfaction we have at seeing the Apostolic College established and the novitiate formally opened, which, with the help of God, will be a nursery to prepare the sons of our Father S. Francis (2) to be of immense benefit to the Church in California. The only regret we feel is that the said Apostolic College is located at so great a distance from Benicia; for we had wished that it might be nearer in order that we might more frequently find occasion to manifest our mutual affection and fraternal concord. However, as that is not possible, we shall seize the opportunities that offer themselves for the purpose of preserving and, if possible, of strengthening our union.

"The account which your reverence sent

us was read in the refectory, and on the Sunday immediately following its reception a *Te Deum* was sung after Vespers, in order to give thanks to God for the beginning of a work so conformable to our desires.

"The feast of our Father S. Francis (2), October fourth, was celebrated with the same solemnity as that of our Father S. Dominic. After the solemn high Mass, at which also our Sisters were present with all their pupils, Father Augustin Langlois (3) made his solemn profession.

"We hope that God may grant us the grace to see the College prosper every day more and more, for which purpose we shall not cease to offer Him our poor prayers.

"Meanwhile I beg you to express my regards to the other religious, asking them to remember us in their prayers, and consider me their and your reverence's faithful servant and brother,

Q. S. M. B.

"FR. SADOE VILARRASA, O. P."

Thus it was that the first Franciscan novitiate in California came into existence; and thus it happened that Father Jose Godayol, who lately passed away, found himself the first novice on the coast. He lived to within less than two years of the golden jubilee of the founding and his own reception. Whence the

* (1) A prominent citizen of Santa Barbara and "Sindico" of the Franciscans.

(2) In this manner Franciscans and Dominicans alike speak of the two saints and so they are commemorated in the Breviary and Missal of both Orders.

(3) Rev. A. Langlois in 1849 received from Father Gonzalez Rubio, O. F. M., then Administrator of the diocese of both Californias, the faculties of Vicar-General for the northern part of California. He built the first church in San Francisco for the Americans on the site of the present S. Francis Church, Vallejo Street, Colores being used by the Indians and Spaniards. Later he joined the Dominicans, but died as chaplain of the Christian Brothers, Martinez. He had come from the diocese of S. Hyacinth, Canada, by way of Oregon.

two lay brothers came, it is impossible to determine. Nor do we know what became of them or how long they continued in the habit, since there is no mention of them after the date of their reception. At all events, they were the first to receive the habit of Franciscan Brothers on the North Pacific Coast; for there is no trace of any lay brother in the whole mission history of California before July, 1854. The poor missionaries, from Father Junipero Serra down, had to be contented with the housework as performed by male Indians or do the work themselves.

It may be interesting to take a glance at the inner life of a missionary college, like the one opened at Santa Barbara nearly fifty years ago, and like the one conducted by the Mexican Franciscans at San Luis Rey in our day. Life in a Franciscan missionary college or seminary necessarily was much more severe than in the other monasteries of the order, for the inmates were intended for and drilled to battle under extraordinary circumstances which would tax the mind as well as the body to the utmost and expose their virtue to far greater dangers than at home. An army destined for a territory where it will not be able to obtain either re-enforcements or aid of any kind, will have to be equipped in a different manner from an army that is ordered into a locality where he may expect relief and assistance at once. In the first case, says a Spanish missionary writer, the general, the officers and the file must know their duties perfectly and be ever ready to perform their part firmly and fearlessly at any cost; in the second case, if there be found any one who cannot comprehend the plan of operation for want of intelligence, or who are unwilling to undergo the hardships for want of patriotism, they may be replaced quickly by others, and no loss suffered. Hence missionary work among the Indians, or infidels, requires men of a different calibre from those that may be supposed to answer under ordinary circumstances.

S. Francis himself directs Superiors not to send for work among the infidels any

one not suitable for the peculiar work and conditions encountered in the missions, lest more harm than good result to both the people and the brethren. He even demands that such missionaries be inspired from above and their vocation for the missionary life well tested by the Superiors. In order, then, to train the candidates for the mission, Apostolic Colleges and Seminaries were instituted and established with the consent and under the direction of the Holy See at an early date.

The first missionary college was erected at Queretaro, Mexico, by Father Antonio Linaz in virtue of a Bull of Innocent XI., dated May 8, 1682. For that purpose the monastery of the Holy Cross was detached from the Province of Michoacan, organized into a seminary for the training of missionaries and placed under the obedience of the Commissary of the Indies. The Holy Father himself approved and prescribed the statutes which were to be observed in addition to the rules of S. Francis. From these we learn that the Superior, styled Guardian or Warden, held his office for a term of three years and was elected by the Discretos (counsellors), who were four in number, with a Vicar who acted in the absence of the Guardian. Any Father or Brother of any Franciscan monastery could be received if recommended by the respective Provincial, who could not withhold his permission if the volunteer was prompted through zeal for souls, enjoyed robust health and possessed the learning and virtue required. There was a novitiate attached to every college into which young men with a vocation could be admitted, and where they were severely disciplined by the master of novices in every species of virtue, the rules and statutes.

Accordingly, the rule of S. Francis was to be observed to the letter, especially with regard to poverty, clothing, going barefoot, fasting, community life, etc. Daily, "indispensably" say the statutes, two hours were to be passed in mental prayer or meditation: one in the morning and one in the evening. Matins and

s were chanted at midnight in the , and in the morning there was a "ventual" Mass at which all had to be present. Every day two lectures were given. The subject of the morning lecture after Mass dealt with the language spoken by the tribe to which the Fathers were sent to go; the lecture after Vespers dealt with the manner of winning and instructing the converts. All had to attend these lectures or conferences, and all were expected to give an answer when asked upon. A regular course in philosophy and theology was likewise taken by those who had not yet studied those sciences.

When the regular course was finished, those deemed suitable were sent out by the Superior or more, according to the necessities of the field designated by the Father Superior; for, after having once entered the college, every one was considered a missionary, subject to proceed to the mission at a moment's call. In the missions the religious was to labor continuously for ten years, when he might be expected to return to the mother college, if wished or the Superior called. The missionary-General or a delegate had to visit the Fathers on the mission every two years to convince himself that they were strictly according to the spirit of the rules as observed at the college or university. Even in the missions the missionaries were expected to live upon alms, but at any rate not to accept more than was necessary for their daily wants. The Superior had to be applied to the missions.

They were supposed to hold the active mission only so long as the needs of the diocese desired. If the Superior wished to replace the religious with a secular priest, the missionary must respectfully withdraw. Religious who had found unsuitable, either at the college or in the missions, had to be referred to their respective provinces. Secular, all papal bulls, royal decrees,

orders from the Council of the Indies and the regulations of the Franciscan Superiors, published as soon as America had been discovered and declared open to missionary laborers, uniformly make it a condition that the men sent to the Indians should be irreproachable in conduct, fearing God, forgetting self, learned, experienced and able to instruct the natives in the Catholic faith and transform all immoral customs in accordance with the spirit of Christianity.

Now, kind reader, compare with this outline the infamous picture drawn of the California Fathers by such historical caricaturists as H. H. Bancroft and particularly the so-called historian, Theodore Hittel. The California missionaries were all pupils of Apostolic seminaries whose regulations have just been quoted. They were trained and educated in the manner described for the sole purpose of drawing the Indian natives to the fold of Christ as kindly as the peculiarly low character and customs of the Indians permitted. Father Junipero Serra and his companions down to 1833 had all received their training at the College of San Fernando in the city of Mexico, which was the third of its kind, founded in the early part of the eighteenth century. In 1833 Fathers from the college at Zacatecas, founded by the saintly Father Antonio Margil, accepted the Northern California missions. They were all Mexicans, but trained after the same manner. Of this number was the saintly Father Francisco Sanchez, the master of novices in the newly established college at Santa Barbara. Lest the reader imagine that under him the inner life of the new institution relaxed, I shall in a forthcoming paper afford him a glimpse of its record as I find it in the diary of Father Romo, who arrived at Santa Barbara from Mexico under the directions from the Superior-General in 1872.

PHASES IN THE LIFE OF SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

Reading the life of S. Catherine, for the first time, one phase of it, her mystic personal communication with our Saviour and His elect in Heaven, seems so utterly opposed to the spirit of the present age that even, through the light of faith, we look upon her with wonder, but with no real understanding of her character, no intrinsic sympathy with her experiences.

They are above and beyond us; in the realms of the purely supernatural. No possible material agents could have produced the visions, the ecstasies, the visible manifestations of a power unfettered by natural laws.

In an age of faith, when men still universally believed in a special Providence watching and directing the destinies of nations, manifesting its power and making known its decrees through the instrumentality of favored souls, it must have been easy to credit the marvelous things that "God had wrought in His servant," and thereby, to glorify His omnipotence. But in this calculating, material, realistic age, even the Church herself hesitates long and weighs well each circumstance, each detail before she allows herself to pronounce any apparently supernatural experience as an undoubted manifestation of God's personal interference in the laws which He, Himself, has made.

What the authority of the Church has declared miraculous, we, of faith, accept unquestionably; we bow submissively to her judgment; we acknowledge that the saint was most highly and most wonderfully favored. But there seems nothing in her life that touches our own, nothing imitable; nothing that brings her nearer to us. We fail to find in her that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and which in great souls seems to be the connecting link between God's perfection and man's weakness, and serves as an encouragement to us in many a dark hour.

If we may so express it, her own will appeared to have had no free action in developing the perfection of her character; it impresses us as formed entirely and to the exclusion of any merely natural accidents by Christ Himself. It is as though He made her perfect, and then, by the most extraordinary favors and graces, and by the suspension of all natural laws, He made it impossible for her to be other than she was.

Looking upon her we are forced to exclaim: "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord!" But she is not one of us; there is nothing in all the glorious array of heavenly illuminations which can ever be our portion on earth; we realize more and more the immeasurable distance that separates us from the few "who are chosen"; we are but of the "many who are called" to work out their salvation in fear and trembling.

Such were the first impressions left by the perusal of her life.

But reading again, when years of labor and prayer and constant striving have given us a clearer vision, a steadier light, with which to view the things of God, the experiences of our own soul, the workings of divine grace in the circumstances of our vocation, we come to understand better the character of S. Catherine, and discern the parallel hitherto unrecognized between her life and ours.

Looking back we can trace step by step the pathway through which God's hand has led us day by day; the incidents of life inexplicable at the time, but now seem to have been clearly and unmistakably His direct dispensations. We also have had our visions, intangible it is true, scarcely recognized, but none the less real.

Have we not almost looked into the face of our guardian angel? Have we not all but felt the caressing touch of the Divine Mother upon our brow? Have we not in

more sacred hours bowed in least adoration at the feet of our and while life itself seemed to cease; unspeakable joy of the realization of nearness, almost, in the flesh, in the sweetness of His presence?

also have been compassed about His preventing grace; have been led by a very spirit; been strengthened by divine encouragements, until the culmination of earthly blessedness came in mystic espousals" of our profession

other point that strikes the matured ment is the marvelous fidelity with S. Catherine corresponded with individual grace, each individual of the Divine inspirations, even in tender years when childhood is yet gliding with its first imperfectly defined conceptions of life and its immediate surroundings.

child's desire to remain in the peace of God's house, the piety marked each step of the stairs in her home by a devoutly recited "Hail" were special promptings of the Spirit, and marked a natural fidelity to a child's character. However, they are not unique. In the lives of many we find these outward manifestations of a natural or inherited religious tendency in early childhood. Indeed, they are not peculiar to those whom the Church has raised to her altars, but mark the beginnings of many life-journeys which present no particular characteristics of extraordinary piety.

In the apparition of our Lord to her in the seventh year the supernatural impressed its mark upon her character, and at this point on we cannot think of her having lived a purely natural human life. We cannot bring her within the scope of our own experiences, and think to know her, even in ordinary actions, by running through the years of her life on earth, was the golden thread of visible personal influence of our Lord in the daily accidents of life.

There is no natural correspondence with the world; it is in no essential a human life growing out of her salvation. Her life is

rather a series of living illustrations of the power of God's illuminations, working through the agency of a created will.

It must be true that no merely natural perfection can merit these extraordinary outpourings of special grace. If, from the dawn of reason, we had responded to the moving of each inspiration, worked out each prompting of God's Spirit; if, in the chain of duties, no least link were missing, not even then should we deserve, nor might we expect as a right, that God would grant to our corporeal vision the sight of one of the least of His heavenly ministrants.

But may we not believe that such a perfect fidelity to His graces might not win from Him some such ineffable boon; some glimpse of that Divine Beauty for which our soul longs and sighs, without which it cannot and will not be comforted; towards which, amidst the darkness of earth's cloudy cares, it ever turns in yearning desire, and which in rare moments of God's special mercy, it discerns dimly as through a veil, in holy prayer?

We know that to each of us is given the supernatural strength necessary for a full correspondence with the special inspirations of the Holy Spirit at any particular moment. The failures to hear God's message or to work out its inspirations lies with the will, which through indifference, indolence or culpable ignorance allows the instant of grace to pass unrecognized, unheeded or ignored in the press of our daily occupations and interests. Had we been found watching, ready to admit each one of these divine messengers, who can say that we, too, ere now, might not have looked upon the sweetness of the face of God, might not have been found worthy of some high and noble mission; might not have brought home the harvest of many souls to lay at the feet of the King?

As the skillful workman chooses none but perfect tools for his finest work, so God, in His masterpiece, the salvation of souls, will have no blunted instrument, no flaw in the metal, and we, alas, "have often been tried, and found wanting."

One of the first lessons taught in the spiritual life is that of utter renunciation of all attachment to creatures. The practical application of this principle is that we must put aside all love for created beings and center every movement of the heart in God. We must love no one but God, and still in His commandment, the resumé of His whole law, He says, "And thy neighbor as thyself."

To us it seems that the keynote both of the command of God and of the spiritual principle already mentioned must lie in the interpretation of the word "love"; the apparent discord must result from an ill-executed and unskillful rendering of a divine harmony.

Christ was the Model for each and every state of life; the Master, the Teacher, and one lesson above all others was His daily exhortation, "Love one another." Now what did He mean by "love"? His word was to all time, to all peoples; not to the school-man, the theologian. To the people, the unlearned, common words would have but common significance. To love was to feel the heart reaching out in some special predilection to some other heart, in some special dependence or through the attraction of some special charm. With the children of the New Law, however, the precept was to be amplified and this love was to extend even to the stranger at the gate; to the enemy who had wrought them evil; and in this was to lie the difficulty, the perfection of the new dispensation.

It was love always that was to be given, but a wider application of its influence was enjoined. Men may have perverted the word as to degrade what is highest and holiest, but we cannot believe that Christ, who came to clear away the mists of centuries, would have left in His teaching obscurity and misconception.

The many degrees of love are conceded; and still it is love. To God we give its highest and fullest perfection, and we call it adoration. In some languages the word that expresses the deepest human love would read, literally translated into ours, "to adore." By God's own commandment we must give to His creatures, also,

love—not His, but as great as that we are to give to ourselves.

If we did not mean that we are to love others; if He wished us to shut our hearts entirely against creatures, why did He use in relation to them the same word He used in speaking of our duty to Himself? Why the second part of the commandment, "And thy neighbor as thyself?" We are to love in both cases, only that the degrees of love, the intensity is unmeasured in the one and limited in the other.

Although there may be no contradiction, theoretically, between the law of God and the spiritual principle referred to, practically there is a distinction. The most perfect, according to this latter, is he whose heart is so perfectly regulated that no human being claims the least share in his affection; who experiences no particular pleasure in the companionship of any other soul, who can say, "I love no one but God," thereby ignoring God's own commandment, "And thy neighbor as thyself."

What did our Lord mean by love? And why use a word which needs a scholastic interpretation? In other parts of His gospel His words are translated literally. Why in this particular instance must there be obscurity? And contradiction? Another point that is made is that there must be no preference: one must receive the same degree of confidence and affection as another. We are told that the association of the Apostles was the pre-shadowing of the religious life; yet, here we find our Lord preferring one before all the others. St. John speaks of himself as the disciple whom Jesus loved. How did he know this if our Lord did not give him some special mark of this special love?

He allowed the beloved Apostle to rest on His Sacred Heart; a human manifestation of a tenderly human affection. We are told in explanation that for one special virtue Jesus loved John above all others. The explanation, or rather the necessity for it, proves the fact to have been self-evident. But is not this love which we are speaking justified by the example of the Master? For some special

beautiful trait of character, some special mark of nobility of mind, some special sweetness, or strength or helpfulness draws to another soul this special love and trust.

And that our Lord showed His love for His elect, in a particular human way, is told in the "Life of Christ" by St. Bonaventure. Judas betrayed his Master to the Jews by a kiss, friendship's most sacred expression, because our Lord thus saluted His apostles, "Always on going out and coming in." Still another proof of preference. Christ chose but three to witness the glory of Tabor, and the agony of Gethsemane. Why did He not take all the twelve, if it be not lawful to choose some for special confidence, special reliance, special trust and love? "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, thy whole soul, thy whole mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." The life of S. Catherine presents a most perfect exemplification of this epitome of the commandments. Her union with the will of God was miraculously absolute and unchanging; her love for her neighbor, divinely beautiful, tender, all-comprehending.

When the perfection of spirituality is taken to be an utter indifference to creatures, an absence of any sensible human affection, it is a little bewildering to read in the life of S. Catherine of the strong personal attraction binding her to so many and such diverse characters, in such a tender, intimate companionship. Human nature is the same from age to age. Affection requires recognition and response; and dies soon where it is unrequited. No matter how saintly a character may be, though of its own nature it command reverence, it cannot awaken and hold affection, unless it responds in some way, manifests an appreciation, conscious or unconscious, active or passive. S. Catherine must have possessed a peculiarly gentle, sympathetic character, or she must have been made all this by Christ Himself, in order to further His designs in the fulfillment of her mission.

In our own day, we should say that she

possessed a wonderful personal magnetism. It is impossible to meet her, and not to love her. The high, the low, the rich and powerful, the ruler and the subject, the churchman and the laic, each lays his grain of incense on the altar of her memory. Her written words of counsel and warning, of exhortation, failed at times, but the influence of her personal pleading was irresistible. The divinely inspired love and zeal for souls, which was the very life of her life itself, manifested itself in a tenderly human way. Her words were simple. They were directed to a world which had not yet been educated into fidelity and scepticism. She wrote and spoke to simple souls, who neither sought nor needed a scholastic interpretation of their mother tongue, who would read but one meaning in the words, "I love thee; therefore would I save thee."

It would be impossible to cite a life fuller than hers of warm personal friendships, founded either on relationship or a special preference. It is true that humanity, in its entirety, found place in her love, and there were many who could and who did call themselves her particular friends, some of whom lived in daily intimacy with her, others whom she visited from time to time, whose joys made her heart glad, and whose sorrows she besought her Spouse in loving insistence to assuage.

Her mystic life apart, she appears a tender, loving, great-hearted woman whose strong personal influence must inevitably work marvels if allowed full scope for its activity. The two phases of her life seem almost incompatible. On the one hand is the ecstatic, the stigmatic, living in almost hourly personal communication with our Lord, and it seems incredible that there should be even time for aught else, not to mention inclination or capability of the will to detach itself from the contemplation of the visible manifestations of the Creator. Yet, on the other hand, there is the host of friends, the voluminous correspondence, embracing subjects requiring the profoundest wisdom, prudence, foresight.

HONESTY AND PATIENCE.

REV. JOSEPH O'REILLEY.

Among the very many moving powers which, besides religion and conscience, help on human nature to accomplish its divinely destined end, viz.: to know God, to love Him, to serve Him here on earth, and to enjoy Him hereafter in Heaven, there are what are called Virtues. Let me tell you a few things about two of these virtues which are closely related, which seem to me to be little practised, and which, if well known and constantly exercised, must help us wonderfully in our relations with God, our neighbors and ourselves. I refer to honesty and patience.

Honesty is a virtue or power or endowment of the soul which makes us upright, sincere, true; and patience is a virtue or power or endowment of the soul which makes and keeps us calmly enduring in pains, humiliations and troubles; and both are daughters of that sweet mother Charity which, born of a god-like soul, teaches and sweetly urges us to love God above all things on account of his own innate goodness, and our neighbors for our own, too. Honesty and patience—twin daughters of Charity—twin sisters in the spiritual world, should continually help each other and the man or woman who happily possesses them. Without these charming, elevating, heavenward-helping virtues in men and women, the world would inevitably be cursed, and immortal souls lost in hell. An upright, sincere man or woman, even though brusque and unpolished, is a suitable companion for angels; and an honest man or woman, actuated by the virtue of patience, is a sweet brother or sister of Jesus Christ, the best object of God's purest love.

Now, how do we obtain these virtues and preserve them? These are questions burning, temporarily, and eternally useful questions. Well, like everything else that is good, these virtues come primarily from God; and each human soul has the seeds

of honesty and patience in more or less abundance. Some people are extremely good-hearted, unselfish, whilst others seem to have a superabundance of slyness and self, diabolical pride, which vitiate stunt, almost uproot the scant supply of honest and patient seeds implanted in their souls. We have all received the profitable seeds of honesty and patience from God; and if, unfortunately, we have been negligent in cultivating, developing and training them by religious, conscientious words, works and hearts, we should—understanding at a glance how necessary and valuable they are, both as regards earth and heaven—begin at once to remove the rubbish we may have been for years and years heaping upon them. We should start a movement among our spiritual powers and dig out the ugly weeds of desires—thick and stubborn—for useless honors, destructive riches, and unavailing, disappointing pleasures which have, to no earthly or divine purpose, overrun, set wild or choked these mild seeds of honesty and patience which are gratuitously received from Heaven.

If our souls were only sparsely settled, poorly supplied, with these charming gifts honesty and patience, and their many fascinating associates, then we must pray to God for them more earnestly than those more richly dowered, and cultivate the friendship of those whom God, for his own good reasons, more liberally supplied. We must fight and conquer, with God's assistance, our oversupply of destructive pride. We must cultivate and irrigate our little territory—the soul—purchased by the blood of a God-man, and destined to have an eternal value and standing in the heavenly land—the only land of true, unbiased justice, and consequent pleasure.

Give honesty and patience the beneficial strength accruing from God's honest and Christ-blessed, sunlit air, and our own

poor efforts. Let them grow strong and sweet-smelling watered and nourished by the motherly care of charity, assisted by their fatherly sower, God. Honesty will always have God on its side, and, if God is with us, what matters it who is against us? Patience will keep our souls in peace; and soul with God and in peace, what is that but Heaven?

Dishonesty and anger, the opposites of honesty and patience, need only be mentioned to the sensitive and meek to have flung to scorned oblivion. An uncharitable, and consequently dishonest, impatient, impatient man, woman or child is a monstrosity. He or she may succeed for a while in deceiving people but the force of God's justice, with natural goodness, will inevitably pull off their masks and cast them, with their owners and a well-deserved wordly obloquy, into a temporal

—and probably an eternal—garbage consuming furnace.

Now, with our worldly acuteness, and the light of our truly independent and provident Father, we can see that honesty and patience are from God, that we, human beings, possess their seeds in greater or less abundance, and that we revive them, keep them alive, make them grow, by removing from them any and all impatient and dishonest rubbish or weeds and by a watchful, charitable, God-assisting, cultivation of them.

Cultivate, then, the seeds of honesty and patience; court those angelic virtues and send them broadcast over the earth, and after Christ's death Heaven's best and most profitable purpose will be accomplished, the land will be brimming over with blessings, and Heaven crowded with saved souls.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

I draw the crimson veils aside,
And ope the little golden door;
And there the gleaming chalice, there
The Sacred Bread, and shining o'er
The golden rim, I wondering see
One sweet White Host that waits for
me.

It might have thrilled a Saint's great
heart
With seraph fire, might have sent
Swift pulsings through the love-waked
soul
Of some grace-hallowed penitent.

It might have flamed in burning words
From chrism'd lips, or blossomed
sweet
In harvest sheaves of selfless deeds
That make our earth with Heaven meet
In God-like priestly ministry;
But no, He waits for me—for me.

He watches from His prison, mute
With yearning love, as here I kneel
Through the long night His Heart will
throb
With waiting. O, could words reveal
What were my life—could I not see
That sweet White Host—all, all, for me.

I draw the crimson veils aside,
And ope the little golden door.
Knowing that Heaven, richest dower
In that strait prison, is my store.
Whate'er for others there may be,
One sweet White Host is there for me.

EDITORIAL.

The month of June, set apart for special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, offers to the devout Christian acceptable opportunities to honor the tender love manifested by Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and to atone in some slight measure for the indifference of nominal Catholics and the insults of heretics and infidels. The special Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, and The Office of the Sacred Heart, are the highest forms of that devotion. "The Little Office of the Sacred Heart" has been enriched by an indulgence of two hundred days by Leo XIII.

The Litany of the Sacred Heart, Acts of Reparation and Consecration, are commendable devotions for the month. It is needless to dwell upon the beauty and efficacy of this form of converse with God through the Sacred Heart of His divine Son—that Heart "opened" for us centuries ago on the gloomy height of Calvary. The faithful are exhorted to extend all pious practices that will redound to the glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For the third time in its history California has been honored by the visit of a personal representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Delegate Apostolic for the Church in the United States. But a few years ago, His Eminence Cardinal Satolli came to this distant part of his extensive jurisdiction, to receive a welcome from Catholic love and devotion that was a splendid demonstration of Catholic vitality and loyalty holding closely to the heart of Leo the multitudes who cling to him, though far away, because to them he means the personification of Peter, the Vicar of our Lord Jesus himself.

The second occasion for a like manifestation was afforded by the visit of his present Eminence Cardinal Martinelli, then acting as Delegate Apostolic. But the latest outpouring of love, the latest demonstration of loyalty, and perhaps the

most enthusiastic expression of homage to Peter—to Leo his successor and to His Excellency, present Delegate Apostolic, Archbishop Falconio, was that which occurred in California during the month of May.

Every phase of the entertainment offered to the illustrious Franciscan Friar, so exalted by the Holy Father, was an act of profound Catholic faith. For the spiritual exhilaration and religious quickening that come of such occasions we devoutly thank God.

With great pleasure, and owing to the courtesy of the zealous pastor of S. Anthony's Church, San Francisco, Father Raphael, O. F. M., we present to our readers a speaking likeness of the gracious and cultured prelate, to whom we but recently bade a regretful adieu.

California was also favored, during the month of May, by a visit from the President of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt received the welcome and the homage that American patriotism always loyally gives to the nation's Chief. As the highest type of American manhood, as representing ideals, aspirations and purposes worthy of American youth's ambition, Mr. Roosevelt also received a homage quite personal which is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

Through the favor of the Holy See the Calendar of the Dominican Order has been enriched by the addition of a new Saint, the Blessed Andrew Abellion, whose feast has been set for May 17th, and of whom we shall tell our readers interesting particulars in another issue.

The centenary of the birth of Emerson is being befittingly commemorated by our men of letters. *The Atlantic Monthly* contains appreciable reminiscences of the great American litterateur. The latest

of *The Book Lover* is Emersonian in tone and vivid in illustration.

enthusiastic reception accorded to Mr. William on the occasion of his visit to the Vatican has produced a good feeling among his German hosts. Aside from the official significance of His Majesty's audience with the Pope, his personal cordiality and deferential attitude towards the Vatican are aptly contrasted with his diplomatic evasions on former visits.

usually interested in vital questions of religion, the Pope and the Emperor conversed familiarly upon Biblical studies. In historical works, the Pope remarking that the Vatican had had opened its doors to German scholars, in recognition of the fact that science would strengthen the bond of fraternity between Rome and Germany.

Leo paid a tribute to the work of our missionaries, and expressed his satisfaction at the yearly increase of recruits from the Fatherland. German missionary influence is being profitably extended in foreign lands, to the great prestige of the nation. The Emperor's assurance that the work in Christ's vineyard would ever have the protection of their country is consoling to the Holy Father, particularly as he has been harassed in mind by complications that have arisen in Germany on account of the expulsion of his German sons and daughters. The liberal and friendly attitude of the Emperor in religious matters is a subject for general gratulation.

The following encomium of the Mexican Republic comes from the pen of F. R. Sey, the special Mexican correspondent of the *Boston Herald*. It is an especially valuable refutation of calumnies circulated by inventive American tourists, as Mr. Seymour's experimental knowledge of Mexican social and religious life is extensive. His veracity cannot be questioned. Referring to the Dominicans of Yucatan, he writes:

"We have broken bread together, in all good humor and cheerful spirit. They are all Spaniards, from old Spain, earnest and sincere men. A good priest is about the best company; having much knowledge of this queer humanity of which we are parts; having a vast charity, because, knowing the intricacies of the human heart, and dominated by a faith that shines clear amid all the turmoil and confusion of these critical and innovating times. You may differ from the Dominicans, but come to admire and respect their high character and unwavering loyalty to their great Church and their militant order. No better companions, no truer friends, than these Dominican Fathers, who, here in the ancient city, where once they were so powerful, minister unto poor and rich with Christian impartiality, their virtues shining all the brighter for their voluntary poverty, something to awaken respect in our days of dollar-hunting and craze for social splendor and display."

An interesting and notable event occurred in Washington on April 23, when His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, broke the ground for the new foundation of the Dominican House of Studies, which will be opened in September, 1904, when the professors and students will be transferred from St. Joseph, Perry County, Ohio. The Dominican College will be affiliated to the Catholic University.

The funeral of the late Fannie de C. Miller, which took place from "Miller Hall," on the twenty-fourth of April, was an eloquent tribute of friendship to the beloved dead. Friends from all parts of the State assembled to offer their sympathy to her bereaved relatives, and also to unite with them in earnest prayer for the soul of their cherished friend.

At the solemn services held for the dead Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan, in eloquent and impressive language, reminded his hearers of the consoling truths of Christian faith—that, in the mysterious providence of God, all things from His

hand are good, and all work together for good to those who truly love Him.

Recalling Miss Miller's sterling worth, her active charities, her devotion to the lonely orphan, her exalted, cheerful hope, her unfailing fortitude, may we not be comforted in our own desolation, since we know that God's promises will be fulfilled that He, Himself, has wiped away the tears from her eyes, and that for her "death shall be no more, for the former things have passed away."

But the lessons of Miss Miller's life-work will remain. Distinguished for many amiable traits of character, and rare talents, her energies were directed to the advancement of a culture that disciplines the mind and ennobles the heart. Her personal charm in social circles exercised a favorable influence upon all whom she met; those who enjoyed her intimate society were blessed in the knowledge that the bond of friendship would be

"Unchanged by seasons and untouched by time."

Miss Miller's able contributions to literature will be doubly cherished, as they represent a noble talent generously placed at the disposal of others. May her reward be exceeding great in the glorious realms of Paradise, that realm of which Marcella A. Fitzgerald, in her memorial poem on the occasion of Miss Miller's death, so feelingly places before us in her closing lines:

But while the waves of bitter desolation
Upon the spirits of her kindred flow;
Faith whispers words of holy consolation,
Tells of the joys the ever-faithful know

In that seraphic realm whose cloudless
glory

All eloquence in vain essays to paint,
That since the first page of creation's
story

Has been the theme of Prophet and of
Saint,

Heaven, our All-Father's home, where her
soul's longing

From home and home friends now is
gratified,

Where 'mid the Angel hosts its great court
thronging

Shine with resplendent beauty glorified;

The cherished ones who journeyed forth
before us,

Who wait our coming to that promised
land,

Prayerful, affectionate, still watching o'er
us,

Now reunited in that happy band

The one we mourn, the one whose voice
in pleading

Was raised for us at many a holy
shrine,

All unforgetting, she is interceding

For us in presence of the Face Divine.

And we who loved her living, who are
holding

Sweet memories of her deep within each
breast,

Who saw the promise of her life unfolding
From flower to fruit, and whom her
friendship blessed,

Can we forget? Nay, gratitude undying,
Shall wing this prayer by loyal spirits
poured,

Upon our Father's tender love relying,
Give her sweet rest within Thy house,
O Lord.

God was pleased to bestow upon Blessed Jordan a very special gift of prayer which neither his anxiety for his brethren's welfare, nor his long journeyings, nor any kind of occupation, could ever shorten. He generally knelt with his body upright, his hands clasped devoutly, and he did this without ever bending forward, or sitting down, or leaning to either side, during such time as one could have easily walked about eight miles. This was especially his custom after Compline, and again after Matins, and that, too, no matter whether he were staying at home or had just returned from a wearisome journey. Meanwhile he wept very bitterly, so that he could easily have taken to himself that saying of the prophet, "Tears were my food by day and night," and to this is commonly attributed his shortsightedness. Those who watched him at such times often heard him crying in a loud tone, and he would let the tears course down his cheeks while offering up the holy mysteries--nay, sometimes his sermons and instructions were choked with sobbing. Whether in the convent or outside, he devoted himself entirely to

ation, from which he derived
ace of soul. As he plodded his
ay along the roads it was his un-
custom to busy himself with
nd contemplation, unless he was
e breviary with a companion, or
; on some profitable topic. He
this practice on all his subjects,
them select some sacred mystery,
wards say what noteworthy
had occurred to each. He fre-
walked along about a stone's
lead, singing some favorite mel-
h as the "Salve Regina" or the
Iesu Nostra Redemptio." These
raptures were often the cause of
ing from the others, who used to
go in search of him. Nobody ever
grumble from his lips or saw him
if they lost their way, and he
led to put the blame on others,
ey were downcast, he would gaily
"Never mind, brothers; it's all
he way to heaven."

steadily increasing evils—social
litical—arising from indiscriminate
of vicious books and degraded
ers by our young people, empha-
s necessity, not only of a deter-
ensorship of current publications,
art of parents and teachers, but,
portant still, the exercise of per-
gillance in supplying matter for
minds. This responsibility is
rave one. It is to be feared that
an inclination on the part of
arents to shift responsibility to
her, and, if the teacher be less
tious, he in turn will shirk duty
e for the virtuous intervention of
ic librarian! How frequently has
een shown that "public librar-
free to do so, have failed to pro-
ks for the young, the reading of
ould strengthen faith and incul-
nd morals? An appeal therefore
made to the consciences of par-
gging them to do a little more
e mere keeping of hurtful litera-
t of the child's reach—that they
him with mental food that will
e hope in the gaining of the prize

that is eternal—that the child may not
learn to despair because of the disappoint-
ments of earth.

On the subject of good reading we have
no lack of encouragement from men who
laboriously and satisfactorily studied the
problems of life.

Lord Bacon, who, though Pope called
him the meanest of mankind, was also,
according to the same author, the wisest
and the brightest, makes some excellent
suggestions that may here find place. He
would have us read, as wise men read, to
use the studies which crafty men con-
demn, and simple men admire; and he
reminds us that we should engage in
reading for delight and ornament as well
as for ability, while he warns us not to
read for the purpose of contradicting or
refuting, nor to find talk and discourse,
but to weigh and consider. "In the deli-
cate irony of this last advice," says Agnes
Repplier, "we discern the satisfaction of
the philosopher in having deprived the
mass of mankind of the only motives
which prompt them to read at all."

The Vicar of Wakefield, in his own
philosophic way, gives a strong motive
for reading: "If," he declares, "we may
say that books will not bring us to enjoy
life, they will at least teach us to endure
it." A very proper motive, beyond doubt.
Herein we find a suggestion of remedy for
life's miseries, such as was set before the
ancient Thebans, at the head of their
library door—"Medicine for the soul."
The monks christianized this, and so real-
ized it in a higher way. And Burton, in
his "Anatomy of Melancholy," quotes
Heinsius, who quaintly and beautifully
says: "I no sooner come into the library
but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust,
avarice, and all such vices whose nurse
is idleness, the mother of ignorance and
melancholy herself; and in the very lap
of eternity among so many divine souls,
I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and
sweet content that I pity all our great
ones and rich men who know not this
happiness."

Addison expressed a similar thought
when he wrote: "Reading is to the mind
what exercise is to the body. As by the

one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated, by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished and confirmed."

Furthermore, we should read because of that delightful companionship with the great and spiritual who, though dead, live through all time, saying with Southey:

"My days among the dead are past:
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they.
With whom I converse night and day."

Or with Crabbe:

"With awe around these silent walks I tread;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead:
'The dead!' methinks a thousand tongues reply;
'These are the tombs of such as cannot die!'
Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sun-lime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time."

"How pleasant," says that true lover of books, Leigh Hunt, "to reflect that the greatest lovers of books have themselves become books! Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal;—yet this little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years; nor, since the invention of the press, can anything short of a universal convulsion of nature abolish it."

But quotations favorable to our purpose—that of forming a friendship for good books—are innumerable. Precious is the endowment of the friendship thus offered to us, rich is the opportunity of such communion, rare are the joys of mind and heart to which we are admitted, as in a Valhalla where urn and bust, and chiseled marble glow and speak in spirit voices, louder and clearer than tongues of flesh. I am not alone in saying that literature like nobility runs in the blood. Hazlitt and Father Faber both declare this as a truth. Nevertheless, into these spiritual abodes all may enter who

will. At all times may consultation be held with these choice spirits, for, as Cicero puts it, they are ever disengaged.

MAGAZINES.

In the April number of *The Nineteenth Century and After* a fourfold affliction has been perpetrated on the subscribers to that periodical in the shape of four consecutive and painfully elaborate articles on the imminent danger now menacing the existence of the "English Protestant Establishment," or Anglican Church.

Our sufferings, however, are somewhat relieved by the amusing fact that the discordant lamenters in this grim quartette are all earnest members of one or other of the four contradictory forms of the Anglican sect itself—Ritualist, High Church, Broad Church and Low, respectively; and that, in summing up the mutual recriminations of these four champions of Anglicanism, the "Establishment" actually loses its *raison d'être*! This utter futility of the uniform contention in all four articles arises from the one underlying fallacy in which it is assumed that Christ founded the Anglican Church. It is not allowed to argue against fact; and the plain fact of history shows the founders of the Anglican "Church" to have been the Crown and Parliament of England. And, furthermore, if such Parliament was representative of the national will, the Anglican "Church," its creature, is clearly bound to submit to its ruling and dictation; but if that Parliament was not so representative, the Anglican "Church" was an illegal upstart which an honest Parliament of our day has a perfect right to put down; so that, in either case, the present Anglican alarmist wailing is simply a piece of impertinence, while the quadruple effort here noticed excites wonder and affords intense amusement.

The May number of *The Review of Catholic Pedagogy* closes the first volume of that excellent magazine. "History of Education," by Rev. William Turner, D. D.; "The Study of Irish Music," by Francis O'Neill; "The Alberto-Thomistic Method"

of Teaching Philosophy," by Merwin-Marie Snell, are papers of unusual merit. Brainard Kellogg's "Criticism of Mr. A. R. Sabin's Views on Grammar" will elicit sympathetic commendation on the part of teachers who have successfully utilized Professor Kellogg's methods of illustrating the functions of words and phrases by the use of the diagram. The high and holy mission of *The Review*, its advocacy of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, in the interest of religion, good citizenship, and the democratic institutions of the United States," has secured for it enthusiastic admirers and efficient helpers in the extensive field of Catholic pedagogy.

In the May *Sunset* living pictures of natural excellence are grouped in radiant colors. Glimpses of sea, and shore, mountain, and valley, are brightened by golden glory of California's perpetual sunlight. Foremost in appreciation of the wonders of the West appears the nation's chief, whose coming is befittingly commemorated. While the beauties of California have been expatiated on by various writers, L. R. Andrews directs our attention to the hero of "Duty," the engineer, who so faithfully guides the traveler to safety and pleasure.

Let bards who sing of warriors brave
And tell of courage framed in glory;
Of the statesman honored in his grave;
Forget not the unknown heroes' story.

Those lion-hearted men who stand
Up forward on the swaying deck;
Who face grim death in every land
And falter not at fearsome beck.

Two slender threads of steel that hold
The swift steed on his beaten path;
The hands that guide him, strong and bold,
Defiance bids to the tempest's wrath.

What though the night be wild and black,
Unleashed the demons of the storm;
A thousand lives are at his back—
He stands between them and all harm.

Countless duties his to do;
No time to plan the battle;
Argus-eyed and steel-nerved, too,
His senses keyed by ceaseless rattle.

Each sound to him a story tells
Of mighty strains on bolts and bars;
The side rod's low vibration swells,
The fierce exhaust salutes the stars.

Towns, villages and junctions pass,
Tunnels are pierced and bridges crossed,
A labyrinth of lights, the speed less fast;
Then on to gain a moment lost.

You, at ease in cushioned chair,
Serenely gliding undisturbed;
Remember him, who forward there
Controls the metaled courser's curb.

All honor then to the engineers;
In song and story, prose and rhyme;
True heroes they, amidst their peers,
Their brave deeds stand undimmed by time.

BOOKS.

THE PAPAL MONARCHY, by Doctor William Barry, contains a fund of reliable information for the general reader. The stirring incidents connected with the incipency, growth and domination of the papal monarchy hold fascinating vistas for critical comparison by the students of the history of nations. Dr. Barry, in clear terms, remarkable for accuracy and precision, outlines the characters of the Popes, who faithfully discharged the heavy duties of the Papacy despite the tyrannical usurpations of secular powers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, published the book with numerous beautiful full-page illustrations and maps.

The John Murphy Company, Baltimore, have published in book form six lectures which were delivered by Clayton C. Hall, in 1902 at The John Hopkins University, Baltimore. Selecting for his subject THE LORDS BALTIMORE AND THE MARYLAND PALATINATE, the lecturer presents brief character sketches of the several Lords Baltimore and reviews the early history of the Province of Maryland. The student of political institutions in America will find many interesting features for special study in the constitution peculiar to a Palatinate Province. During the past twenty-five years historians have availed themselves of original records of Maryland's Colonial Government—with the view to stimulate interest in an adminis-

tration rich in patriotic incident and phenomenal in religious tolerance.

Mr. Hall has gracefully grouped prominent figures in his historic setting. A facsimile of a beautifully engraved map of Virginia and Maryland, made by Augustin Hermann as early as 1670, geographically valuable, is included in the work.

THE LIFE OF JOHN WILLIAM WALSH, F. S. A., edited by Montgomery Carmichael, is published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

Apparently a *bona fide* biography, the purport of the writer is evident. His picture of a stern English father, and an indifferent mother, is not overdrawn; the effect of their lack of sympathy with their only child—a delicate, spiritually-sensitive boy, thrown upon his own resources—is illustrated by the elation of mind which seizes him and manifests itself in self-inflicted physical torture, with the mistaken idea that he is making an acceptable sacrifice to God. In the fictitious character of John William Walshe throughout a checkered career one may view the abnormal effect of a selfish, vain, and relentless parental authority. Incidentally, the writer expands his religious opinions in which he genially inclines to the non-dogmatic in theology. Although he does not descend to burlesque in religious matters, he has superlatively emphasized his ludicrous interpretation of rites and practices.

COMFORT FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED, by Ludovicus Blossius, O. S. B., has been translated from the Latin by Rev. Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O. P.

Under this happy title the great Benedictine Abbot addresses all men of good will who have repented of former transgressions and are determined to advance in holiness of life. In selecting words of comfort for the erring, Blossius quotes copiously from the writings of Blessed Henry Suso and Father John Tauler, both of the Dominican Order and reputed masters of the spiritual life. Passages from the works of Saint Augustine, Saint Ambrose and other spiritual writers have

been selected by Blossius to encourage the faint-hearted. Father Wilberforce's services in the present excellent translation are deserving of the highest commendation.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN TEACHER ENCOURAGED, by B. C. G., is a series of earnest exhortations to those who enter upon the arduous duty of teaching the young. The writer appeals particularly to those who are apprehensive of failure.

In his introductory remarks the Right Reverend J. L. Spalding says of the volume. "It is all alive with the spirit of religious faith, zeal, and devotion. There breathes through its pages a serene confidence in the absolute worth of the work which our schools are doing. It is more than an encouragement—it is an inspiration."

B. Herder, St. Louis, publishes this commendable book in a superior style of printing and binding.

A metrical translation of THE PSALMS AND CANTICLES comes from the pen of the Right Reverend Bishop Bagshawe, whose object is to extend the knowledge of the beautiful scriptural aspirations and prayers among the laity. The translation is designed to express the sense of difficult passages of Sacred Scripture, so as to inspire devotional thoughts.

The book is printed by B. Herder, St. Louis, in clear type, and is of a size convenient for use.

LINE O' TYPE LYRICS, by Bert Leston Taylor, published in book form by William S. Lord, Evanston, steadily grow in favor. The verses are brimful of clever hits and afford keen enjoyment to the appreciative reader.

WHIMLETS, by S. Scott Stinson and Clare V. Diggins, are delightfully varied in fanciful notions of persons and things having the agreeable quality of amusing.

The book is handsomely printed and illustrated by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

POLITICAL AND MORAL ESSAYS is the title under which the distinguished English Jesuit, Father Joseph Rickaby, publishes, through Benziger Brothers, New York, a solid volume of three hundred pages containing a series of discussions on the origin and extent of civil authority, on savages, on casuistry, on socialism and religious orders, on the Catholic doctrine on lying and equivocation, on morality without free will, on the value of sentiment in ethics—all living themes of vital import, all learnedly handled and interestingly, too. To announce such a work is a pleasure for those who are laboring for the spread of Catholic literature.

We congratulate Benziger Brothers, New York, on their Catholic enterprise, and we hope that the energy they display in bringing out, in beautiful form, a new, revised and enlarged edition of *LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN* by Father Lacordaire, will be duly and practically appreciated. If we could place a copy of this book by the famous French Dominican in the hands of every young man, we should gladly do so. Higher praise we cannot utter.

A brochure of great merit, dealing with a theme that is now of deep interest, is Monsignor Desiré Mercier's lecture on *THE RELATION OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY TO PHILOSOPHY*. For the English translation of this work of the learned Belgian prelate we are indebted to the Reverend Doctor Edmund Wirth of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester.

Benziger Brothers, New York, the publishers, manifest becoming taste in their part.

From Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, we have received a little volume that will be gladly welcomed by teachers of English. Its title, *HEROES OF MYTH*, suggests the contents of the book, which was compiled by Lillian L. Price of the Normal and Training School of Newark, N. J., and by Charles B. Gilbert, Superintendent of Schools, Rochester, N. Y. The stories of the myths of different countries

are told in a manner to interest young students and will stimulate in them a desire to continue the study of mythology in a more extended form.

The volume presents an attractive appearance, being well bound and finely illustrated.

FRANKLIN AND GREENE'S SELECTIONS FROM LATIN PROSE AUTHORS FOR SIGHT READING, by Susan Braley Franklin, Ph. D., and Ella Katherine Greene, A. B., may be justly recommended for weekly examinations and oral work for the last year of the preparatory course in Latin. The Freshman in college may profitably test his knowledge of Caesar and Cicero, unaided by notes and vocabulary, by his success at sight-reading of the twenty-five selections given. The passages are chosen especially to illustrate difficulties of syntax, order and vocabulary.

The American Book Company, New York, publish this book. From the same house comes a revised edition of BARNES' HISTORIES OF THE UNITED STATES. The Elementary History tells the story of the country in a series of biographical sketches, stories, interesting in features of early times, charmingly described by Dr. James Baldwin. THE SCHOOL HISTORY embraces events of present-day interest, prominence having been given to industrial and social development. Both books are handsomely illustrated. New maps have been introduced.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have published in a form convenient for daily use, THE SACRED HEART BOOK, compiled by Reverend F. X. Lasance with a special view to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Jesus. The third part of the book is adapted for the use of the Apostleship of Prayer in league with the Sacred Heart, The Eucharistic League, The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and The Tabernacle Society. Litanies and indulgenced prayers are interspersed throughout. A feature of the devotions is the method of hearing Mass in unison with the Sacred Heart.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

1—Of the Octave of Pentecost. (Benediction.)

2—Of the Octave. (Benediction.) (Seventh Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

3—Ember Day. (Of the Octave.)

4—Of the Octave.

5—Ember Day. Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

6—Ember Day. Of the Octave.

7—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH. TRINITY SUNDAY. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

The time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Communion expires to-day.

8—S. Angela, Virgin and Martyr. (Patience.)

9—BB. Diana and Companions, O. P. Virgins. (Courage in Adversity.) (Eighth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

10—B. John Dominic, O. P., Bishop. (Zeal for Truth.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

11—Corpus Christi. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. An additional partial indulgence may be gained by members of the Living Rosary by reciting the monthly decade during the octave. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit prayers.

12—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

13—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

14—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH. Of the Octave of Corpus Christi. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

15—Of the Octave (Benediction.)

16—Of the Octave. (Benediction.) (Ninth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

17—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

18—Octave of Corpus Christi.

19—Sacred Heart of Jesus. (Benediction.)

20—B. Ambrose of Siena, O. P., Priest (from March 22). (Sincerity.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

21—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH. Most

Pure Heart of Mary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.)

22—B. Innocent V. Pope. (Spirit of Humility.)

23—The Ten Thousand Martyrs. (Good example.) (Tenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

24—S. John the Baptist. Feast of Special Devotion. (Purity of heart.) Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit prayers. (Benediction.)

25—Stigmata of S. Catherine of Siena. O. P. (from April 3).

26—B. Anthony Pavone, O. P., Priest Martyr (from April 9). (Spirit of Recollection.) (Benediction.)

27—B. Anthony Neyrot, O. P., Priest Martyr (from April 10). (Sincere Repentance.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

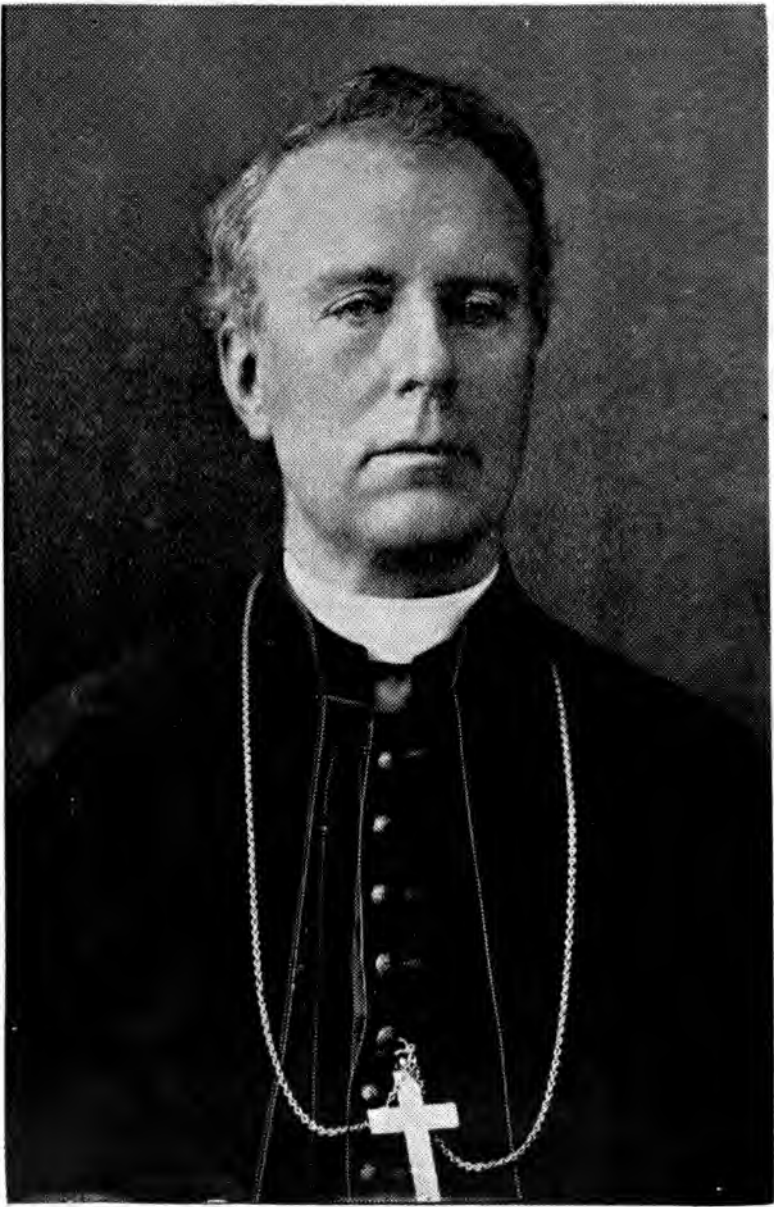
This day marks the beginning of the Fifteen Saturdays in preparation for the Feast of The Most Holy Rosary. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on a three of these Saturdays. Condition: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. An indulgence of seven years and seven Let may be gained on each of the other Saturdays.

28—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH. S. Irenaeus, Martyr. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

29—SS. Peter and Paul. (Benediction.)

30—Commemoration of S. Paul. Correspondence with grace. (Eleventh Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Anthony of Padua, Confessor; S. Margaret of Scotland, Widow; S. Norbert, Bishop; S. John Francis Regis, Confessor; S. Juliana, Virgin. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Crescentia, Martyr; S. John the Baptist; S. Boniface, Bishop; S. Barnabas, Apostle; S. John, Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Peter, Apostle; S. Paulinus Nola, Bishop; S. Aloysius, Confessor.



MOST REV. P. W. RIORDAN, D. D.
ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO

DOMINICANA

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The Semi-Centennial of the Archdiocese of San Francisco

JULY 29, 1903, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the erection of San Francisco into an archdiocese. The golden jubilee of this great event recalls many interesting facts connected with the lives of the pioneer missionary priests who labored on the shores of California almost a century previously to her admission as a State into the Union.

The glory of "The Golden Age of California" lies not in the fact that her wilderness was conquered, nor that her priceless treasures were unearthed, but in the propagation and marvelous growth of religious faith among an unlettered people, the enjoyment by them of peace and contentment, their adoption of civilized customs, their rapid progress in learning and in the mechanical arts.

Although charmingly romantic in retrospect and forcible in contrasted conditions of primal simplicity and present magnificence, the history of the Church in California previously to the erection of the See of San Francisco, does not come within the limit of our sketch.

Nobly identified with San Francisco's phenomenal acquisition of spiritual empire is the honored name of The Most Reverend Joseph Sadoc Alemany, O. P., its first Archbishop and venerated pioneer missionary.

San Francisco was peculiarly privileged in being formed immediately into an archdiocese. It included a vast extent of territory when first placed under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Alemany. Since that time the steady increase of Catholic population has necessitated its division into three different Sees.

The early labors of Bishop Alemany in Monterey were attended by many hardships; discouraging delays, arising from the lack of enthusiasm, or an utter indifference to progress that characterized the native population of that day, delayed many good undertakings. His persevering efforts, however, were crowned with signal success.

Having provided for the spiritual welfare of the children—whose needs were to him a source of tender anxiety—in the establishment of a convent for girls, which he placed in charge of the Sisters of S. Dominic, the Bishop developed his plans for the edu-

cation of young men who would take up the missionary work in the diocese. In this he was seconded by Father Vilarassa, of the Dominican Order, who opened a novitiate at Monterey. This undertaking was carried on with considerable difficulty, but finally triumphed, furnishing heroic priests who were valuable auxiliaries to the good Bishop.

The opening and continuance of an ecclesiastical seminary in the unsettled state of the country speaks volumes for the courageous spirit of Bishop Alemany. The institution of the Theological Seminary, the members of its faculty, the priests sent forth from its walls, are all subjects for admiration and wonder, when we consider the peculiar nature of the difficulties existing at the time.

Archbishop Alemany, however, hoped much from San Francisco. He cheerfully looked forward to the great future that awaited it, and in this he was not disappointed. He lived to see his prophecy fulfilled—his expectations partially realized.

Just fifty years ago—July 29, 1853—Archbishop Alemany took possession of the See of San Francisco. At that period the church was represented by thirty-one buildings—of inferior merit—thirty-eight priests of indefatigable zeal and an estimated Catholic population of forty thousand people of various nationalities. *

Contrasted with the religious statistics of to-day, may we not note with joy the culmination of fifty years of progress and revere the memory of the little band of heroes that so bravely sowed the golden seed of faith on California's favored shores? And while murmuring a prayer of thanksgiving on the occasion that commemorates their goodness, we seem to hear the solemn tones of the faithful shepherd as he besought his listeners to build a house worthy of the God that made them—a house of worship—a house of prayer.

In response to the Bishop's appeal the beautiful edifice—dedicated to S. Mary Immaculate—on California street, has stood for fifty years, with open doors, welcoming the children of all climes. S. Mary's—the first Cathedral Church of San Francisco, recalls tender and sacred scenes to many of California's sons and daughters. French, German, Spanish and English Catholics

* In striking contrast with these humble beginnings in the Archdiocese, the present condition is one most gratifying because of the results achieved during fifty years of zealous labor on the part of bishops, priests and people. From a portion of the original territory of the Archdiocese, two other bishoprics—Sacramento and Salt Lake—have since been formed; the Clergy have increased tenfold, while a multitude of Sisters and Brothers and almost one hundred schools and academies, fourteen asylums, ten hospitals and a Catholic population numbering almost three hundred thousand, are the consoling evidences of a living and active faith.

congregated there half a century ago to listen successively to exhortations in their native tongue.

But, as time passed on, zealous priests from the old countries volunteered their services to the archdiocese of San Francisco. Foremost among these were the Dominican Fathers who assisted in



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY, O. P.

the organization of parishes and in the attendance of distant missions. Gradually each nationality had its own church and pastor.

Early in 1853 there were churches in Sonoma, Sacramento, Grass Valley and Nevada; in 1854 the Chinese population boasted of the

ministrations of one of their countrymen, Rev. M. Cian, a priest whose labors were productive of much good.

In November, 1854, Archbishop Alemany proclaimed the Jubilee; his personal efforts in stimulating piety and zeal in the faithful met with a most gratifying response. It is noteworthy that the Catholics of California, on this occasion, were animated with a filial sympathy for the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., which they most enthusiastically expressed in terms of affectionate regard; they also sent to him a most generous offering in money.

Characteristically unflinching in matters of Church discipline, Archbishop Alemany experienced many annoyances because of the unorganized state of society, and particularly from the importunities of the "Vigilantes," who interpreted law and order in those early days.

But the Archbishop was not to be intimidated by mob violence, and he steadily maintained his position in defense of right. The breaking out of the Civil War, and the assassination of Lincoln, were occasions which called for the exercise of mutual toleration and Christian patience. The Archbishop made earnest appeals in his pastoral letters for fervent prayer that peace and unity might be restored to the distracted country.

The synod convened by Archbishop Alemany in July, 1862, was attended by thirty-three secular and eleven regular priests. Forty-four statutes were adopted. The decrees of the Baltimore Councils were promulgated, and regulations prescribed for the systematic government of the diocese.

Thus, in a remarkably short space of time, San Francisco boasted of many churches, a theological seminary, colleges, academies, free schools, asylums and hospitals. These institutions gradually attained superior excellence in their management and equipment.

With the increase of responsibilities, during a period of more than thirty years, the good Archbishop's strength sensibly decreased; his advancing years emphasized the necessity of his securing help as well as arranging immediately for his successor in office.

Rome, recognizing the justice of Archbishop Alemany's representations and discerning the important future that awaited the archdiocese of San Francisco, under judicious administration, appointed, as co-adjutor archbishop, Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, distinguished for his scholarly attainments and rare executive ability.

In 1884, the year following the arrival of Archbishop Riordan, the venerable chief, having borne the pastoral staff for thirty-four years, resigned into the hands of the young co-adjutor the manage-

ment of the entire diocese, in order that he might carry out a long-cherished project—that of founding a Convent of strict observance of the Dominican Rule, in his native country, Spain. Four years, however, of severe conventual life, told on a constitution that had never been robust; the sad news of his death in Valencia, in 1888, caused genuine sorrow to thousands of affectionate hearts.

Archbishop Riordan's appreciation of his predecessor's great life-work was cordially manifested during the interval that occurred between the appointment of the former and the resignation of the latter prelate. The friendship then formed continued during the sojourn of Archbishop Alemany in Spain up to the moment of his death.

A tribute of gratitude from an affectionate people is tendered to Archbishop Riordan, whose solicitude and generous provision for the honored dead have secured for the remains of Archbishop Alemany a final resting-place in his native city—his beloved Vich—where he sleeps far away from the scene of his busy labors—his memory fondly cherished by faithful children of the Church.

The administration of Archbishop Riordan, during the past twenty years, bears the impress of a phenomenal personal activity and is a record of remarkably brilliant achievements. Coming to the archdiocese with an experience gained in a school where the amenities of life, as well as the "humanities," were taught in their highest excellence, with a well disciplined mind and admirable graciousness of manner, Archbishop Riordan displayed a self-control and equipoise under many trying circumstances that at once made him conspicuous as an exemplar of virtue, a model of knightly courtesy, and a possessor of qualities of character that commanded universal reverence.

Fully alive to the present interests and future welfare of the Church and school, Archbishop Riordan has identified himself with all movements that would strengthen the foundations of religion. He has added materially to their permanence and endurance. Actuated by the loftiest motives, recognizing the potent influence on society of great, good, and noble souls, he has strenuously directed his energies to the development of the perfectly balanced Christian character. For this end he has made most liberal provision for the popular enlightenment by founding and encouraging educational institutions throughout the archdiocese, confident that they will practically illustrate in the lives of the future citizens of the State the highest principles of religion; assured that the career of the educated Christian will realize the expectations of self-sacrificing teachers, whose greatest consolation will be the knowledge

that the spiritual culture of the child has kept pace with its mental and physical development—that his social and political relations have been founded upon impregnable virtue.

Courageously constant in his undertakings, Archbishop Riordan has successfully established monumental institutions throughout the archdiocese—none nobler in its aims, perhaps, than the Seminary for the training of theological students. The high mission of this institution—the education of a holy priesthood—will be honorably remembered with the name of its noble founder, who, rising above difficult tasks and stern trials, has substantially achieved that which will redound not to his own glory alone, but will conserve the interests of posterity. Truly, a noble life work, whose enduring qualities will prevail.

Conspicuous in vigor of intellectual force, Archbishop Riordan stands in the front rank as a leader in questions of intense interest to the Church. We shall not here dwell upon his active participation in matters of local significance, his untiring work for the good of young and old, his instant comprehension of the greatest opportunities, his faithful concentration of energy in the accomplishment of the highest good—all these characteristics are familiar to our readers—they command our unalloyed respect.

When we consider that the future holds much for our beloved Archbishop, when we dwell upon the absorbing nature of the work in which he is engaged, may we not offer our sincere congratulations for the success that has attended all his undertakings? May we not also rejoice that his burden will be lightened by the active co-operation of his associate in office—his friend and helper—Most Reverend George Montgomery, Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco?

The welcome extended to Archbishop Montgomery upon his accession to the co-adjutorship of the archdiocese, was enthusiastic, joyful acclamations greeting him from all sides.

The bright record of his amiable prudence, priestly zeal, manly courage and sympathetic charity during his administration in Los Angeles has augmented the confidence of the clergy and the faithful of the archdiocese. Nine years of absence has but enhanced the interest of his friends in his past and future.

Although this is not intended as a biography, it will be of particular interest to the readers of DOMINICANA to know that the ancestors of Archbishop Montgomery were among the hardy Catholic pioneer settlers of Kentucky who sacrificed much for the sake of the faith in the days that religious intolerance tried brave men's souls.



THE MOST REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY, D. D.

Kentucky, the birthplace of Archbishop Montgomery, has contributed a notable quota of eminent ecclesiastics to the hierarchy of the United States. The name of Montgomery has been illustrious in this respect. The Very Reverend Charles Pius Montgomery, while Provincial of the Dominican Order, in the Eastern States, received the appointment as Bishop of Monterey; this dignity he declined. Fathers Samuel and Stephen Montgomery and Charles Dominic Bowling, (whose mother was a Montgomery), were also members of the Order of S. Dominic. Besides these, many of the ladies of the family wore the white robe of S. Dominic and devoted their lives to the education of Catholic youth during Kentucky's greatest need.

Prominently identified with educational progress in California for many years, uncompromising in his defense of Catholic education, stands one of California's ablest jurists, uncle of the Archbishop—the Honorable Zachary Montgomery—whose journalistic campaign against the defects in our public schools, has endeared his name to all who appreciate the grandeur of the religious morality that characterized the platform of "The Family's Defender."

Enthusiastically sympathetic with those who are ignorant of the Church's teachings, Archbishop Montgomery has ably, faithfully, and intelligently combated error, and successfully destroyed unreasonable prejudices against our religion that existed in the hearts of thousands. In this respect his influence for good is incalculable.

The people of San Francisco, for so many years familiar with the sterling qualities of mind and soul that have endeared him to all, especially rejoice in his providential appointment to a position of responsibility that will secure to them the prudent counsel of priest, father, and friend. May the people of the great archdiocese of San Francisco ever prove loyal to the counsels of the Archbishop that was, the Archbishop that is, and the Archbishop that is to be.

A recent note from the *Centro Catolico* in answer to the inquiry of the Catholic federation of the United States, reiterates solemnly the truth so often asserted and so calumniously denied, that the Filipino people ardently desire among them the presence of the Friars.

The latest evidence of the devotion of our Holy Father to our Blessed Lady is found in his command that the title "Mother of Good Counsel pray for us," shall henceforth form a part of the Litany of Loretto. For this new honor to Mary, her children will rejoice in every land.

Schools and Colleges in the Philippines.

REV. M. M. O'KANE, O. P.

LEO XIII., in his Apostolic Letter, given at Rome on the 17th of September, 1902, addressed to the Philippine clergy, exhorts the Bishops not only to provide seminaries for the education of ecclesiastical students, but also colleges in which the youth of the Archipelago may receive a sound Christian education, in which there shall be no admixture of error. The war between the United States and Spain was followed by the closing of the schools and colleges in which secondary education was imparted to the young Filipinos.

I promised in a former article to give some account of the labors of the Dominicans in the cause of secondary education in the Philippines. About forty of their number were set apart for this work, receiving a special training to fit them for their labors.

Although our Order has devoted itself, in accordance with the will of its founder and its ancient traditions, to the preaching of the Gospel and the teaching of Sacred Science, the Dominican friars were under the necessity of undertaking the work of secondary education, both for the good of the Church and as a preparation for the higher education which they imparted in the University of Manila. From the first day the Dominicans landed in the Philippines on their mission to win souls to God, they spared neither labor nor expense in the cause of civilization and education for the inhabitants. They promoted, to the best of their ability, the intellectual and moral culture of the natives, and history shows that their efforts have not been in vain.

The University of Manila was the centre from which the educational movement in the Philippines received its inspiration and direction. This institution gave secondary education each year to six thousand youths in its two great colleges of S. John Lateran and S. Thomas at Manila. The splendid college of S. John Lateran—which, we may mention, will compare favorably with the first colleges in Europe—has an interesting history that is worth tracing. It was founded by John Jerome Guerrero, who gathered together a number of poor children and orphans—all the sons of Spaniards—kept them in his own house, and provided, from his own resources, and by the help of charitable friends, for their mental and bodily wants. In 1623 a royal decree had been obtained for the foundation, and the Governor of the Islands allotted an annual revenue of 300 pesos for its support. This was by no means

sufficient, and a short time after its establishment the institution began to fail, and would have disappeared altogether had it not been for the charity of a Dominican lay-brother, who came to the rescue. Brother Diego was porter of the Dominican convent in the city, and was in a position to obtain alms for the orphans whom he loved. He was permitted by his superiors to assemble the little ones in a hall near his official charge. The generosity of the Fathers and kind benefactors enabled him to provide for all their wants. In his spare moments, he taught them catechism, reading and writing, and the elements of grammar. When they had learned all that he was able to impart, the enterprising lay-brother sent them to the College of S. Thomas to complete their education. Such were the humble beginnings of the College of S. John Lateran, which now holds a place in the front rank of modern colleges, but which in those days was styled the College of the Little Orphans of Saints Peter and Paul. Guerrero, becoming old and helpless, made over his foundation to the Dominican Order, and took the habit of a lay-brother in the Convent of S. Dominic, Manila, where he died a short time afterwards, in 1640.

Brother Diego was untiring in his efforts on behalf of the orphans; alms multiplied, and he was able to provide for their ever-increasing number. The colony which had been established in the convent by the good lay-brother was a source of disturbance to the Fathers who were engaged in study, and Brother Diego trembled for his orphan children. His hopes, however, were not to be disappointed, and his little band of orphans was not to be broken up. In 1640, the Province of the Rosary procured a site to build an orphanage and school, which was called the College of the Orphans of SS. Peter and Paul, and a few years afterwards a chapel was added to the establishment. An earthquake almost wrecked the buildings in 1645, but they were repaired and devoted to their original purpose. The need of secondary education in the Archipelago was making itself felt more and more every day, and something had to be done to meet the growing want. The Provincial Chapter took the college under its protection, and some Fathers were appointed to take charge of the classes. The number of pupils steadily increased, and it became quite clear that a new departure was necessary to meet the demands that were made for education. In 1666, the college was separated from the orphanage, and transferred to new and spacious premises, that the ever increasing numbers made it absolutely necessary to acquire. About forty years afterwards, in 1706, the college received the name by which it is now known, and since then thousands of students, Spaniards and Filipinos, have received their education in its halls, and have

gone forth to diffuse the knowledge they had acquired, in S. John Lateran's, through the whole Archipelago. The number of pupils who studied in the college each year often reached three thousand, and of these forty or fifty were supported and educated at the expense of the Order, in memory of the humble beginnings of the institution.

Two years ago, when the Friars took up the work of teaching, after the terrible crisis through which the islands had passed, there were 175 boarders and 600 day pupils on the college lists. In 1897, twelve Fathers carried on the work of secondary education in this splendid establishment, and seven lay-brothers looked after the material wants of the students. There were sixteen Fathers in the college in 1901, and since then the number of students has been doubled, and the professorial staff must also be enlarged.

The complete programme of instruction embraces Spanish and Latin Grammar; elements of rhetoric and poetry; general geography; special geography of the Philippines; elements of universal history; sacred history; history of the United States, and the Philippines; arithmetic and algebra; geometry and trigonometry; physics and chemistry; Greek, English and French, Chinese, and two idioms of the Philippine group; psychology, logic and moral philosophy.

Such is the work that the College of S. John Lateran has accomplished for nearly three centuries, and yet bigots loudly asserted that the friars in the Philippines had allowed the islands to remain in a state of semi-barbarism.

(Conclusion in August)

WHILE HOPE SLEPT

J. WILLIAM FISCHER, M. D.

out, the midnight stars, bright, wait,
ile, at the Virgin's altar fair,
oman, with disheveled hair,
: "Mother! See! Too late! Too late!"

her trembling arms so weak,
infant sleeps; two sea-blue eyes
k far beyond the earthly skies—
ars not that wild mother-shriek:

as but a moment since he lay
pon my breast, and I did feel
is little heart's last message steal
m eyes that sunbeamed my sweet day."

"Lord! Why must Thou, now, crush my heart
And take from me my very all?
I thought I heard the angels call—
O, Mother mine! 'Tis hard to part!"

"'Tis hard to part! This bitter loss
Has filled the cup to its red brim;
I cannot, when I think of him—
I cannot lift the heavy cross."

And, suddenly, a strange, sweet light
Transfixed the woman's tear-stained face;
Her lips moved slow, a prayer did grace—
A white, white pearl—her crown, so bright.

A mother unto Mother spoke,
And, o'er the hills of her despair,
To bless life's coming moments rare,
Hope's rosy morn then gladly broke.

A Day with Savonarola.

EDITH R. WILSON.

I

AS long as one is in Florence, one is practically with Savonarola, for the great-hearted friar still lives in Florence and still sways the minds of the Florentines, and many are the monuments erected to him by those who are otherwise hostile to the Church. If we stand in the great "Sala of the Cinquecento," within the Palazzo Vecchio, we see his statue enshrined amid frescoes of Florentine history, amid statues of popes and emperors; of popes celebrating Florentine victories, of emperors vis-a-vis with Tuscan grand dukes or de Medici rulers. The Sala of the Cinquecento is, in a word, consecrated to Florentine glory and to Florentine political life; yet, here stands the statue of Savonarola, not the least among the great ones so honored, a noble figure, with eyes full of a wonderful inspiration; one hand resting on the lion of Florence, the other holding aloft a bronze crucifix, and below this inscription:

"To Girolamo Savonarola, 384 years after his death,
Redeemed Italy erects this monument,
May 1882."

The work, artistically a fine one, is by Passaglia; it stands at the farther end of the Sala, dominating, as it were, the entire vista, and not unfittingly, for this hall resounded to some of his most fervent appeals for Florentine liberties and to the applause of the enraptured multitudes. This hall, also,—O, fickle Florentines! witnessed his trial and condemnation, and in the tower and chapel above he passed the last nights before his execution.

Let us ascend the stairway leading to this little chapel, where he received his last Communion. We must pass through a series of salas to reach it. The first is known as that of the "Lilies" or of the "Clock;" the latter name commemorative of a famous clock placed there by Lorenzo della Volpaia in 1500. It is a beautiful hall adorned with frescoes of Ghirlandaio, bright with Italian banners, grouped around the bust of Dante, and replete with interesting memorials of many kinds, recalling the best periods of Florentine art and literary greatness. We must not now pause to examine these, but passing through the exquisitely carved entrance by Benedetto da Majano, enter the Sala d'Udienza. We read above its portals the inscription: "Diligite justitiam qui judicatis eam;" which formerly referred to the statue of Justice placed above the architrave. Alas!

the statue has been removed to the National Museum. Justice no longer sits enthroned in the audience hall of Florence. The walls of the sala are adorned with the frescoes of the Roman Camillus, and it possesses a magnificent Renaissance ceiling. But we must not tarry here. Just beyond is the Cappella de Priori, really consecrated to San Bernardo, but now chiefly memorable as the scene of the last prayers and tears—the reception of the last sacraments by the three martyred Dominicans. It is very small, hexagonal in shape, by Michelozzo. The beautiful frescoed ceiling, containing a central "Trinita," surrounded by medallions of the twelve Apostles and four Evangelists, is by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio. The body of the chapel is little more than a passage-way between two carved railings; those to the right enclosing the altar surrounded by a painting of S. Bernard, by Bronzino, and a crucifix attributed to Giambo-logna; those to the left, a large reliquary, and above a fresco of the Annunciation, also by Rudolfo Ghirlandaio. Beyond are the apartments of the Priori, generally known as those of Eleonora di Soledo, the Spanish wife of Cosimo I., in whose honor the Spanish chapel at Santa Maria Novella received its name.

The actual prison of Savonarola lies deep within the Tower of the Vacca. Narrow and gloomy it is, yet less horrible than the dungeons of San Angelo, Rome, or the terrible underground cells of the Ducal Palace, Venice. It is a place hallowed by his last agonizing prayers for his beloved Florence—the Florence which slew him—scarcely less sacred than the chapel where, for the last time on earth, he received the embrace of his crucified Lord. Again, if emerging from the grim, old palace, we stand in the Piazza della Signoria, we find ourselves in the very ampitheatre of his death, the very scene of his last terrible conflict with and triumph over the powers of evil. Here his soul was purged by fire from whatever stains of weakness—or, it may be, of too human eagerness to right the wrong by human means—may have marred it; here the flames he trod swept up to God; here, when the poor scorched bodies escaped their bonds and fell blackened on the smoking pile below, his ascending soul, upborne by angel hands, entered into the presence chamber of his Lord to receive its crown of martyrdom. The exact spot of his execution is now marked by a great disk of bronze in the pavement, bearing his well-known portrait and a palm branch, with the inscription, which tells us that here Savonarola and his two confreres suffered death by an iniquitous sentence May 23, 1498. Below is a cross. The inscription was worded by Professor Augusto Conti, the disk modeled by Dante Sodini. It was placed here in May 1901. But one day with Savonarola will lengthen into weeks, or even months, if we pause to note every memorial of him in Flor-

ence. We must seek at once his dwelling place; the grand old monastery which Florentine people and Italian government alike have recognized as the truest monument to his fame. The monastery of San Marco, thank God, is neither a postoffice nor a "caserina." It is left undesecrated, unpolluted, as the mute, yet so eloquent, record of the days when Florence chose the Christ-king as her ruler, and gloried in an art that was great because it was pure.

Let those who will stigmatize Savonarola as a fanatic because of his burning the paganized works of Renaissance art. Doubtless many beautiful things perished in those bonfires, for art and beauty do not crumble to instant decay, even beneath the corrupting touch of vice. But the rapid decadence of art in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and their revolting inanities and paganinities, bear witness to the radical truth of Savonarola's iconoclastic criticism—that nothing which cometh of evil can be beautiful. And now, in these latter days, artistic criticism has joined hands with Savonarola and is leading us back from the Berninis and Borrominis and all the leaders of the Barocco style, to the pure religious art of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, back to the days of a true Florentine Renaissance, and even to the more mystical and strictly devotional "primitive" of the Umbrian School. Standing in the Piazza San Marco, we face the church and note directly above the doorway the Lion of S. Mark, so common in Venice, but here seen for the first time in Florence. He bears an open gospel between his two front paws with the Latin legend, "Pax tibi Marce, esto Evangelus meus." In niches, on either hand, stand S. Dominic and S. Antoninus. Entering the low portal to the right of the church, we find ourselves in the immediate presence of Fra Angelico's work. We are in the first court of a double cloister. In the center towers a giant hemlock, flinging its green branches wide on every side; beneath, the ground is covered with ivy. A wide brick walk leads us directly around beneath the cloisters. Everywhere against the walls and on either side of the pavement, the space is filled with marble "hic jacet" or the "qui giace" of the Italian tombstone. Everywhere the names of Florentine nobles greet us. It is a cemetery of the days and men of the Medici period. This cloister is especially dedicated to S. Antoninus, the holy Archbishop of Florence, who shares with Savonarola the glories of San Marco. The entire series of arcades in the cloister wall are filled with frescoes by Pocetti, representing scenes in the saint's life—his early self-dedication, various miracles of healing, the zeal which led him once, in imitation of our Lord, to drive certain unworthy gossipers and courtiers out of the sacred precincts of the Duomo, his marvelous preaching, his tender ministry to the plague-stricken, and, finally, his death and canoni-

zation. All these pale in interest, however, before the five great lunettes of Fra Angelico. These are above the various doors opening upon the cloister and portray the virtues of the Dominican Order. For example, above the door of the sacristy, is the lunette of S. Peter, Martyr, with the knife wound on his forehead and his finger on his lip, indicating the silence of the Dominican rule. Above the entrance to the chapter house is the figure of S. Dominic with the scourge in his hand, symbolizing the discipline of the Dominican Order. Above the refectory is the wounded Christ, indicating the devotion of the Order. Still beyond, above the guest house, is the pilgrim Christ, welcomed by the two disciples at Emmaus in the guise of Dominican frati, symbolical of hospitality. Finally, at the entrance, is the lunette of Thomas Aquinas, significant of the learning of the Dominicans. These lunettes are already familiar to most of us through their many reproductions, and their soft coloring is often well imitated, but their grouping and symbolism here give them an additional force and beauty. Only one large fresco by the angelic brother meets us immediately in the cloister. It is the Crucifixion, with the single figure of S. Dominic at the foot of the cross. Soft and tender as this is, it is far less impressive than the one which we see directly afterwards on entering the chapter room. It is well placed, however, at the end of the first aisle of the cloister directly facing the entrance, and makes evident the penitential spirit of the Order. The great Crucifixion occupies a position of solitary majesty in the chapter house. Indeed, it fills the whole inner wall. The room is empty, except for the narrow seat that runs along the walls, and three Savonarola chairs placed in the center for the accommodation of those who will study the great painting in detail. Two windows, slightly arched, filled with lozen-shaped panes of iron-bound glass, admit the light; the floor is of glazed brick, the ceiling a lofty vaulting. On either wall to right and left hangs a life-sized crucifix by Di Montelupo, father and son. These are both strong, and we should add, devotional, carvings, but the Florentine guide tells us they are "painfully realistic." We turn from them to the great central painting.

(To be continued)

The soul of our Blessed Lady will communicate itself to you to glorify the Lord. Her spirit will enter into the place of yours, to rejoice in God her salvation, provided only that you are faithful to the practices of this devotion. As S. Ambrose says, "Let the soul of Mary be in each of us to glorify the Lord: let the spirit of Mary be in each of us to rejoice in God." Ah! when will the happy time come said a holy man of our own days, who was all absorbed in Mary—ah! when will the happy time come, when the divine Mary will be established mistress and queen of hearts, in order that she may subject them fully to the empire of her great and holy Jesus?

Blessed de Montfort, O. P.

Yama's Dove

ALIDA M. BIBBY

CHAPTER I

THE golden glory of a summer sun poured its dazzling floods of light upon a scene of unrivalled brilliancy—a luxuriant Indian garden—revealing the varied beauty of groups of oleanders and acacias; roses of enchanting hues, and fresh, fragrant beauty; palm plumes weaving themselves about the broad leaves of the banana, stephanotis, cape-jasmine, ginger and cinnamon trees whose fragrance was wafted with the soft, caressing breeze. Birds of radiant plumage, butterflies, gorgeous in vermilion and gold, flitted about in the sunlight joining the flower-tongues in praise of nature's harmonies; for in this wondrous clime who has not heard of "the Bulbul singing to the rose?"

The silence was unbroken, save by the trickling fountains as the water fell into the porphyry basins. Ephemeral insects skimmed along the crystalline channel that like a sheet of glass lay rippleless, reflecting the beauties above its waters, bathing the roots of tamarind, pomegranate, silver-aloe and cypress trees.

Suddenly, the silence of the garden is disturbed by a confusion of sounds, for the air is so warm and sultry it would not be exaggeration to say that the attentive ear might have heard the rose-petals fall, or a datura bell ring, as a gorgeous butterfly brushed it in his mercurial flight to yonder huja tree; then, too, through the silence a whirring sound breaks upon the hazy atmosphere. Sight follows the sound and lo! cooing doves of dazzling purity skim the heads of gayest flowers, parrots of blue, green, scarlet and black, fly from thickets of fern; proud peacocks of brilliant plumage glide in lordly manner down the finely gravelled path.

Soon there are no more birds to pass; for the last ruby-breasted pheasant has banished and the final coo of Yama's dove to its little mistress is heard. And who is Yamasie or Yama as she is called? Follow the strutting peacock down yonder path to a half circle of lilac Bougainailliers and there we shall meet the maiden surrounded by her doves, parrots, and pet peacocks. She is feeding them with grain of Indian maize and cajoling her special pets as they rest upon her shoulders, or light upon her hands while she sprinkles the grain. The most audacious perch upon her head and coo joyfully while fluttering their snowy wings. The parrots, less venturesome, are content with nestling upon the maiden's small, soft

unsandelled feet; the peacocks are so tame that they take the grain from the shapely brown palm of one of India's sweetest maidens. Clad in the loose flowing robe—all that the Indian clime permits—of pure, soft fleecy white muslin, with neck and arms at liberty whose delicate copperous tint contrasts strongly with the tintless folds of her garment, she stands, the verification of a beautiful bronze statue endowed with life, surrounded by her pure white doves—the emblem of her gentle spirit; for this child of the East is scarcely more than fifteen. She is the daughter of an Indian prince whose fortune vanished slowly from his sight, and with it, too, faded the dearest heart on earth to him, the bulbul of his house and life—his lotus flower that held the sacred cup of love—and then, ere long, the tiny bud that blossomed at the closing of his young love's life, passed to join its mother. Yama and her birds were all that remained to him with the beautiful garden where she is now standing. The prince, her father, has turned gardener and prunes and clips the shrubs and plants but, Yamasie must do naught but care for her birds; she must not spoil her small soft hands with labor.

He was proud once, but, now—his pride had been crushed by treachery. He was young and handsome, tall and lithe, with sparkling eyes and waving hair when he had taken his lotus blossom to his heart. All was fresh as the plaisance of the spring, until his jealous brother had taken away all his wealth. But the palace and Yama belonged to the prince and could not be touched. So the rightful heir to rank was displaced by the wicked despoiler who prospered among his stolen fortunes and gloried in his brother's mortification.

But, just now, we are engaged with the Indian maiden who is feeding her pets while she whispers to them in soft Hindoostani: "Art hungry today Majie? Come, light upon my shoulder and eat from my lips." And she intimated her desire to the dove by patting her shoulder; the bird flew thereon and pecked the seed from her crimson lips while she stroked it with her hand, murmuring: "Ah, thou little sweet, cans't thou be, as my father says, the spirit of my mother, for, he told me often that our blessed lord, king Buddha, saw the spirit of the departed in gentle beasts and birds, and conversed fondly with them? This comforts my father, so, I must not doubt." Just then the dove touched the girl's soft, plump, velvety cheek with its beautiful wing—like a snowflake caressing a rich saffron rose—and, snatching the bird from her neck, she kisses and presses it to her bosom saying the while, as tears start to her sparkling, dark eyes, "Thou art indeed she; it was the touch of her hand I felt when she said 'Oh, Yamasie, I am dying; but oft I shall visit thee and thy father in spirit, and I

shall touch thy cheek and kiss thy brow. So mourn not for me, for I will be ever near.'"

This recollection of the parent's words soothed the child, and, ere long, all the birds had been fed. Yama, still with Majie resting on her bosom, retired to a shaded knoll protected by a group of banana trees; here sparkled a silvery spring, spouting its silvery water over large stones, splashing its moss-green bank 'till the blossoms clustered more luxuriant there than anywhere else in the garden; it murmurs a thousand loving words to the heart of Yama inviting her to rest in her beloved retreat. She seated herself with the dove cooing in her lap.

"Oh, Majie, dear Majie," she whispered; "if *he* were only here. My cousin, Enol! But is it right that I should love him whose father has done my father a grievous wrong? No, I shall tear him from my heart; but, then—but then," and the limpid eyes sparkled like the spring fount—"he is not guilty of his father's sin; for he was so young when it all happened; and he is kind and noble. Oh if we three could fly away, father, Enol and I; and thou too, oh, Majie," she said, as the bird fluttered in her arms. "Thou art my mother's spirit and how could father do without thee? No, no; we would take thee with us;" then raising the dove she kissed its snowy wings and soft warm head.

By this time, even the shade was permeated by the heat, which, added to the heavy odors of surrounding plants, the soft murmur of the spring, conspired to touch the eyes of Yama with a somnific ointment and to paint the golden-brown cheeks with a tint of pink—the shadow approaching sleep. Reclining softly upon the green knoll, the dove nestled between her circling arm, her sweet face turned, the limpid eyes closed, the long curling lashes lay at rest upon the satin cheek.

An hour passed, but the beautiful figure enveloped in the white drapery moved not; the sweet childish lips wore a happy smile; the dove had gathered closer to her breast. But, occasionally through the profound silence, a muffled sound like a stealthy footfall might be heard then an interval of silence followed by a repetition of the same sound.

(To be continued)

Catholic piety bids the children of the faith turn, during the month of July, to the contemplation of the mysteries of our Lord's precious blood. We are also reminded, as clients of our Lady, of the beautiful lessons enshrined in the second joyful mystery of the Beads—the Visitation of our Lady to her cousin, Saint Elizabeth, and the sanctification of His Precursor, by our Divine Lord.

A Bit of California Church History

ESPERANZA

IV.

SOME time after the arrival in California of the Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Amat as successor to the Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, the new Bishop of Monterey took up his residence at the "Old Mission," whence Fr. Anotonio Jimeno, O. F. M., attended the surviving Indians around the neighboring country. Soon, however, his lordship expressed the wish to make the City of Santa Barbara his headquarters, and he therefore proposed an exchange of property to the Franciscan community at the College and Parish of Our Lady of Sorrows in the town below. The Fathers, after mature deliberation, consented to the plan of the Bishop; but, as such a transfer of property in charge of the Franciscans could not be effected without the permission of the Holy See, his lordship addressed himself to the Holy Father as follows:

MOST HOLY FATHER:

Thaddeus Amat, of the Congregation of the Missions, unworthy Bishop of Monterey, California, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, most humbly prays, That, in order to insure the stability of the College of the Propagation of Faith of the Friars Minor of the Observance of S. Francis, lately established in the City of Santa Barbara, Upper California, the same be transferred to the house of the Mission of Santa Barbara, and that to them be granted the perpetual use of said Mission, church, two gardens, and vineyard for their maintenance (sub titulo sustentationis), and that their church and house pass over to the use and ownership of the Diocese.

To this petition the Bishop received the following reply:

In an audience had with His Holiness on July 26, 1856, Our Most Holy Lord, by Divine Providence, Pope Pius the Ninth, after the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of Faith had presented the matter, and also having obtained the consent of the Most Rev. Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor of the Observance, graciously granted the petition as presented.

Given at Rome on the day and in the year aforesaid.

(L. S.) CAJETANUS ARCHPUS THEBARUM, Secr.

The Franciscans thereupon withdrew from the city to the foothills where stands the famous Old Mission, leaving the city parish and buildings to Rt. Rev. Bishop Amat, who resided there several years before making Los Angeles the See of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, because Santa Barbara down to that period was second to San Francisco only in size and importance.

Thus for all time to come the hallowed structure and gardens, which from the foundation of the Indian mission in 1786 had never

been without one or more Franciscan Fathers, even while the Bishop resided there, became the permanent home of the last remnant of the old missionary band that had civilized and christianized California.

Before the Fathers could remove to their quarters on "El Monte Pedregoso," or "Rocky Mount," Fr. Jose Joaquin Jimeno, the founder and Superior of the novitiate and college, died at the convent erected by him on the corner of State and Figueroa streets, adjoining the present parish church, on March 15, 1856; but his remains were laid to rest in the vault beneath the sanctuary of the old Mission church. He had come to California in the latter part of 1827.

Fr. Antonio Jimeno succeeded his brother in the office of Superior, but returned to Mexico in 1859, and died at the Capital, his native city, in 1875, the last of the California Franciscans who had been sent out from the once flourishing missionary college of San Fernando to labor on the coast for the Indians. Mexican Freemasonry had of course put an end to the benificent zeal of religious orders long before that date, so that Fr. Antonio had to pass his last days in want, which must have been the more painful, since he was stricken with blindness for several years before his death.

The Very Rev. Jose Maria de Jesus Gonzalez was next appointed Superior of the community at the Old Mission. He had been Vicar-General of the diocese all along, but now resigned this office in order to devote himself to his duties in the monastery, where he also taught theology. During Fr. Rubio's administration the following Franciscans, who had entered the Order at Santa Barbara, were elevated to the priesthood: Fathers Jose Godayol, Francisco Codina, and Jose Alcina on August 15, 1860; Fathers Bonaventure Fox and Bernardin Sheehan on December 21, 1864; Fathers Joseph J. O'Keefe and Pacificus Wade on September 19, 1868. Fr. O'Keefe still survives, and at the present time holds the office of Superior of the Mexican Franciscan novitiate and school of theology and philosophy at the Monastery of San Luis Rey, near Ocean Side, California.

Fr. Gonzalez Rubio passed away at the age of seventy-two, on November 2, 1875, "respected and beloved by all from the beginning to the end of his career," as Bancroft says. He was the last of the missionary band which the College of Zacatecas had sent to California in 1833, of which band the first Bishop of California likewise was a member. It is true, Fr. Jose Francisco Sanchez still lived; but this saintly religious from Zacatecas had not reached the coast until long after "Secularization" had undone the work of the early Fathers. Fr. Sanchez, however, who had trained all the novices in

the spirit of S. Francis, as followed at his own mother college, and as it is still observed at the exemplary monastery of San Luis Rey, went to his reward, nine years later, on April 17, 1884.

After this good Father's death the community at Santa Barbara petitioned the Superior-General to annex them to one of the eastern Franciscan provinces, in order to prevent the extinction of the only Franciscan settlement on the North Pacific coast. By authority of the Holy See this was effected in May 1885, when the Old Mission and its inmates were incorporated into the Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose mother house is at St. Louis, Mo.

Since that date the community began to flourish amazingly. The Franciscans on the coast now occupy nine monasteries and residences, and number thirty Fathers, eleven clerics in philosophy, seven clerical novices, and forty lay-brothers.* The Indian missionary period in its palmiest days could count forty-two Fathers, but no lay-brothers. Ere long, please God, the Fathers will have reached that number as the lay-brothers alone have nearly reached it already.

Since 1884 the very buildings and surroundings have donned a brighter appearance. "The rotten old fences," says Fr. O'Keefe in his little pamphlet, "have been replaced by new ones. In some parts solid walls have been built. Where the visitor beheld nothing but a barren wilderness strewn with boulders and stones, there are now nice gardens and fertile fields, out of which with much labor and endurance the Brothers have raised all the vegetables used in the house, or planted and tended the various shrubs and flowers which freshen the enclosure of the cloister, or beautify the approach to the Mission. The vineyards have been cultivated and wine made. The pasture supports the grazing cattle and the venerable old Mission looks young again."

* San Luis Rey community being entirely Mexican and maintained by the Fathers in Mexico is not included in above account. It numbers about twenty-five Franciscans, three of whom are priests.

From the day that Magdalen was admitted to the Saviour's friendship, she had no other desire than to render herself more and more worthy by her fidelity to the inspirations of grace. We find her twice, in the Gospel, before the hour when we shall see her weeping in silence at the foot of the cross; and it is at Martha's house in Bethany, the retreat she appears to have chosen in order to reconcile her desire to fly from the world with the hope of frequently meeting there her divine friend. Jesus loved this retreat, where His heart expanded in an atmosphere of tenderness and fidelity, which he had scarcely found elsewhere in the same degree.

Father Ollivier, O. P.

Phases in the Life of Saint Catherine of Siena

(Conclusion)

DIRECTLY or indirectly women have had a dominating influence in the destinies of mankind since the days of the Creation. Tracing events through from age to age, from nation to nation, we find events of highest moment owing their most important issue to the touch of a woman's hand on the balance. Knowing this, it should not be surprising that as a woman S. Catherine exercised such a widespread influence on the public events of her time.

We have already said that the strong personal attractiveness she possessed was doubtless given her by God, that thereby the greater number of souls might be drawn within reach of her burning zeal. This irresistible domination of a woman's magnetism has been, we repeat, one of the strongest natural factors in the history of the world. It is by no means an effect of grace; is merely a phase of character, working, in many cases, for evil through the agency of an ill-directed, an ill-instructed or a vicious will.

In endowing S. Catherine with this precious gift, God made use of a purely human attribute, but He insured its co-operation in the fulfilment of His design by perfecting her will and absorbing it into His own. The vision, the ecstasies, the extraordinary spiritual favors shown in her life, might have filled men with wonder, but human nature would not thereby have been drawn. On the contrary, it would more easily have been repelled.

But God made S. Catherine irresistibly attractive; bound her will to His by the daily touch of His hand on her heart, and then sent her forth into the midst of the strife and turmoil of a peculiarly troubled epoch to still the tempest as He once had stilled it; to announce to His vicar the word of warning and counsel that was eventually to bring peace and unity once again into the Fold. Blending with this magnetic personality was a masculine comprehensiveness of grasp in her views of political issues which brought within the range of her influence the mightiest personages of an age when the ruling power was centralized and almost absolute.

Popes and kings listened with respectful attention to her counsels and exhortations; cities were swayed by her words of wisdom, and the deadliest enmities died beneath her softening touch. There is matter for very serious consideration in all this. Human nature is the same to-day as from the days of Adam. It is true that in the time of S. Catherine faith was strong and men feared God's justice, but to offset this, passion seems to have been more unbridled, lawless, powerful, hatred more unrestrained.

Taking the lives of the saints, we cannot but be struck by the limited number of persons affected by the extraordinary favor manifest in these elect of the kingdom; and the evidence of history, religious and secular, is most convincing that men "render to Caesar" an hundred-fold "what is Caesar's," while denying to God sometimes entirely, "that which is His." Even of Christ, Himself, they said in the days of his visible presence among them, "He casteth out devils by Beelzebub."

The angry foeman, the haughty nobles, the courtly, polished churchmen must have recognized in her a master mind and have realized powers of extraordinary intellect and also have acknowledged them. Now, these endowments were not necessarily nor intrinsically due to the fact of her being a Saint; though we know all gifts are from God. Other women have possessed this extraordinary breadth and development of intellect, and have influenced the destinies of nations. S. Catherine would have been one of the great women of the world, even if she had not been a great saint.

But all the great women have not been good women. The qualities of mind and heart that gave them influence are just the most dangerously easy to be perverted. Power is intoxicating, pride of virtue and pride of intellect flourish where baser passions find no root; the higher the pinnacle upon which the woman stands the more critically is each word, each action, weighed and judged. Looking at the question merely, as a point of argument, we can say that her personality would need some strong counterpoise to make her at one and the same time the influential factor in the history of the world, and the saintly follower of a crucified God.

Her mystic life fills in the background of her character, casting upon it the wonderful lights which throw into strong relief the scenes of her earthly mission, accentuating her marvelous adaptability for the work she was to do; perfecting by its exquisite coloring this masterpiece of the Divine Artist.

The crowning point of her influence was the return of the Papal See to Rome. It was not the consideration of her sanctity to which the Pope yielded, because we read that S. Bridgid of Sweden had repeatedly urged the same course upon him, pleading special revelations, and strengthening her appeals by prophecies of untold miseries to follow a refusal. It stands to reason that the Pope, then the supreme power in Christendom, could not and would not be swayed by the words of a mere woman, a visionary, an ecstatic. To take a step which must inevitably disturb the peace of a world, he must be firmly convinced that the well-being, the life itself of the Church, must demand it; he must be sure that the message was from God; he must first have full confidence in the ambassador; must have unmis-

takable proofs that the herald possessed the signet ring of the King. He could not and would not receive lightly the assurance that she was the mouthpiece of God's personal commands. Always the evil spirit has had power to clothe himself in the shining robes of the angels of light. He must judge as a man, as a monarch, as a representative of divine authority.

We must remember that Gregory was a conservative character, most adverse to changes in the government of the Church; that he was surrounded by courtiers and ecclesiastics whose interests and associations all centered in Avignon; that the king of France opposed most strenuously any attempt towards the removal of the Holy See to Rome. To overshadow this almost insuperable opposition was but the word of a weak woman. Heaven-sent must she be, indeed, to pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal that was to prove the truth of her mission. She must discuss the finesse of state-craft with grave councilors; must show the knowledge and sagacity of a man amongst men, losing nothing of her intrinsic womanliness; must prove herself a doctor among theologians, remaining ever the humble, obedient daughter of the Church.

Not until the Pope, as a man, had recognized the masterful force of her reasoning, not until as a monarch he had acknowledged that duty to his subjects as a whole demanded his return to the traditional seat of power; not until the penetrating insight of the statesman and ruler pronounced her fit to grace the council-chamber, the throne-room, not until then did the sovereign ruler of Christendom, the Vicar of Christ demand the supreme manifestation of divine inspiration. She revealed to the astonished Pontiff the most intimate secret of his own heart, and he knew the word was from God.

	Some Recent Books	
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THE *Archierey of Samara*, by Henry Iliowizi, is a timely book in view of recent outbursts against the Jews in Russia. It is written with a sense of fairness, graphically portraying ordeals of intense suffering sustained by a persecuted race. While it cannot be regarded as a consecutive story and lacks many of the elements that make up a romance, the book may be considered a truthful picture of Russian Jewish life. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have printed the book in attractive style.

Delightfully varied in coloring is Grace Hibbard's collection of *Wild Roses of California*, deliciously fragrant the blossoms that

would brighten even desert sands. California springtime is charmingly alluring:

The fields are all aflame with gold,
"Sweet fields of living green,"
And wild flowers tall, all bonnie blue,
Are fretted in between.

Down by the brook the iris nods,
And slender lillies fair,
While buttercups, like daytime stars,
Are scattered everywhere.

Unseen, somewhere a meadow-lark
For very gladness sings.
And yellow bees and butterflies
Float by on airy wings.

O land of sunshine by the sea,
Where golden poppies grow!
Fair blossoms crown thee all the year,
White blossoms are thy snow.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, has given the verses a most attractive setting.

Daughter of the Snows by Jack London, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, is a story of adventure in the Yukon district. Conventionalities are utterly ignored by the heroine—an ahead-of-date "athletic girl." In the situations in which she is placed compromising to her moral character, one cannot applaud her feats of physical endurance of the biting effects of ice and snow.

May Readings from Father Faber, selected from his writings on "Bethlehem," "The Blessed Sacrament," and "The Foot of the Cross," are eloquent outpourings of a devotion to our Blessed Lady as the Mother of the Man of Sorrows. Meditation upon the beautiful truths presented cannot fail to inspire a tender love for the Blessed Virgin in union with the joys and sorrows of her Divine Son.

The selections have been made by Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., and are published in pocket edition by R. and T. Washbourne, London, whose American agents are Benziger Bros., New York.

Benziger Bros., New York, have published a brochure—vest pocket size—of Father James Clare's pious reflections for each day in the year, entitled, *A Voice That is Still*. This booklet cannot fail to inspire devotional thought and intense confidence in Almighty God in all who peruse its pages.

Tahiti the Golden is the title of a beautifully illustrated brochure by Charles Keeler, descriptive of the Island of Tahiti and its people. Simple manners and warm hospitality have characterized the

Tahitians from earliest times. Mr. Keeler gives a glowing description of the natural beauties of the charming tropical island.

The Oceanic Steamship Company, San Francisco, has published this informational pamphlet in the interest of pleasure-seeking tourists.

Book Seven of the McBride *Literature and Art Books*, accompanied by a Teacher's Manual, is now published by D. H. McBride & Co., New York.

The general appearance of the first numbers of the series bespeaks for the present book a wide popularity. Mrs. B. Ellen Burke has exercised a discriminating judgment in grading of the literary selections and has given invaluable suggestions for their proper study. The full-page illustrations of masterpieces in art cannot fail to influence for spiritual profit the mind of the eager child.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company, San Francisco, has recently published a handsomely printed brochure with reproductions of photographic views of some of the marvels of the giant trees of California. Famous among these mighty monarchs of primeval creation stands "Wawona"—in the Mariposa Grove, near Yosemite Valley—putting forth new leaves every year, notwithstanding the fact that a roadway ten by twelve feet has been tunneled through the center of its base.

Views of "The Grizzly Giant," "Haverford," "Ohio," "General Grant," and several other veterans of the forest about which are grouped parties of tourists, or surrounded by United States Cavalry troops, effectively convey a comparative idea of the magnitude of these mighty "sentinels" of the grove.

No longer relegated to the domain of fiction, the Big Trees of California stand imposingly majestic, inviting man to look upward to the sublime heights that they have attained. The accessibility of the groves, through picturesque California, by way of the Southern Pacific, holds opportunities for rare pleasure united with salutary instruction.

The Seedy Gentleman, at all times delightfully philosophical, may be listened to in leisure moments through the kindness of Peter Robertson. He hospitably entertains us with his varied experiences of persons and things, excelling in genial portraiture of individual idiosyncrasies. He discourses knowingly upon "Love," "Woman's Eyes," "Music," "The New Woman," "Curiosity," and numerous other subjects of current interest. When not interrupted by the Candid Man or the Fellow in the Corner, he cordially

soliloquizes and leaves us to make application of his tender reveries to the checkered scenes of life.

"The last rose of summer," he muses, "will never die. There is no last rose of summer. Thus are all our most affecting sentimental emotions crushed out. * * * It is the pain of all things beautiful that they cannot last. It has been said by poets in all the ages; yet the roses come again. The last year's flowers have filled their purpose and returned to dust—just as we and all things else created. Maybe, if we could take our lessons from the roses, we might find life brighter. But no! We will not understand. We pluck the flower of love, and wear it gaily on our breasts; then we let the love tree die—and it never flowers again. Is it not often the same with friendship, too?"

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, publishes this interesting volume. The Seedy Gentleman, artistically elegant in his poses, has been admirably sketched by Gordon Ross.

The Days of the Son of Man, a tale of Syria, by Rosamond J. Rhone, is founded on the Scripture narrative of the public life of our Saviour. It deals feebly with the divine mission of the Messiah, betraying the writer's want of strong conviction and utter lack of living faith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, are the publishers.

The International Catholic Truth Society of New York has published Rev. Lucian Johnson's pamphlet entitled, *Religious Liberty in Maryland and Rhode Island*. The Reverend author, after discussing in a learned manner, the question of priority of the establishment of religious liberty in Maryland and Rhode Island, concludes that, all facts considered, a comparison of this nature is somewhat idle. "At least," he remarks, "it is not likely to result in changing the now generally settled convictions of the parties in dispute."

By request, Father Johnson has added a general note on "Protestant Intolerance," which may be read with profit. The pamphlet contains fifty-six pages and is an evidence of the good work that is being performed by the progressive Catholic Truth Societies in the United States.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, has published in becoming style, an exhaustive biographical study and character analysis of *William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion*, by John White Chadwick.

The career of the distinguished Unitarian preacher whose name gives the title to this volume is of special interest to those who

have watched the growth, the development, the vagaries, the waning of Congregationalism, Presbyterianism and Unitarianism, first in New England and later, throughout the United States.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day on the Gospels, by Father Matthew Power, S. J., comes to us from the press of B. Herder, St. Louis. This scholarly essay towards a final determination of the Gospel chronology, forms an introduction to the chief dates in the life of our Lord. Especially valuable for the priest and the ecclesiastical student, this Calendar may be recommended to the educated layman who desires to read the Gospels after the manner of the theologian or the Scriptural exegetist.

We are pleased to announce that an English *Life and Letters of Saint Catherine de Ricci* is in course of preparation by Miss Florence M. Capes, who is well known in London circles for her literary work. This volume will be prefaced by an essay on the "Mystical Life" by the Reverend Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P. Those familiar with the writings of Father Wilberforce anticipate a two-fold pleasure in the forthcoming publication.

Under the title *Ye are Christ's* (S. Paul's tender words to the Corinthians), Father Joseph Rickaby, S. J., has published eighty-four considerations for boys, an admirable collection of practical instructions interestingly delivered. Benziger Bros., New York, are the American agents for the London publishers, Burns & Oates

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle with notes by Thomas Carlyle and his nephew Alexander Carlyle, and an introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., has been published by John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York.

These models of brilliant, spontaneous, epistolary expression, teeming with affectionate tenderness for a devoted husband, have been arranged for publication by a member of the family, in justification of the character of that great literary genius of the last century—the much-maligned Thomas Carlyle. Thomas Carlyle, as portrayed by James Anthony Froude, has certainly no redeeming feature.

In his interesting introduction to the letters, James Crichton-Browne clearly shows that Froude violated a sacred trust, distorted truth and falsified the most favorable acts of his life-long friend. That the record of his gloomy aberrations has brought a burning blush to the cheek, and left a bitter sting in the heart of the family of Carlyle there can be no doubt; that the libel against the

dead almost blasted his living memory, events have proved. But the bold hand of Anthony Froude has written his own condemnation. The disinterrment of his biographical faults would be no pleasant task.

The "Letters" speak for themselves, and prove what Carlyle's nearest and dearest claim for him—that he was a good man, a tender husband, and staunch friend. "Excellent Thomas!"

The letters are handsomely printed in two volumes. Unique illustrations embellish the work.

In his interesting story, entitled *Tito*, William Henry Carson strongly portrays the intensity of love and hate that dominate the Italian character. The boy hero, Tito, vows to undertake what he has been taught to regard as a mission of justice against an unworthy father in the pursuit of which he meets with many adventures. The persistency of the child in the carrying out of his vow might elicit admiration had he a more holy purpose in view; as it is, it excites fear lest he should accomplish his wicked purpose.

Tito's father, the young American millionaire, who topples over at the first breath of adversity, wallowing in the mire of social degradation, is a pitiful figure—physically an athlete, mentally a prodigy of culture, spiritually, a derelict. The author, however, extricates father and son from their difficulties.

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, has made the book a model of excellent work. *Tito* is strikingly effective in frontispiece.

From the Keller Printing and Publishing Co., Evansville, Ind., we have received *The Princess of Poverty, S. Clare of Assisi and the Order of Poor Ladies*, by Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap. The book was written in 1900 when the Franciscan Poor Clares celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the establishment of their order in this country. Father Fiege presents a well written account of the marvellous life of the great Saint Clare; including interesting facts connected with the rise and progress of the Order which she founded. Lovers of the wonderful Saint Francis of Assisi will find much concerning his life in this volume as it was he who directed Saint Clare in spiritual matters. From his word and example she learned that love of holy poverty which was the rule of her life. The publishers are to be complimented upon the appearance of this work; it is well illustrated, well bound, and printed in clear type.

	EDITORIAL	
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An inspiring note of protest has been sounded by respectable journals against the episcopal sanction in the Church of England of the re-marriage of divorced persons.

That a religious establishment claiming to be the historic channel of reform should so long have tolerated a practice inimical to its political life, has engendered a distrust in its methods of inculcating and preserving virtue.

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," is a Scripture text susceptible of but one interpretation and that interpretation has been faithfully maintained and enforced by the Catholic Church alone.

The evils evident in the dissolution of the marriage tie in non-Catholic circles so marked in the United States, threaten to destroy the foundation of society itself.

As a remedial measure, it has been suggested that all Protestant clergymen unite in firm refusal to perform the marriage service for divorced persons. The initiatory step has been taken by Rev. Dr. David H. Greer of St. Bartholomew's, New York, whose congregation, representative of respectable wealth and position will be a powerful lever in the movement. The frown of the "four hundred" upon the re-married divorced man or woman is likely to stimulate regard for the social amenities, in those, at least, who would remain within its charmed circle.

This attitude of society's leaders will, undoubtedly, exert a restraining influence upon those to whom religious considerations are foreign.

The Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., of New York, presents some figures on the subject of divorce—the curse of society—which are startling in the aggregation of the social misery that they represent. Upon this subject Father Pardow says:

"There are today in this land probably as many as one million, five hundred thousand children who have not what we call a real home—not the home in which father and mother unite to bring up their children as God willed them to do.

"In 1889, by authority of Congress, the United States commissioner of labor was ordered to report upon marriage and divorce in the United States for the twenty years from 1867 to 1886 inclusive. He found that in that time there had been granted three hundred and twenty-eight thousand, seven hundred and sixteen divorces—six hundred and fifty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-two people had severed the marriage tie.

"All we can say in estimating figures for the last twenty years is that the ratio is increasing every year, and that since those figures were compiled more than a round half-million of divorces have been added to the number. This is no mere speculation. The figures, three hundred and twenty-eight thousand, seven hundred, and sixteen were upon an estimated population of fifty million. With our present population of eighty million, the estimate of five hundred thousand divorces is little enough.

"During the same period in Europe, with its population of three hundred and eighty million, the number of divorces has been only two hundred and fourteen thousand, eight hundred and forty-one. With a population five times greater than the United States there have been less than one-half the number of divorces."

It is to be hoped that a vigorous crusade will be directed against this grave social evil.

Attentive observers of the attempt by the school authorities in the Philippines to impose the English language, according to the American plan, upon the inhabitants, are not disappointed at the lack of progress made in that direction; nor, are they blind to the facts that may bring about its ultimate failure. Among the troops of teachers that set out for the Islands longing for the almighty dollar that would enable them to radiate American intellectuality upon the dusky Filipino, many have

returned with the woeful knowledge that they are neither, by nature nor grace, fitted for so important a mission as the Americanization of the Filipino has proved to be. It is dawning upon the minds of Americans that they are dealing with a unique political problem—one that demands intelligent treatment and unremitting effort for its solution. Seven millions of people who have enjoyed the blessings of civilized life under Christian missionary zeal for more than three centuries are certainly possessed of historic annals worthy of our impartial study. That the Filipino should resist the foisting upon him of the English language, which he evidently does not regard as an accomplishment, is not surprising. That he entertains for it a natural "disgust" is attested by those who have honest ideals in education and who labor to realize them.



Speaking, in a recent article quoted by the *San Francisco Star*, of the impracticability of the present American educational scheme in the Philippines, one of our Cornell men, Theodore de Laguna, whose experience in the Islands enabled him to study causes of the present failure, says:

"Few of the American teachers had any considerable knowledge of Spanish; scarcely any could speak it grammatically and fluently. This was a serious handicap, not so much in the classroom as out of it. For though in these Islands only a small percentage of the inhabitants can speak Spanish, it is none the less the established idiom of culture. Every gentleman speaks it, almost without exception. Thus it happens that the American teacher in his ignorance of Spanish, and still more in his picturesque attempts to express himself in broken, ungrammatical phrases, puts himself upon the level of the boor and unavoidably exposes himself to contempt.

"The scheme to teach the Filipinos something for which they feel no immediate need, and in which they take no direct interest, namely, the English language, is the second cause of failure. Other subjects have a place in the program, but the English language is

practically the sole subject of instruction.

"Why, then, do the children learn it? Some do learn it, namely the few that have a daily opportunity of using what they learn. In a few cities, where there are hosts of Americans, soldiers and citizens, English is a living tongue; but for the great multitude of Filipinos it is practically a dead language.

"Why should a Filipino care to learn English? Not many reasons are conceivable. In a few cities it might help many a boy to get employment, and in these cities English can be successfully taught. Elsewhere it is important only for the governing class, affecting, as it does, their commercial and political interests.

"But for the Filipino peasantry there is no motive for learning English, and accordingly they will not and can not learn it. A new language can only come to them with a new life; schooling cannot give it to them. Americans commonly suppose that these dialects are very simple affairs, consisting at most of a few hundred words, and with no very elaborate grammatical structure. This is far from being true. To speak of the Visayan language, to which I have given some study, the richness of its vocabulary has been an ever-recurrent occasion of wonder to me; and the beauty and consistency of its grammatical structure are obvious enough to charm even a very imperfectly trained philologist."

In denunciation of the principle involved in the present system of education in the Philippines. Dr. A. F. Chamberlain has thus expressed himself:

"Education, no more than a nation, can exist half-slave and half-free—its motto, too, is liberty or death. To educate the Filipinos, without using to the full their language and their literature, the thousandfold stimuli of their environment, their racial temperament and ideals, their past history and natural ambitions for the future, is to stunt them in body, mind and soul. We have let loose upon them the soldier, the trader, the school teacher, and the missionary—and we talk about education! The brain-cure we are treating them to at the hands of our teachers is worse than the 'water-cure' our soldiers gave them. In education, as in everything else connected with the 'new colonialism,' we began wrong. We can change, if we will; for it is not altogether too late yet. But it must be a complete change and an honest admission of error. To educate the Filipinos

as Filipinos, and not as Americans, is the right ideal. Let 10,000,000 Malays as such develop along the lines of their native genius, and some day the world will rejoice that they have been. Educate them through themselves and they will become strong, as their kinsmen the Japanese have done, adding a new star to the constellation of civilized races."



The May-June number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* contains some interesting letters from missionary workers in central and southern Africa. The reports of the marked fervor of native converts are deeply gratifying to those who contributed towards the support of the foreign missions. Statistics for the United States during 1902 argue an ungenerous response to appeals in behalf of the many souls that are yet to be brought to the knowledge of the Christian faith. The diocese of Boston sets a noble example to all other parts of the country.

A special request is made in the interests of the surviving natives of the Mission of Tahiti whose physical miseries are extreme, owing to the ravages in the island by the cyclone of recent date. Although never rich these native Catholics have ever given freely of what they possessed for the propagation of the Faith.



Tom Masson, in a recent number of *Life* in the following pithy queries, sets forth the rudiments of the "newer education" as required in successful candidates for Yellow Journalism:

Can you read and write the English language incorrectly?

Are you able to climb to and enter a second, third or fourth story like a common burglar, if necessary?

Have you any of the instincts of a gentleman? If so, state what they are and what efforts you have made to get rid of them.

Do you consider yourself a born, or a self-made liar?

Are you unfamiliar with the names of all picturesque diseases?

Has your sense of justice ever been jarred, and by whom? Would it interfere in any way with the performance of your duties?

Do you consider that in all circumstances you know just how to increase the size of your headlines in exact proportion to the unimportance of the subject?

Will you agree to learn by heart every picturesque fact bearing on the private and sacred life of every prominent citizen?

Have you any sense of honor? If so, will you promise faithfully not to let it interfere with your work?

Is your bad taste a matter of pride with you?

Has anything else induced you to wish to become a yellow journalist except the money you expect to get out of it?

Do you have any respect for women?

Realizing the shameful truths thus sarcastically set forth, again we lift our warning voice in behalf of the young.



We are indebted to the *Western Watchman* for the following:

Herr Gustav Ludwig, the well-known art-antiquarian and archaeologist, writing in the latest number of the *Jahrbuch der Koeniglich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen* on the author of the mysterious Madonna of the Sea, now attributed to Giovanni Bellini, hazards the remarkable theory that the spiritual writer from whom Bellini drew his inspiration was no other than the famous Cistercian monk, William de Deguileville, who wrote a once popular, but now forgotten book, entitled "The Pilgrimage of the Soul." This book, according to the German critic, furnished more than the ground work of Bunyan's immortal parable. So has one more supposed treasure of Protestant spirituality been discovered to be Catholic, not only in its instinct, but actually in its origin. A writer in the *Athenaeum*, thinks that the German critic has made out a good case for the Cistercian authorship of "Pilgrim's Progress."

	Calendar for July	
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1—S. Leo, Pope. (from April 11.) (Christian Courage.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

2—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians; C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Anniversary of the death of Very Reverend Father Vincent Vinyes, O. P.

3—B. Mark of Modena, Priest. (Love of Neighbor.)

4—Our Lady the Refuge of Sinners. (Second Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.)

5—First Sunday of the month.—S. Anthony Maria Zachary, Priest. (Zeal for religion.) Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers, (2) C. C.; assist at exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers, (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

6—Octave of the Apostles Peter and Paul. (Following of Christ.)

7—B. Benedict XI, Pope. (Fortitude.) (Twelfth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

8—B. Margaret of Castile, O. P. (from April 13.) (Recollection.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Anniversary of the death of Father J. Dominic Lentz, O. P.

9—S. John of Cologne, O. P., Priest and Companions the martyrs of Gorcum.

10—B. Peter Gonzales, (called S. Telmo) O. P., Priest. (from April 14.) (Patron of Sailors.)

11—BB. Ignatius Delgado and Dominic Herares, O. P. Bishops and Martyrs of Tonquin and their companions. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) (Third Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.)

12—Second Sunday of the month—S. John Gaulbert, Abbot. (Forgiveness of injuries.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers.

13—B. James of Voragine, O. P., Bishop. (Charity.) Anniversary of those buried in Dominican Cemeteries. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians, members of the Holy Name Confraternity and Tertiaries; C. C.; assist at office of the dead; prayers.

14—S. Bonaventure, O. F. M., Cardinal Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Humility.) (Thirteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

15—S. Henry, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. (Fidelity.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

16—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.

17—S. Hermenegild, Martyr. (from April 15.) (Patience.)

18—B. Ceslaus, O. P. Priest. (Missionary zeal.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) (Fourth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.)

19—Third Sunday of the month—S. Vincent de Paul, Priest and founder of the Vincentians or Congregation of the Mission as well as of the Sisters of Charity. Anniversary of the death of Reverend Father Peter Cronin O. P. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.

20—B. Clara, O. P. Widow. (from April 17.) (Reconciliation.)

21—S. Jerome Emilian, Priest and Founder of the Congregation of Somascha. (Solitude) (Fourteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)

- 22—S. Mary Magdalene, Protectress of the Dominican Order.
 23—B. Jane of Orvieto, O. P., Virgin. (Sympathy.)
 24—S. Camillus of Lellis, Priest and Founder of the Congregation of Regular Clerks for the care of the sick.
 25—S. James the Greater, Apostle. Fifth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.
 26—Fourth Sunday of the month. S. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.
 27—B. Augustine of Bugella, O. P., Priest. (Penance.)
 28—B. Anthony of the Church, O. P., Priest. (Punctuality.) (Fifteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.)
 29—S. Martha, Virgin, Sister of Mary Magdalene. The Right Reverend Bishop Alemany, O. P., promoted to the title of Archbishop and transferred from Monterey to San Francisco, 1853. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 30—B. Mannes, O. P., Priest, brother of S. Dominic. (Contemplation.)
 31—S. Ignatius of Loyola, Priest and Founder of the Society of Jesus.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Frederick, Bishop and Martyr; S. Ignatius, Confessor; S. Henry, Emperor; S. Eugene of Carthage, Bishop; S. Martha, Virgin. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Christina, Virgin and Martyr; S. Victor, Martyr; S. Jerome Emilian, Confessor; S. Mary Magdalene. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. James Apostle; S. Camillus, Confessor; S. Vincent de Paul, Confessor; S. Bertha, Abbess S. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

While Blessed Jordan of the Order of Saint Dominic was travelling from Lombardy to Germany with two companions and a cleric named Herman de Paridillurne, who joined the Order later, they arrived hungry and weary at the Alpine village of Ursar. Stepping aside they made for the only inn in the place, and begged the host to get them some supper. But the innkeeper cried: "Of a truth I have no bread in the house, for only an hour ago a batch of pilgrims stopped here and ate up all that was to be had in the village, with the exception of two very small loaves I had put past, besides, what good would two such loaves do among so many of you?" "In God's name, bring us what you've got," cried they; so the two small loaves were brought in. But after blessing the table, Master Jordan began to give them away in big pieces at the door to the poor, who came thronging at the news, so that the innkeeper and brethren began to find fault with him—"Good Master, what are you about? Don't you know that we are already short of bread?" And so saying they shut the door to prevent the people from thronging in. But the Blessed Master made them open it again and began to dole out the bread afresh, so that out of these two loaves he gave away thirty large pieces, each enough for a meal of itself, as the quantity was afterwards computed. After this was done the four brethren, their host, and all his household, ate as much as they wanted, yet could not finish what was left: At the sight of such a miracle the worthy innkeeper exclaimed: "Lo, here is a saint indeed!" nor would he take any money in return from the cleric. "By no means," said he, "and what is more, I shall for the future freely provide for this good father and all his brethren out of the substance God has given me, for they are all alike, His servants." Even this could not satisfy him, for he filled the cleric's flask with wine and told him to keep it for the brethren's use on the journey.

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A Visit to the Alban Mountains—Castel Gandolfo

MARY J. O'NEILL.

THE tourist in Rome, having feasted his mind upon marvels of past splendor and greatness, as exemplified in the magnificent art treasures of the Vatican and other ancient palaces, naturally desires to be brought in contact, even for a moment, with the venerable successor of a long line of Christian Pontiffs—the world's great conservators of the noblest creations of master minds, the beautiful in architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and poetry. In a word, his happiness is completed only by the privilege of kneeling at the feet of the supreme representative, in the moral and spiritual world, of our Lord. This being accomplished, he reluctantly proceeds upon his journey, first turning his eyes towards the classic Alban Hills that beckon to him as he leaves the Eternal City.

One bright October morning, our party joyously set out for the Alban Mountains, famed equally for natural and artificial beauty. A delightful drive of about twelve miles south-east of Rome afforded us opportunity to revel in the ravishing grace of outline of those majestic hills, bewildering in their picturesque irregularity. Crystal lakes, at intervals, mirror the beauty of fleecy clouds and variegated foliage. As we gradually approached the nearer hills stately villas gracing their slopes stand out to view, while on the distant spurs are clustered the homes of many wealthy Romans. Built of a greenish-gray tufa stone delicately colored—paperino—these charming villas blending harmoniously with natural surroundings, enhance the charm of the never-to-be-forgotten landscape.

Numerous villages nestle among the hills, in picturesque abandonment of regularity. Our first stopping place was Albano. It is most delightfully situated on a plateau, on the site of the ancient villa of Pompey. In the early centuries of Christianity this town was quite important, having been, in the fifth century, the see of a bishop; in the eleventh century it became the property of the Papal government. An ancient tomb of beautiful Etruscan architecture is pointed out as that of Horatii and Curiatii. Albano com-

mands numerous views of natural beauty—the incomparable Mediterranean stretching far in the distance.

From Albano we drove along a spacious avenue, bordered by evergreen oaks, which leads to Castel Gandolfo, of historic renown in association and name. The town, small, and commercially unimportant, is perched majestically upon an eminence that rises perpendicularly from one side of Lake Albano—the gem of the Alban lakes. This lake occupies the bed of an extinct crater; it has an elevation of more than nine hundred feet above sea level; it is six miles in circumference and is fed by several mountain streams; an ancient outlet still discharges water into aqueducts that supply the city of Rome; the purity of the water is of world-wide repute. The banks of the lake, excepting the side bordering on Castel Gandolfo, are highly cultivated. A railway skirts the lake affording views of its varied beauty and pleasant glimpses of the neighboring campagna.

Castel Gandolfo was built ages ago by a noble, powerful family of that name; but, in the Middle Ages, it passed into possession of the Savelli and, early in the seventeenth century, became the property of the Popes. Urban the Eighth built a large castle or palace there as a summer residence for the Popes. Though still in possession of the Holy See, it has not been used for that purpose since 1871. As we returned to Rome, we passed through Monte Cavo, Rocca di Papo, Marino, Grotto Feratta and Frascati, interesting towns exquisitely environed. Monte Cavo is partially built on the site of the ancient city of Alba Longa; no trace of that prehistoric town is visible excepting the ruin of the foundation of the sanctuary of the Latin League, which edifice stood on the very summit of the hill. Alba Longa, as the political and religious centre of the ancient Latin League, is an interesting historical study—particularly its absorption by the more vigorous power on the banks of the Tiber.

Rocca di Papa—Pope's Rock—lies on the outer slope of a great extinct crater in a perfect bower of olive orchards and terraces of grapes, so thickly clustered as to seem almost impenetrable. It is said that Hannibal once pitched his tent on this spot. Whether that be true or not, it is certain that the Roman garrison goes into summer-quarters there during the months of June, July and August. An imposing spectacle, certainly, a dress parade in this lovely place! For, the Roman soldier is, in our opinion, the best-dressed, best-drilled, and the finest-looking specimen of manhood on the continent. Besides possessing a sort of native refinement of face and figure, his uniform is strikingly handsome; the helmet shaped hat, draped with a long, graceful plume, especially arrests the attention; his manner, in addressing one, when occasion requires, is courtesy itself. In all Italian cities the police officers are chosen from the militia; they are

detailed for duty in pairs, making in their beautiful uniforms, an indelible impression upon the mind of the stranger.

Marino, in olden times belonged to the powerful Orsini; but, after ages of warfare, it was taken from them by the Colonna who still hold it. It is interesting chiefly on account of its beauty. At Grotto Feratta we visited the church which contains frescoes depicting incidents in the life of S. Niles, the Greek who, in the year one thousand, founded a Greek monastery of the Basillian Order there. From this place we drove to Frascati which is the largest, and, perhaps, the most important of all these towns. It has a population of seven thousand inhabitants, and, like the other towns, is a resort for Romans and foreigners alike. Its location is enchantment itself. Resting on a graceful slope, accessible by successive terraces, it wins enthusiastic admiration at first glance. Beautiful gardens, dotted by gracefully-playing fountains, embellish the broad piazza, or principal thoroughfare of the town, in the centre of which stands the Cathedral of S. Pietro. In the Cathedral there hangs a memorial tablet of Charles Edward, the young Pretender, son of James the Second who died in Frascati, in 1788.

The Villa Aldobrandini is very handsome; it contains many fine paintings. This was the country home of Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement the Eighth. The grounds are most artistically ornamented with rippling, sparkling cascades guarded by majestic old oaks. The vineyards of Frascati are more fruitful than those of the other places mentioned, and the vintage, for its superior quality, is celebrated throughout Italy.

With regret we turned away from this lovely spot, never perhaps to see it again. Slowly we drove over the splendid roadway, back to dear old Rome, meeting, at intervals, peasants returning from the fields, and shepherds with their flocks of sheep or goats. We were greatly impressed at the remarkable freshness of the blue denims worn by the peasants. Faded and mended to be sure, but always clean. One may see beggars and dirt in parts of the city sometimes, but in the country places every man, woman and child appear spotlessly clean. They seemed a part of the nature beauties that all day long had wooed our hearts and won them, too.

As gloom succeeded twilight myriad lights of the city twinkled in the distance. The ghostly stone aqueducts, sentinels of the centuries, bore silent but eloquent tribute to the past. We could not but reflect on the mutations of Time, and the unstableness of all things purely human. As we entered the gates of Rome and mingled with the surging throngs, reflection still pursued us, but hope pointed to the infallible guide that dwells in the City Eternal.

Schools and Colleges in the Philippines

REV. M. M. O'KANE, O. P.

(Concluded)

Within the last fifty years the Dominicans were obliged to open seven other colleges in the Archipelago, to meet the pressing needs of the colony. The most important of these is the College of S. Thomas, Manila, which was specially destined for the teaching of scientific, industrial and commercial pursuits. We might say it was a technical college devoted exclusively to technical education. In the syllabus of the College of S. Thomas for 1893 and 1894, we find the following list of subjects, with the number of pupils studying each: French, 340; English, 262; linear design, 110; ornamental design and figure shading, 27; topographical design, 110; topography, 104; theoretical and practical agriculture, 122; commercial arithmetic, 77; book-keeping, 16; commercial and industrial legislation, 56; geography and commercial statistics, 82; political economy, 21; commercial correspondence, 16; practical mechanics, 10. The six other colleges are situated in the interior of the Archipelago—at Cebu, at Jaro, at Nueva Caceres, at Vigan, at Tuguegarao and at Dagupan. The most important of these is the College of Blessed Albert the Great at Dagupan, in the Province of Pangasinan, in which boys are prepared for the degree of Bachelor. It was founded in 1890, and from that year till the rebellion broke out it did splendid service in the cause of education. Ten or twelve Fathers carried on the work of the college, but with the advent of rebellion and war, they were compelled to close their college, and some of them were dragged to prison. The buildings were occupied by American troops during the war, and were still in their possession a few months ago; but the Federal Government has promised to recompense the owners, and to restore the buildings to their former use, as soon as possible. The other colleges are still closed, and the soldiers use some of them for barracks. but when peace is definitely restored they will revert to their former owners. The Dominicans have recently opened a college at Tuguegarao, the capital of the Province of Cagayan, on the north of the island of Luzon, but so far the pupils only number about seventy.

The labors of the Fathers in the cause of secondary education have been productive of abundant fruit. They not merely educated their pupils, but they inspired them with the educational

spirit, and encouraged them to impart to others the knowledge they themselves possessed. Elementary schools and secondary colleges sprang up in popular centers throughout the Provinces, directed by secular masters, who, when their education was completed in the colleges and in the University, returned home and founded schools for the education of others. According to statistics now before me, there existed in 1877 no less than forty-one of these colleges for secondary education, directed by, and under the inspection of the University of Manila.

Although the Dominicans enjoyed full control of public instruction in the Philippines, in accordance with an ancient tradition recognized by Church and State, they encouraged other religious bodies to join in the work of secondary education; they reserved, however, the conferring of University degrees to themselves. In 1859 the Spanish Jesuits, with the assistance of the Municipality of Manila, founded a communal school, where twenty Fathers devoted themselves to the work of teaching. The observatory in connection with this school was widely known. They also founded a model school in 1863 for the training of secular teachers for primary schools. There are diocesan seminaries in the dioceses of Cebu, Vigan, Nueva Caceres and Jaro, founded by the Bishops in compliance with the instructions of the Council of Trent, for the formation of the native clergy. These seminaries, for the most part, are in charge of the Vincentian Fathers.

The Dominican Fathers in the Philippines were ably assisted by the Dominican nuns in the work of secondary education. Their central establishment is in Manila, and from it colonies of zealous nuns have spread over the Archipelago. They provided all sorts of education suited to girls, and all classes of society were glad to avail of the opportunities thus offered by the nuns to their children. Though most of the academies belonging to the Dominican nuns are subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishops, they owe a great deal to the energy and co-operation of the Dominican Fathers. In 1890 the nuns founded three new colleges for the education of young girls—one at Lingayen, in the province of Pangasinan; a second at Tuguegarao, in the province of Cagayan, and the third at Vigan, in the province of Ilocos Sur. In Rosary College, at Dagupan, girls are taught the full arts course, and those acquirements and accomplishments suited to their position and state in life. Girls in the Philippines do not take degrees.

The College of Blessed Imelda, in the province of Cagayan, is conducted by the Sisters of S. Catherine who are under the immediate jurisdiction of the Order. In 1894 this college was in a flourishing condition, but the troubles of the war put an end to its work

for a time; we hope, however, to see it carry on the same good work when complete peace has been restored to the island. The Bishop of New Segovia, himself a Dominican, built a college at his own expense at Vigan, in 1890, for the education of young girls, and intrusted its direction to a colony of Dominican nuns of the Third Order from Manila. These nuns are immediately subject to the Provincial of the Philippines, under whose direction the college is placed.

I can give here but a brief outline of the work the Dominicans have been doing for education in the Philippine Archipelago for nearly three hundred years. Those who desire more detailed information will find it in the splendid history of the Dominicans in the Philippines, by Father Fonseca, O. P. With the freedom that the United States grants to religion and education, the Philippine friars have new difficulties to encounter. They have labored for three centuries, and have succeeded in planting the Catholic Faith in the hearts of the natives, but a stupendous effort is now being made by American soupers to eradicate Catholicism from the islands. Already some fifteen hundred teachers—all Protestants—have arrived in the Archipelago, and opened board schools; and petty officials have frequently, in spite of the law, compelled the children of the natives to go to these schools which the new government has provided. It remains to be seen what Catholic America will do for religion in the new colony.

The Dominicans have faced the situation that has been brought about with the same courage that won their success in the past. They have realized the difficulties before them, and have taken measures to hold what they have already won. We notice that in 1901 they published a Spanish-English Grammar for the use of their secondary schools, also a History and Geography of the United States. Father Palacios has published a higher course of religion in refutation of the errors of Protestantism and the irreligion that has been introduced into the islands by the Liberals and Freemasons.

The Philippine Dominicans also published last year a treatise on chemistry and a Spanish grammar. A daily paper, the "Libertas," is the latest weapon that has been added to the Dominican arsenal for the preservation of the Faith, and the refutation of the charges that are levelled against it. It is published at Manila, and was founded three years ago. We trust there are better times, and even more glorious conquests, in store for the Philippine Province, which has already given many heroes to religion, and many martyrs to God.

A Day with Savonarola.

EDITH R. WILSON.

II

The Great Crucifixion is a fitting subject for meditation, as it represents not only the Crucifixion, but the sorrow, the penitence of the saints at the foot of the cross. The central face of our Lord we shall not attempt to describe. It is best studied on one's knees, as the master painted it. If it has not the majesty of suffering, the inimitable spirituality of Da Vinci's great masterpiece, yet in beauty and tenderness it is unexcelled. The faces of the thieves are slightly turned towards our Lord, and the good and the bad thief are readily distinguishable. Below is a group of twenty saints. Close to the cross, at the spectators right, is S. Dominic kneeling; to the left S. John and the two Marys are upholding the Virgin Mother; beyond is S. John Baptist (patron of Florence); near him, in the foreground, is seated S. Mark, patron of the convent; while to the extreme left, is a little group composed of S. Laurence, SS. Cosmus and Damian. These are introduced as the tutelary saints of the Medici. Cosimo and Lorenzo, the last two physician saints, figure in almost all paintings of the Medici period. To the right we have the founders of the Religious Orders. Amidst them we distinguish S. Jerome kneeling in the foreground, the cardinal's hat at his feet; a little in the rear are S. Augustine and S. Albert of Mount Carmel; kneeling next is S. Francis, girded with hempen cord, the stigmata visible in his hands; still further, to the right, we recognize S. Benedict and S. Bernard, the latter a particularly beautiful head. Again, S. Bruno (or, Mrs. Jameson tells us, S. Romualdo, S. Bruno not having been actually canonized when Angelico painted his fresco), and, finally, S. John Gualberto, founder of the Vallambrosans.

The painter has added two Dominican saints, S. Peter, Martyr, and S. Thomas Aquinas, representative of martyrdom and theology, sanctity and wisdom, as the mystical fruit of the cross. The framing of this great painting is formed by an arch of decorative work above, studded at intervals with medallions of patriarchs and prophets. David, Isaiah and Daniel, are easily recognizable by the script or prophecy which encircles them. The central medallion is that of the pelican feeding its young from its own wounded breast. Below, the painting is enclosed by a broad band of continuous medallions of seventeen great Dominicans united by a mystic vine, which, springing from the central medallion of S. Dominic, is con-

tinued in a succession of curves through the entire series. On either side of S. Dominic are two Dominican popes, Blessed Benedict the Eleventh and Blessed Innocent the Fifth, who reigned before Angelico's time. Then two Dominican cardinals, discernible by their red hats, then two archbishops, S. Antonino and Blessed Albertus Magnus of Cologne. Then we have the Angelic Doctor, S. Thomas, in a blue hat; the martyr, S. Peter, S. Vincent Ferrer, S. Raymond of Pennafort and other saints fill the remaining circles. The background of this picture is a deep, dark red in the upper part, representing the darkened sky of Calvary; below is a pale yellow, the effect being to throw out into intense relief the white figures upon the crosses and to soften and harmonize the coloring of the group below. Originally the upper half of the background was a deep ultra-marine blue.

Leaving the chapter house, we now pass to the greater refectory. This consists of two rooms, the refectory proper and the ante-refectory. This latter is comparatively small. The walls are lined with photographs of Fra Angelico's works, but, otherwise, it is quite empty. The refectory itself is spacious and lofty. Nothing remains of the furniture, excepting the elevated pulpit which is reached by a little stairway in the wall, and the frame of Angelico's Madonna of the Tabernacle, which latter is now placed in the Uffizzi. The frame, of exquisite foliage work, is by Jacoba da Settignano. The farther wall of the refectory is filled by a *Provvidenza* by Sogliani. There we see S. Dominic seated at table with twelve brethren, being fed by two angels. It illustrates a tradition concerning the Order which sets forth both its holy poverty and the faith of its founder; for, the friars, who were without food, appealed to the saint. They were directed by him to seat themselves at the empty table; whereupon, angels entered and ministered unto them. This painting is in the style of a *Cenacolo*, S. Dominic and his twelve friars symbolizing our Lord and His twelve Apostles. A curious feature, however, is this: as it was painted shortly after Savonarola's death, and while his memory was still under opprobrium, some authorities say that his face was selected to represent that of the traitor Judas. A monk to the right, who is listening apparently in some scorn to S. Dominic's instructions, was pointed out to us as that of the typical Judas. Whether this be a true explanation or not, the features did not seem to us very suggestive of Savonarola's. We would rather have selected a monk to the left whose cowl was drawn over his face and whose head was bowed over his clasped hands, for here the features did seem to resemble those of Fra Bartolomeo's portrait.

Above the *Provvidenza* is a *Crucifixion* by Fra Bartolomeo, a single figure with the warmth yet depth of color of that great

painter. We must now leave the first cloister and enter a narrow passageway leading to the second court. This passage is lined with oil paintings of Dominican saints and doctors, none, however of very great merit. A colossal San Marco we associated with an original design by Fra Bartolomeo of a great statue of that evangelist, but could find no guide for the Scuola San Marco to aid our memory in placing it exactly. This passage terminates in the inner cloister which seems consecrated to S. Dominic, as the outer one was to S. Antonino. This, we judge, both from the frescoes which fill the arcades and from the more modern statue of S. Dominic, in bronze, which occupies the centre of the court. The frescoes appear to be among the oldest paintings of the monastery. At least, they are more worn and defaced than any others; so that many of the scenes they depict are partially indiscernible. The expression of the statue seems rather youthful for S. Dominic in his character of founder of the Order; and, if we may be allowed to say so, not sufficiently ascetical. This is the renowned spot where Lorenzo the Magnificent was fond of seeking retirement, or elevating converse, as the case might be, with the friars of San Marco. And here, it is related, he was walking one day, when a novice hastened to Savonarola's cell to inform him of the fact. "Has he asked for me, my son?" was the inquiry. "No, Father," replied the novice. "Then we will not disturb his meditations," answered Savonarola. Hearing which, Lorenzo is said to have exclaimed, "Here is a true friar!" Opening upon this cloister we first enter the smaller refectory containing the Cenacolo of Domenico Ghirlandaio. It is a richly-colored and beautiful work, full of the decorative fancies in which Ghirlandaio's imagination reveled. The rich fruitage visible in the background, above the wall of the cenaculum, the peacocks in the branches of the trees, are certainly decorative rather than devotional details. Yet the faces of our Lord and the Apostles are noble and tender, while there is more of repose and less of dramatic vigor than in Da Vinci's grand conception of the subject. On the whole, it seems a transition between the strictly conventional treatment established by the Primitivi and the freedom, not to say license, of the later renaissance.

Returning to the cloister, we continue our walk through a corridor which is now lined with statues and columns collected from various parts of the convent, some of late date, others extremely quaint and archaic. Several are statues in colored wood in a style recalling that of Donatello's Magdalen in the Trinita, Florence. We noted, especially, a S. John Baptist and two angels. There are also a number of lunettes over the various doors, but these are by less important artists. The cells opening on this corridor, or gallery, are

said to be those of the novices; but, inasmuch as they are larger and handsomer than the cells of the brethren, soon to be seen above, and in several instances have fire-places, it seems more likely that they must have been guest rooms or infirmaries; perhaps the latter, since a cancello, marked "farmacia," meets our eye on the opposite side of the cloister. At present these cells contain bits of mosaic pavement and artistic *debris* of various kinds. In the last cell hangs a map of Florence, representing the Piazzia della Signoria as it appeared—with lighted bon-fires—during one of Savonarola's pious processions.

We now retrace our steps and ascend the broad stone stairway just beyond the lesser refectory. This leads us to the cells of the brethren and to the most famous of Angelico's frescoes. At the head of the stairway, we are met at once by his well known and well-loved Annunciation. There is a certain rigidity and lack of anatomical skill in its lines, but, this is amply atoned for by the grace and spiritual beauty of the faces. The pose, and the blending of awe and self-surrender in our Lady's face, are wonderful. This thought, of the apprehension of the unutterable greatness of her vocation, meets, perhaps, a somewhat similar expression in the face of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Annunziata; but, the attitudes are utterly unlike, and the stiffness of the modern artist, in the light of present anatomical knowledge is an unpardonable mannerism. Almost opposite to the Annunziata is a repetition of the picture of S. Dominic before the crucifix noticed in the cloister. Possibly this is not by the Beato's own hand. The cells now begin in a double line. Each cell is separate and has its own ceiling, but these are not so high as those of the outer dormitory which has oaken rafters. The effect is somewhat that of an open attic partially filled in. Each tiny cell has its own fresco, those on the outside being painted by Angelico, on the inside by his brother, Fra Benedetto. The light from the little window in each cell interferes with our sight of the fresco, unless we stand just without, so that the arch of the door screens the light, and forms a frame for the fresco.

We note several familiar friends—a Resurrection, in which Magdalen is looking down into the empty tomb, while the angel is seated opposite; our Lord appears in the background. Again, an exquisitely tender Nativita, a Transfiguration, and a Mockery, in which only the buffeting hands are seen on either side—that, perhaps, most beautiful, yet most simple, of his Coronations. Both the figure of Christ and of our Lady are in pure white. So, we pass from cell to cell. Sometimes a guide offers to hold a small square of tin so as to screen the direct light from the window and reflect it upon the painting. Very beautiful effects are obtainable in this manner; but,

for the most part, one prefers to be left alone to quiet, devotional thought, rather than to any refinement of artistic criticism—to the thought of the men who lived here, of the lives they lived, of the prayers they prayed—rather than any nice questions of technical details. One loves to think of the blessed Giovanni, painting on his knees, in tears, before these graceful, tender conceptions; his own soul a pure, unspotted reflection of the saintly merits he portrayed.

The inner cells showed for the most part a less skilled hand; or, should we rather say, a less exquisitely spiritual soul? Some of these, however, appealed to us very strongly. Those towards the end of the line contain, for the most part, only a Crucifixion, identical as to the figure of Christ, but varied as to the kneeling figures below. A turn in the corridor brings us to the Prior's cell—that of Savonarola. We ascend and enter the outer cell. This contains two frescoes of the Madonna and Child, by Fra Bartolomeo, "painted when the sermons of Savonarola had so impressed him with a religious vocation that he had bidden an eternal farewell to the world and assumed the monastic habit." Here, also, are two small terra cotta busts of Savonarola and his friend Girolamo Benivini, by G. Bastiniani, imitations of the antique. But the feature of this cell is the marble slab with the head of Savonarola above. The slab itself is covered with figures in bas relief. "They represent a crowd of antique Florentines listening attentively to a Dominican friar, who holds in one hand a scroll, while the other is raised in solemn address." Below is this inscription:

"A Frate Girolamo Savonarola, contemplante cittadino, oratore operoso, forte al patire; molti Italiani, quattro secoli quasi dopo la morte sua, p. MDCCCLXXIII."

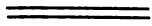
The second cell is pre-eminently that of Savonarola, since it contains his desk, wherein we see his New Testament, annotated in his own hand; a copy of his sermons, and his treatise against the Trial by Fire. Above this is his wonderful portrait by Fra Bartolomeo; while within the desk lies a small medallion, cut with great delicacy of feature and expression. To the left is a case containing Savonarola's hair-shirt, discipline, rosary, and a faggot from the pile of his burning. Leo, the Tenth, in 1516, granted a ten years' indulgence to any one who entered this cell in tribute to the memory of Savonarola. Most aptly does Godkin, in his little brochure on Savonarola, apply to him Carlyle's words: "Let us praise the hero-priest who wore out in toil and calumny and contradiction a noble life to make God's kingdom of this earth." Surely, nowhere can we more fully realize the spirit and power of Savonarola than in this tiny cell, which seems almost yet animated by his presence. Within, is still

a third cell, his actual sleeping-place. This contains a strange, terrible picture, or representation, of the Execution of Savonarola. The figures of the three martyrs are thrice represented. First, we see their sentence and unfrocking; secondly, their procession to the gallows; and thirdly, the ghastly scene of the doomed bodies swinging in mid-air, not yet devoured by the flames. Yet even this revolting scene recalls to our minds some lines from Villari, noting a last strange incident in the great Frate's death: "The flames had caught the cords by which the arms of Savonarola were pinioned and the heat caused the hand to move, so that, in the eyes of the faithful, he seemed to raise his right hand in the midst of the mass of the flame to bless the people who were burning him."

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Yama's Dove

ALIDA M. BIBBY

CHAPTER II.

A pleasant dream had evidently taken possession of the innocent slumberer; for, at this moment, her arm, which had half-encircled the pretty head, leaving just a little nest for Majie by the soft warm neck, fell to her side; the cherry lips moved and parted, as if speaking to an unseen companion. This movement startled the dove who fluttered to the little feet of its mistress and lay winking its little beady eyes until, overcome by drowsiness, it put its head beneath its wing and slept.

Ere long, while the still air echoed only the gentle breathing of Yama, the silken flags of a banana that separated the slumberer from the main garden, gently waved as though by an Indian zephyr. The handsome form of a tall, beardless youth appeared; truly, a young god looked he, as he stood in his white gown with flowing sleeves, its skirt reaching to the ankle. His feet were encased in soft leather sandals; a long, silken scarf encircled his waist and head; the youth's complexion, like the maiden's, was somewhat dark; his features were finely chiseled; dark, sparkling, kindly eyes lighted his countenance; his blue-black hair waved upon his shoulder; the truly romantic costume lent a wondrous charm to his figure.

As he gazes at Yamasie's slumbering form, the dark face of the youth assumes a sad expression; tender love vibrates in his voice, as he says, almost inaudibly, "Oh, Yamasie! I have, at last, my wish to be thy protector." He glided noiselessly around the sleeping child, bending one knee as he gazed at the mouth smiling in repose. He was so intent upon watching her that he did not hear a stealthy tread approaching.

The next moment the smile faded from the rosebud lips—so fickle is a dream! only a shadowy symbol of the span of life—and an expression of deep pain lingered on her face; her young breast heaved with a sigh as she murmured distinctly, "Oh, Eno, as much as it pains thee and me we must part for life—it will be better so."

The youth started up, exclaiming in a suppressed voice, "Part for life! No, no! Why should we? She does not mean that—it is only a horrible dream!" As he spoke he knelt beside her again and was about to seize the hand of the slumberer when he heard a

slight noise. Looking up quickly, he saw a jackal advancing slowly from the opposite direction. He sprang to his feet in an instant, but as softly as possible, so as not to startle the animal that apparently did not see them.

What should he do to save Yama? He looked about him for a weapon. There was nothing in sight but a large stone; to cast that would be certain death to her, if not himself also; finally, his eye lit upon the pet dove, and an idea flashed into his brain. Quickly unwinding the scarf that enveloped his head and waist, he made a noose in the end; this resembled a lasso, in the casting of which he was well-skilled. Whispering, "Oh, Yamasie, sleep on; for thee I would give my life." Her breathing came lightly as an Indian breeze; her dimpled arm lay passive at her side; the sweet slumberer was unconscious of danger.

Just then, the jackal, spying water went to the spring and drank. Oh, if he could be detained for a moment longer with his back to them the youth would catch the beast with his improvised lasso! Eno, for it was he, sprang noiselessly to the sleeping dove and grasped it in a manner which took its little life away instantly. "Oh, dove," he whispered, "Oh, Yama I am killing thy pet to save thy life!" Now, it was time to cast it to the animal, for he was ceasing to drink, and should he be as hungry as he had been thirsty all would be well.

As quickly as his eye could measure the space between himself and the beast, Eno successfully threw the white dove to be devoured by the jackal; then, winding the end of the long scarf tightly around his hand, and springing to one side, he deftly threw the noose over the animal's head as he was looking up to see where his prey had come from. The beast, surprised at being thus held back gave a loud cry. Fortunately for Eno, who had concealed himself behind a banana tree, he was not seen by his victim; otherwise the beast would have plunged forward and all would have been lost! But, instead, his cry subsided, for a tree hid the sleeping Yama—he calmly sniffed his prey and surrendering himself up to the luxury of food (for evidently he was hungry) he began to devour the white dove.

The cry of the brute awoke Yamasie; but, as she heard no more noise, and being in that delicious state between wakefulness and slumber superinduced by a heavy atmosphere, she turned in a more graceful attitude and closed her heavy eyelids. Meantime, the youth had approached the absorbed animal, noiselessly, at the risk of his life; drawing the long scarf in a peculiar manner, he managed to secure it around the animal's neck, tightening it slowly

as he retreated. Ere long the beast reared upon his hind legs blood spirted from his mouth, nose and eyes; he gave one fierce, struggle, moaning loudly, then fell over on his back, drawn by his halter, dead.

Then Eno advanced taking the large stone with him in case the animal should not be dead; bending down cautiously he unwound the scarf from the broken neck of his victim, and had turned to go to Yama's side. His eyes met those of hers as she came towards him, trembling; for she had awakened at the dying moan of the jackal. Missing the dove from her side she feared that it had strayed away and was in distress; she had gone to seek it. Her cheeks were dyed with the rose's blush as she met the youth who said, "I was coming, O Yamasie to seek thee, to tell thee how I have saved thee from death, and that I must, a second time, protect thee and thine." As he stood, he hid the dead beast from Yama's sight.

The lovely face became affrighted at these words and she said: "Thy words, O Eno, make me fear that thou hast been in danger. Hast thou seen Majie, my dove? for he was with me when I went to sleep, but when I awoke I could not find him."

A shadow passed across the young man's handsome face as she inquired about the dove, for he knew she loved it dearly. The maiden saw his confusion, and, as she approached she caught a glimpse of the dead jackal; startled, she clung to the youth's arm, and with a hoarse cry, pointing to the body with her disengaged hand, said: "Didst thou kill it at the danger of thy life to save mine, O my cousin?" Involuntarily she turned away from the dead animal; then, with the tears of love overflowing her eyes she said impetuously to the silent youth, "Didst thou, Eno? Tell me."

"What would I not do for thee?" he replied simply. "Would I not die a death of a thousand tortures to save thy life, O Yamasie and will I not do more now to save thee and thy father, O my bulbul, my song of life!"

She clung to him now all the closer. "Indeed, I know," she said, at length, "that thou speakest truth; but, tell me about my dove, my Majie, if thou hast seen him?"

"Sweet one, I have; but if I tell thee, O Yamasie, and have no good to tell wilt thou be angry with me?"

"Angry with thee!" but the roses left her cheeks and her small hand trembled within his as she spoke. He led her gently to the spring's side where lay a solitary white feather upon the moss—all that was left of Majie. He picked it up and held it out to her, saying: "Can'st thou forgive me, my dove, for taking

Majie's life to save thine? for killing thy bulbul, to save my bulbul?"

She took the snowy plume and pressed it to her lips, crying softly. "I cannot be angry with thee," she said, as she pressed the feather to her innocent breast, but, my mother's spirit was locked within the bird, and now that it is dead, she abides no more with us; it is for my father I am troubled and not so much for myself."

"And didst thy father say it was thy mother's spirit?"

Yama bowed her head reverently as she said: "Our blessed lord, Buddha, taught that all departed spirits visited the earth disguised as birds, beasts, and insects until they attain to Nirvana; and, I suppose, gentle spirits take up their abode with the gentle birds of earth; and, according to his nature in life, so will be the animal nature in which he makes his home."

"And, therefore, thou thinkest thy mother inhabited the slain dove? Thou didst not know her!"

"No; but, my father often speaks to me of her gentleness and beauty; the dove was her favorite pet; she loved her husband and even removed the thorns from a rose before she placed it in his hand."

"And wouldst thou do that for thy husband, Yamasie?" the youth asked in a low voice.

Her face was suffused with blushes, as she replied, with downcast eyes, "Indeed, O Eno, thou knowest that the nestling bulbul will learn to sing from its parent—that the bud will bloom as the rose even if not quite so fair."

"Then, truly," the young man said, as he still held her hand, "thou art my bulbul—my rose just blooming—my song of life." He waited a moment and then continued:

"O Yamasie, how should I live without thee? My existence would be an Indian garden in perpetual night, a fountain without its sparkling water, a rose without color."

The maiden trembled from head to foot as she heard this outburst of love; she sighed deeply as she lifted her eyes, once more overflowing with tears, and said, "Dear Eno, we love each other as my mother and father loved; but we must part;" here her voice failed. The youth was too much surprised to speak. After a second of silence she proceeded. "Part, O my Eno, because our fathers are enemies; for your father has deprived mine of nearly all."

"But," broke in the youth—"No my cousin, let me proceed," she said. "It is not right that I should meet thee surreptitiously

and that the son of his only brother who has done him all this wrong should take the last thing that he holds sacred."

They had seated themselves upon the knoll and the boy now covered his face with his hands, too overcome to speak. Yama stroked his waving hair with her soft golden palm, murmured in sobbing tones, "O Eno, my beloved cousin, it will take the bloom from thy rose—the song from thy bulbul to part from thee." Here she ceased and their tears and sighs commingled.

(To be continued)

	Some Recent Books a n d M u s i c	
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Those who have read that charming story, "The Cave of the Beech Fork," by the Reverend Henry S. Spalding, S. J., will be pleased to know that a sequel bearing the title of THE SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK, by the same author, has just been published by Benziger Bros., New York. This, like the former, is a typical boy story, one filled with strange adventures seasoned with just enough piety to make it inspiring to youthful readers. Stories of this sort will do much towards elevating the minds of our boys.

VISIONS AND OTHER VERSES by Edward Robeson Taylor, is a volume of short poems worthy of recommendation. The author has given expression to many beautiful thoughts in his pure, sweet verses. "The Last Journey," one of the most lengthy of these poems is a touching tribute to the late Professor Joseph Le Conte of the State University, who was so generally beloved. The book is published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, presenting an attractive appearance in its dainty green binding, with an ivy leaf design on front cover. Paper, type, and the entire make-up of the volume are in keeping with Mr. Robertson's usual good taste.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS of Joaquin Miller comes from the Whitaker & Ray Publishing Company, San Francisco, handsomely printed and illustrated.

Of his verses, in their present form, the poet says, "After all my cutting and care, I am far from satisfied, and can commend to my lovers only the last few poems in the book. True, the earlier ones have color and clime, and perfume of wood or waste, and I am not ungrateful for the friends they brought me; but, I fear they fall short of the large eternal lesson which the seer is bound to teach-

the visions of worlds beyond. I have tried to mend this fault in my later work; to give my new poems not only body, but soul."

But the poet's "Songs of the Sierras" will re-echo in the valleys of Time; his "Olive Leaves" will murmur in the breeze at sunset, recalling the dreams of the poet.

Yes, I am a dreamer. Yet while you dream,
Then I am awake. When a child, back through
The gates of the past I peer'd, and I knew
The land I lived in. I saw a broad stream,
Saw rainbows that compassed a world in their reach;
I saw my beloved go down on the beach;
Saw her lean to this earth, saw her looking for me
As shipmen look for loved ship at sea
While you seek gold in the earth, why, I
See gold in the steeps of the starry sky;
And which do you think has the fairer view
Of God in Heaven—the dreamer or you?

Johanna H. Harting, in her admirable sketch of CATHOLIC LONDON MISSIONS, from the Reformation to the year 1850, points out the historic monuments of a living Faith that burned brightly throughout the gloom of persecution. What visions of ardent piety, noble self-sacrifice, endurance of torture and mad persecution are not conjured by the potent spell-words of "Henrietta Maria's Chapels," "SS. Anselm and Cecelia," "The Chapel of the Stuarts!" What food for reflection is not furnished in those reminiscences of a royal priesthood whose pathway lay through fire and blood—whose footsteps left the indelible imprint of their triumphant passing to their Heavenly home. The sketches are beautifully embellished by illustrations of royal chapels and portraits of celebrated English divines. B. Herder, St. Louis, is the publisher.

From the same publishing house comes a collection of inspiring meditations upon the Holy Ghost, entitled THE GIFT OF PENTECOST. Sweetly consoling are the truths presented by the Reverend author, Father Meschler, S. J., in his excellent treatise on this beautiful Christian devotion—to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity—"The Promise of the Father"—of whom our Lord says, "And I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you. * * * I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you. Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more. But you see me; because I live and you shall live."

The titles of praise and reason of petitions contained in the beautiful hymns "Veni, Sancte Spiritus" and "Veni, Creator Spiritus," are fully explained in the closing chapters. The present work is a translation from the German by Lady Annabel Kerr.

In his **RAMBLES THROUGH EUROPE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT**, Father A. Zurbonsen writes agreeably of the various places he visited during a foreign tour. B. Herder of Saint Louis, publishes the book in appropriate style.

THE TU-TZE'S TOWER, by Louise Betts Edwards, is a well-printed and illustrated novel teeming with adventures and having for its heroine an erratic American woman, a victim of theosophical mania, who inflicts pain and misery on those most devoted to her. Stirring scenes and lively descriptions of things and places, mainly Chinese, abound.

Henry T. Coates & Co., of Philadelphia, are the publishers.

HARRY RUSSELL—A ROCKLAND COLLEGE BOY, is the title of a wholesome, invigorating story that our boys and girls should read with relish and pleasure. Written by Father J. E. Copus, S. J., and published by Benziger Brothers, New York, with their accustomed excellence of paper, illustrations and binding, we cheerfully commend **HARRY RUSSELL** to our young friends.

Under the name of the Gorham Press, Mr. Richard G. Badger of Boston, has taken his place among the energetic publishers of the country. Some of his recent books are **A REED BY THE RIVER—POEMS**, by Virginia Woodward Cloud, **DAYS WE REMEMBER—POEMS**, by Marian Douglass, and **A BUNCH OF ROPE YARNS** by Stanton H. King.

The two volumes of verse are of the usual quality of such compositions, subjects sentimental and devotional, alternating with themes patriotic.

MR. King's **BUNCH** contains a series of sketches, drawn in a seaman's fashion, portraying life at sea as led by Jack.

The material portion of these books—Mr. Badger's share—proves the art of the craftsman who loves his work.

Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have published, in excellent style, another delightful story by Mary Catherine Crowley, **LOVE THRIVES IN WAR**. Detroit, Canada, the war of 1812, with representative characters American, English, French. Canadian and Indian, form the groundwork of a pure and wholesome love tale enriched with historical facts. Father Richards, the beloved old priest, with his printing press, the first in the Northwest Territory, is one of the most striking figures in the narrative. We congratulate Miss Crowley, and we trust that her good pen will continue unto greater success, in her happily chosen and well-worked field.

Among the educational publications of D. C. Heath & Company, Boston, notable as helpful editions for teacher and pupil, may be mentioned *THE LADY OF THE LAKE*, edited by L. Du Pont Syle; *A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE*, by Walter C. Bronson, and *COLERIDGE'S PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM*, by Andrew J. George. Heath's "Literary Studies," embracing selections from our leading American authors in poetry and prose, are attractively illustrated.

HOW TO ATTRACT AND HOLD AN AUDIENCE is the title of a new and complete handbook of oratory, published by Hinds & Noble, New York.

It is designed for the use of clergymen, lawyers, teachers, and for speakers on all public occasions. The concise methods employed in its arrangement, and suggestive hints given, will undoubtedly effect all it claims for the successful training of a thoroughly convincing speaker—the only one who will hold the attention of his audience. Four appendices containing models of orations, famous orations, and a varied list of subjects, are full of matter for practical application by the earnest student of oratory.

The California Promotion Committee, San Francisco, has issued an excellent map of California in colors. The map will be furnished free, upon application; it gives localities and details of the chief horticultural, agricultural and mineral regions. It also gives a classified list of industries in connection with their respective localities. In a word, everything informational concerning the statistics of the State may be obtained from this map.

In a series of highly entertaining letters to an Anglican clergyman, published by B. Herder, St. Louis, under the title of *BACK TO ROME*, we gain much instruction from the writer's description of his wanderings from the true path of sanctity. With sympathetic eagerness we follow him until he finds refuge in the one, holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ—and cordially welcome him back to Rome.

In *THE SHADOW OF THE MANSE*, Austin Rock sketches some scenes in English life under unsettled religious conditions. The awakening of faith and charity, however, dispel the shadows of doubt, and love reigns supreme.

B. Herder has also published, in a superior style of printing and binding, *THE NEW TESTAMENT* in the Spanish language. The volume is of convenient size. The publication of *NUEVO TESTAMENTO* in cloth and morocco editions places within the reach of our Spanish-

speaking faithful the word of God in its most desirable form and supplies a long-felt need.

WILFRID SWEET and THE CHILD OF THE FLOOD by Reverend Walter T. Leahy, and THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS, by Mrs. Guthrie, are among recent publications of Kilner & Company, Philadelphia, of varied interest to juveniles.

THE NEW DOOLEY BOOK published by R. H. Russell, New York, contains the usual fund of philosophical humor. His "observations" upon current events are irresistibly provocative of laughter. "Dooley" knows all about "The Philippine Peace" and the present situation in Manila from his "frind, Gov'nor Taft. * * * Th' stories iv disordher is greatly exaggerated. Th' counthry is progressin' splendidly, th' ocean still laps the shore, the mountains are there as they were in Bivridge's day, quite happy apparently; th' flag floats free an' well-guarded over the govirment offices, an' th' cherry people go an' come on their errands—go out alone and come back with th' throops. Ivrywhere happiness, contint, love iv th' sthep-mother counthry, excipt in places where there ar-re people."

Benziger Brothers, New York, have recently published some delightful stories for young people among which are THE TALISMAN and THE PILKINGTON HEIR by Anna F. Sadlier, and THE UNRAVELING OF A TANGLE, by Marion A. Taggart.

ON SEEING AN ELIZABETHAN PLAY, with some particular discourse on The Knight of the Burning Pestle; containing the words and music of many pleasant songs and a notable account of How a Young Gallant Should Behave Himself in the Playhouse, reprinted from the Gull's Hornbook, compiled and written by members of the English Club of Leland Stanford Junior University, illustrated with reproductions after old engravings and appropriate decorations, bound in boards, canvas back. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, have issued this very interesting volume, a publication for which we compliment them.

A very interesting French woman, Madame Adam, who has written considerably under her maiden name of Juliette Lamber, has issued, through D. Appleton & Co., New York, a goodly book of reminiscences personal, social, political. THE ROMANCE OF MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH deals with a recent period of French history in a sparkling manner that will prove especially attractive to women readers. The author's portrait adorns the volume, which is worthy of the Appletons' reputation.

Ginn & Co., Boston and New York, have brought out a new edition of William Ellery Channing's DISCOURSES ON WAR, a volume that should command serious attention in these our days when the military spirit is rampant. The famous New England preacher spoke and wrote eloquently against the evils of war which General Sherman so aptly called "hell" on earth.

THE SOCIALIST AND THE PRINCE, a novel of California life, is the work of Mrs. Fremont Older who has succeeded in marring an otherwise fairly good story of the "sand lot" days of San Francisco, by a spirit of bigotry against the Church. Her priest incident is a calumny. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, are the publishers. This firm always brings out well made books.

UNA VICTIMA DEL SECRETO DE LA CONFESSION, por un Padre de la Compania de Jesus, is a beautifully illustrated novel in the Spanish language, published by B. Herder, St. Louis. Written in smooth, elegant Spanish it contains many moral lessons which peculiarly adapt it for instructive reading. The hero, a priest, rather than reveal the secrets of the Confessional, suffers anguish and imprisonment. His self-sacrifice finally triumphs to the edification of all. The book deserves a place in home and Sunday school libraries.

THE OUR FATHER analyzed according to the doctrine of S. Thomas Aquinas, has been translated from the German of Reverend J. G. Hagen, S. J., by a Visitation nun, of Georgetown, D. C.

The author has divided the Our Father into two parts; the first part contains the favors for which we petition; the second part contains the evils from which we pray to be delivered. These petitions, explained in detail, enhance our love and devotion for this most satisfying of all prayers—that taught by our Lord himself.

A DEVOTIONAL EXERCISE to prepare the soul for death has been revised by the Reverend V. Hornyold, S. J. Originally intended for the use of religious communities, the little treatise has found so much favor, that a new edition has been printed to meet the popular demand. The practices set forth are most salutary exercises for Christians imbued with the importance of regulating their daily actions in conformity with the divine precepts unto the gaining of eternal life.

Both of these interesting and profitable pamphlets are issued by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Among other publications of Benziger Brothers, of a devotional character may be recommended, *THE GLORIES OF MARY, THE LITTLE MANUAL OF SAINT JOSEPH and SAINT CAJETAN.*

THE DAY OF AN INVALID, by the Reverend Joseph Bruneau, S. S., contains many consoling truths, meditation upon which will serve to relieve the tediousness of enforced inactivity during illness. Young and old may profitably apply the principles laid down in this excellent treatise to their spiritual advantage.

The book is published by the Christian Press Association, New York.

In a charming collection of essays entitled *EXITS AND ENTRANCES*, Charles Warren Stoddard in his peculiarly fanciful style portrays the passing of some luminaries, among whom are Kingsley, George Eliot, Robert Louis Stevenson and Bret Harte. The volume is an appreciative memorial of a prominent group of writers whose "exits and entrances" were of personal interest to the author himself.

The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, have brought out the book in handsome style—reproducing from a portrait of Mr. Stoddard a most attractive frontispiece.

THE ADVENTURES OF TORQUA, as described by Charles Frederick Holder, excite in venturesome youth a desire to excel in bravery. The young hero displays his valor amid scenes in Southern California—romantic for Indian legend and "treasure trove."

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, publish this well illustrated book.

The late Frank Norris did not live to complete his trilogy of the epic of the wheat. Only two volumes have appeared: *THE OCTOPUS* (already reviewed by us) and *THE PIT—A STORY OF CHICAGO*, which we recently received from Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. This second book deals with the operations of brokers and speculators in the wheat market. The story is a vivid picture of certain phases of Chicago life that have rendered that city world-notorious. Inferior in merit to *THE OCTOPUS*, *THE PIT* will, nevertheless, furnish exciting reading for those who care to know something of "bulls" and "bears" and "corners."

B. Herder of Saint Louis has sent to us a copy of *THE FRIENDSHIPS OF JESUS*, by Father J. M. Ollivier, O. P. Of this handsome volume, containing more than five hundred pages, we cannot more

fittingly write than by making an extract from the excellent preface to the English edition, contributed by Father M. M. O'Kane, O. P.: "We have in this beautiful book a Divine Model who has taught us the value of friendship, and as all laws presuppose a healthy state of morals, these, in turn, presuppose well regulated affections on which all true progress must repose. We shall find their perfect type and ideal in Jesus Christ and those whom He called to share in the emotions of His Heart."

With great pleasure we announce Father Ollivier's admirable treatise, and we promise to those who will read it, a treat intellectual and devotional along Scriptural lines.

Forbes & Co., of Boston and Chicago, have sent to us a volume of verse, by Fred Emerson Brooks, which takes its title from the leading contribution—PICKETT'S CHARGE, a fine dashing description of the famous charge made by that Southern General at the terrible battle of Gettysburg.

The other poems are light and gay, serious and grave, of many moods. The publishers have issued the collection in good style of workmanship.

Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, has favored us with some newly-published songs: "WHEN WE ARE PARTED" (c-F), by Florence Buckingham Joyce. An expressive love-song for baritone or medium voice, with a good text well declaimed to a pleasing melody. "MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD" (c-F), by H. J. Stewart. A sacred song of earnest and dramatic character. "WHAT CARE I HOW FAIR SHE BE," for low voice (f or b flat-D), by W. F. Sudds. A bright vocal gavotte, running no higher than D, and with several ad libitum low Fs, if the singer desires to use them. "ACROSS THE DUSK," for soprano or tenor (e flat or d flat-g flat), by Anne Wakely Jackson. A song of much originality. Verse 2 is in the relative minor, and verse 3 brings back the movement of verse 1 in an intensified form. "THE LORD IS OUR LEADER," by Frank H. Brackett, a good sacred duet for mezzo-soprano (d-F) and baritone or bass (c-E), although it may be used by any combination of voices, viz., two sopranos, two baritones, soprano and baritone, and baritone and high bass. There is also a solo for each voice. "MY SOUL WAITHETH FOR THE LORD," by Charles F. Manney. Duet for soprano (E-a) and tenor or second soprano (E-a). This is a fine duet in the style of the church oratorio for any two high voices. There are effective passages in canon form, and admirable climaxes obtained by the skilful use of the unison of both voices. The new piano music is as follows:

"TARANTELLA," Op. 38, No. 5, and "MARCH," Op. 38, No. 3, by Carl Preyer. No. 5 is a lively "TARANTELLA" in E Minor, Grade 3. It is an excellent tempo study and demands some double note playing. A well accented left hand is necessary to properly indicate the measure. No. 3 is a MARCH strong in rhythm, with good use of the pedal. "MONTE CHRISTO WALTZ," by Istyan Kotlar. The theme in A major, is a broadly phrased melody in long notes for opposition to the E major theme in more varied rhythm. It is a waltz to dance to; tuneful and good enough to make many friends. "SECOND BERCEUSE," by Chevalier A. Ceruelos. Tempo Lento, Grade 3. The left hand part is well written and may be said to be musically as important as the right hand part. The interest centers in the song and the gently swinging rhythm given to it.

By W. F. Sudds, "THE LITTLE PRINCESS ROYAL," Op. 265, is a pleasing Minuet in third grade playing. Octaves are given optionally, hence the piece is adapted to small hands. The pupil must have her scale well in hand and be able to play double notes evenly. "THE BONNIE BOUNDING BOAT," Op. 265, is a very pretty Barcarolle; musical in both parts. The pedal is necessary for the proper tone effects. Good for clearly emphasized melody and a swinging rhythm. "THE LITTLE FAIRY DANCE," Op. 265, No. 2. Con vivacita. Very much varied in its rhythmic figures; bright and sparkling in its general effect and an excellent study in tempo, rhythm, accompanied melody and expression. "MEMORIES," by Macy-Kiehl, Grade 2, is a pleasing little legato study, carefully fingered. A slight change to E minor lends charm to the piece. "A DREAM OF FAIRYLAND," by L. A. Bugbee, Grade 1, a very entertaining descriptive morceau, without octaves. There are three distinct parts to this little piece. (1) "GOING TO DREAMLAND;" (2) "A PEEP INTO THE FAIRY BALL;" and (3) "RETURN FROM FAIRYLAND TO DREAMLAND." The tunefulness of the piece with the simple hand positions it demands, and its variety, make it a delightful bit of music for first grade playing.

"IN THE SWING," by A. E. Warren, Grade 2, is a rhythmic piece, one that depends on the even to and fro of the swing. This rhythm is firmly held to by the left hand, while the right hand sings the song. The practice value consists of the singing touch, firm rhythm, a free left hand throughout, a transition to E minor, double notes, phrasing. It is altogether attractive and will hold the interest of the young player. "TAMBOURINE GIRL," by A. E. Warren, Grade 2. The Spanish idiom with its firm accents, both in accompaniment and melody, characterizes the piece and the tempo is con spirito. Grace notes heighten the tone color after the manner of the castenets.

A set of pieces, Op. 29. Grade 2. by Frederick A. Williams is most interesting. No. 3, "THE JOLLY HARVESTERS" is in tripping polka rhythm. It is built on the Tonic, Dominant and Relative minor Keys. It contributes to pretty melody in numerous short scales. A child would find it a pleasant practice piece and would derive much benefit in scale work from it. No. 4, "MARCH OF THE LITTLE SOLDIERS" is particularly attractive for the boy pupil. An excellent musical piece for rhythm, decided melody and chord playing in both hands. No. 1, "PLAYING TAG," combines the chord features of No. 4 and No. 3. No. 2 "THE WALTZ OF THE FLOWER GIRLS," a melodious little dance characterized by an evenness of rhythm and broad phrasing. "HAND IN HAND TWO-STEP" by Harry S. Romaine has a strong rhythmic trend, a bass that accompanies a broken chord and a deep voiced melody for a few measures. The tune is pleasing and the color of the piece, bright and sparkling.

From the John Church Co., Cincinnati, come the following newly-published songs: "IF I WERE KING," (b-E), words by the famous writer, Justin H. McCarthy, the author of the notable drama of the same title as played by E. H. Sothern. The poem is full of deep tenderness and beauty, the musical setting is by H. L. Brainard, and is a fitting surrounding. The musical phrases succeed one another in continuous flowing melody; yet, all the while, are strong, vigorous and full of sincerity. The second part lapses into a dreamy mood for a few measures, and finally finish in the first key, with a fine convincing climax. "THE NEW JERUSALEM," (F-a), by Wm. G. Hammond, is a fine sacred song for low voice, having a broad, rich vocal score over a strong, full accompaniment, at times harp-like, again merging into the massive chord formation, so effective on a finely responsive organ and so stimulating to the emotional singer. "AUF WIEDERSEHN," (d flat-D flat), text by James Russell Lowell, music by Max Bendix, a charming and effective ballad. "SHE WEARS A ROSE IN HER HAIR," (b-E), the poem of Richard Henry Stoddard set to music by the popular song-writer, C. B. Hawley, for medium voice, also written for soprano and contralto. A good song, not difficult in either voice or accompaniment, suitable for one of the lighter numbers of a concert or recital, or as an encore song. "CASTE," (b flat-E flat), by Sigmund Landsberg, a very pretty ballad of the pathetic type.

Far better than a great gift granted,
Is, to my thought,
A little gift not asked, not wanted,
From one that owes one naught.

Had I the giving of some great gift,
It should be spent
On one with never a hope to lift
To aught so magnificent.

—Gertrude Hall.

	EDITORIAL	
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The serious illness of the beloved Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth, the tidings of which have evoked universal sympathy and sorrow, is the uppermost theme in the newspapers published as we go to press. Hoping and praying that God may be pleased to spare for some years the life of the wonderful old man who is the visible Head of His Church on earth, and yet dreading the probably fatal outcome of the latest illness of our Holy Father, the Catholic world awaits the end, confident that though Leo must die, Peter still lives, and that our Lord will provide for His flock, when the work of Leo, so splendid, so ennobling, so marvellous, will have been finished. Shrinking from the inevitable, of which the warnings are so pathetic and solemn, Catholic piety closes its fervent prayers for Leo with the submission: God's will be done.



The foregoing paragraph was in print when the cable flashed the message from Rome that on the afternoon of July 20, the holy Father had paid nature's heavy debt to sin, that he had fallen into the long sleep of death. The pain of our loss is tempered by the gratifying thought that for the brave sufferer whose endurance was so marvellous, the end meant release, freedom, going home from exile, welcome to the great reward which so beautiful a life must have merited. The limited time now at our disposal previously to the issue of this number of DOMINICANA, does not permit us to express our feelings in becoming manner. We shall, therefore, reserve for our September publication a tribute to the saintly and illustrious dead. Meanwhile the prayers of the Catholic world will ascend to our Heavenly Father imploring favor for His Church, and beseeching our Lord to give to

those who will choose Leo's successor the abundant light of the Holy Ghost that they may choose wisely and well.

We are very pleased to be able to present to our readers the text of the letter promulgated by His Excellency Archbishop Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate to this country. The sentiments so beautifully expressed deserve an honored place in every American Catholic periodical:

Address to Bishops.

"Washington, D. C., July 20, 1903.

"Your Lordship:

"It is my painful duty to convey to you the sad intelligence of the death of our Holy Father, the Pope, which occurred today. As in life, so in death, the august Pontiff has shown such wonderful examples of serious thought, of determination of character, of sweetness, of hearty piety and Christian fortitude as to envoke in all lands the most striking manifestations of reverence and respect.

"Leo XIII is dead. In him the world has lost a profound scholar, a distinguished statesman, a lover and a protector of justice; has lost one whose power for the amelioration of society has been exercised with such consummate skill and earnestness as to be felt everywhere and to gain for him universal admiration. Hence his death is deplored by all, without distinction of nationality or creed.

"However, for us Catholics the loss is greater and consequently more keenly felt. In Leo the Thirteenth, besides the scholar, the statesman, the philanthropist, we have lost our spiritual father, the supreme pastor of our Church, him who during his long pontificate has watched with incessant solicitude over our spiritual welfare and has spared no

labor to proclaim further and wider the kingdom of his Divine Master. His reign recalls to our minds the brightest days of the Papacy. His noble figure has earned one of the most glorious places in history.

"While we bow reverently before the remains of our august Pontiff, and deplore the great loss which his death has caused to the Church, let public and private prayers be raised to heaven in every diocese and in every parish for the eternal repose of that noble soul. As to the public prayers, your Lordship may prescribe such suffrages as your pety may inspire. With sentiments of highest esteem and profound respect, I beg leave to remain,

"Your devoted servant in Christ,
 "D. FALCONIO,
 "Archbishop of Larissa,
 "Delegate Apostolic."

The Normal Training School for Catechists in Christian Doctrine, initiated in Saint Rose's Settlement, New York, through the efforts of the Dominican Fathers, and later placed under the auspices of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, has signalized its steady progress in its recent graduation of fourteen ladies and two gentlemen.

The graduating exercises were conducted with unusual solemnity. Archbishop Farley, having conferred diplomas upon the students, formally received them into the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. This little band of teachers will be heartily welcomed by all interested in the extension of religious instruction among the laity—a necessity which is but too strongly emphasized by the prevalence of irreligious opinions so ingeniously presented in the alluring guise of moral irresponsibility.

It is to be hoped that the activity of these young people in the dissemination of the great truths of the Christian religion may be imitated in all our parishes—that many may be brought to the knowledge of Truth—that they may "persevere under discipline."

Under the title of "The Intellectual Proletariat" Dr. Merwin-Marie Snell of Albertus Magnus University, contributes to the June number of *The Globe Quarterly Review* a singularly suggestive and strikingly interesting paper.

"There is an economic principle at stake here which is of the highest importance, but which has never yet received the recognition it deserve." Quoting approvingly this sentence of the gifted author, we would also express the hope that Dr. Snell's fine article will be read by those "in place and power," by all those who have the means, and who should recognize the obligation of encouraging talent and genius when dedicated to the public weal.

The celebration of the bi-centenary of Wesley, the founder of Methodism, the recent Presbyterian Convocation in Los Angeles marked by doctrinal modifications, and the renewed and increased activity of the "Catholic" party in the Episcopal Church, are not only coincidences of deep religious sentiment, but signs of the times, which promise, we trust, good things for the cause of Christian re-union, the realization of our Lord's prayer that there may be but one fold. The expressions of Protestant sympathy for the suffering Pope, and prayers offered in Protestant churches for his recovery, are comforting assurances that the bitternesses of other days are passing. Significant, too, of the mighty influence of Leo, the Thirteenth, on the age which he has so gloriously illumined, is the profound respect which the newspaper press manifests, day after day, for the illustrious patient. Our Catholic people should realize their grave responsibility, their solemn obligation to show forth, in their daily living, the precious fruits of an intelligent Catholic Faith quickened into the beauties of charity's best works. Then will their prayers be more efficacious for the coming of the Kingdom of God among men.

The North American Review for July contains, among other interesting and timely papers of varied scope, an article entitled "The Curse of Eve," in which Margaret Bisland discusses, with clearness and force, the serious evils dominant in our national life because of the repudiation, by our "advanced" women, of the sacred rights, burdens and honors of wifehood and motherhood. This article should be widely disseminated.



Sunset for July is, in our opinion, the most beautiful number thus far issued of that excellent magazine. Numerous illustrations that really illustrate the text, and a varied table of contents will please the eye and improve the mind of the attentive reader. Notable among the articles are George Hamlin Fitch's charmingly written "Glimpses of Lake Tahoe," one of California's rarest attractions, and Carl Ackerman's account of President Roosevelt's trip to the High Sierras. As an example of the *Sunset's* good verse we reprint the following, with appreciative acknowledgments to the editor and to the author, Elizabeth Vore:

Paradise of the Redwoods.

Like sen'inels grim the redwoods stand
And guard the glen with jealous care;
The golden sunshine drifting through
Their waving branches everywhere
Lies like a carpet, checkered o'er
With stripes of shade and flecks of gold—
'Tis Eden now, the same as yore,
And here the feathered songster bold
Within the Paradise of shade,
Sings to his timid cooing mate
The old, old song; while in the glade
The eerie, winsome sma' folk wait,
Awed, in hushed silence, as each note
Love fraught, triumphant, louder swells,
For this is summer's Eden land—
All Nature smiles where young love dwells.

The song is hushed, the day is done,
I hear the river's murmuring sigh;
The wind sprite sets the leaves astir
As through the glen he passes by.
I hear the echo of his feet,
The rustle of the whispering grass;
The scent of flowers rare and sweet
Steals to me down the mountain pass.

Back in the canyon's solitude
I hear the distant night bird's cry,
The music of the waterfall
Above the river's pensive sigh.
And still the sleepy voices rise
Of mating song birds in their nest—
The redwoods guard this Paradise
Where love is first and love is best.

Oh, summer in this land of sun!
Oh, sunshine of this summer-tide!
'Neath forest tree, in mountain glen,
By rock and fen and river side!
Glad pathway lead my willing feet
Where nodding flowers gem the glade—
Where all the joys of summer meet
Beneath the redwoods' beckoning shade.



The Sisters of Notre Dame will celebrate this month the centenary of their foundation. Established in Amiens, France, at the close of the Revolution the Institute transferred its mother house to Namur, Belgium, in 1809. The Order made its first foundation in Cincinnati in 1840. The Sisters now conduct twenty-three academies and sixty-four parochial schools. They have three colleges for higher education of women on our Pacific Coast, and Trinity College, Washington, which promises to be their chief foundation in this country.

DOMINICANA warmly congratulates the devoted ladies of this Congregation, and while we rejoice because of the great good already accomplished by them, we wish them more abundant success unto length of years.

From the July number of the San Francisco *Catholic Witness*, the organ of the ritualistic Episcopalians of California, we take the following, our only comment being a sigh of regret for the degradation of religion:

Progressive Protestantism

A big congregation in the Fourth M. E. Church at Millville, N. J., enjoyed an innovation in music on a recent Sunday evening. Under the direction of the Rev. P. W. Bilderback, the pastor, a choir of thirty young men whistlers was formed, and in perfect harmony and time whistled a number of selections. Boys in the gallery took up the choruses and it was noticed that a number of the prettiest girls held their fans to their faces as if to conceal something, and it was broadly hinted that there might be some feminine mouths puckering for the whistling music at the next service.

The third national convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies will be held in Atlantic City, N. J., from the first to the fifth of this month. Again we applaud the work of the worthy men who are thus affiliated for the interests of the Church. California Catholics will soon, we trust, be fully represented in this movement.

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Louis, King; S. Isabel, Princess; S. Clare, Virgin; S. Susanna, Virgin; S. Bernard, Abbot; the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Rose of Lima, Virgin; S. Sabina, Widow and Martyr; S. Laurence, Martyr; S. Augustine, Bishop, Doctor; the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Bartholomew, Apostle; S. Helena, Empress; S. Dominic, Confessor; S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow; S. Alphonsus Ligouri, Bishop and Doctor.

From an Eastern Catholic exchange we learn the very gratifying tidings that on July 29, the Holy Name Societies of Brooklyn, numbering five thousand men, held at Oyster Bay, L. I., their annual rally. As Oyster Bay is the home of President Roosevelt, he accepted the invitation of Father Power, the zealous pastor of S. Dominic's Church, in that town, who requested him to address the members of this noble organization. As yet we have not received a report of the President's words.

The work of the International Catholic Truth Society we have had occasion, from time to time, to commend. Its latest *Bulletin* makes to members a suggestion which we deem worthy of special note. We quote:

"Much good would be accomplished if members of the Society throughout the country who do not wish to enter into a controversy would follow the example of 'M. C. M.' The plan would be this: When a printed attack appears, some members of the Society might write a brief note to the paper suggesting several pamphlets which deal with the point under dispute. The proper publications may be selected from the I. C. T. S. Catalogue of the pamphlets of various Catholic Truth Societies. Much good would be accomplished by this plan, which would result in the real enlightenment of many Protestants in search of the truth. There are practically no subjects of controversy omitted in said catalogue, and there is no one who could not spare a few moments to the writing of such a note. Moreover, in such pamphlets a fuller exposition of the subject is found than could be carried in the columns of the daily paper, and from such publications personalities and acrimony are banished.

Again we remind our readers that the headquarters of this excellent work are in the Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y. The fee for membership is only one dollar a year.

Calendar for August

1—S. Peter in Chains (Patience in suffering). (Votive Mass of the Rosary). Sixth Saturday in preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.

2—First Sunday of the Month—B. Jane of Aza, Mother of our Holy Father S. Dominic. (Simplicity.) Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament; prayers; (3) C. C.; procession; prayers

3—The Finding of the Body of S. Stephen (Lively Faith.)

4—Our Holy Father S. Dominic. Founder of the Order of Preachers and Institutor of the Most Holy Rosary; celebrated for learning, piety and zeal in the extirpation of heresy. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians, Tertiaries and faithful; visit Dominican church; prayers.

5—Our Lady of the Snow. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.

6—Transfiguration of our Lord (Novena in honor of the Feast of the Assumption begins.)

7—S. Cajetan, Priest and Founder of the Theatines. (Spirit of disinterestedness.) (Novena in honor of S. Hyacinth begins.)

8—B. Augustine Lucera, O. P., Bishop. (Contemplation.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) (Seventh Saturday in preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.)

9—Second Sunday of the Month—B. John of Salerno, O. P., Priest. Plenary Indulgence for Members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers.

10—S. Laurence, Deacon and Martyr. (Patience in suffering.)

11—Octave of our Holy Father S. Dominic

12—S. Clare, Virgin. First Abbess of the Poor Clares. (Love of Poverty.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

13—S. Hippolytus and Companions. Priests and Martyrs. (Penance.)

14—Fast day—S. Emygdius. Bishop and Martyr. The principal Mass of this feast is offered that through the intercession of the saint, God may be pleased to avert the calamity of earthquakes.

15—The Assumption of our Blessed Lady. (Holyday of obligation.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians; C. C.; visit; prayers. (Eighth Saturday in

preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary); and for faithful as on 30th.

16—Third Sunday of the month—S. Hyacinth, O. P., Priest. (Missionary zeal.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers; also for the faithful as on 30th.

17—B. Emily Bicchieri, O. P., Virgin. (Purity of Intention.)

18—S. Rochus. (Mortification.)

19—S. Alphonsus Maria de Ligouri, Bishop, Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Conspicuous by his sanctity and learning. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

20—S. Bernard, Abbot, Doctor of the Church, and Founder of the Order of Cistercians. (Purity.)

21—S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow. Abbess and Foundress of the Congregation of the Visitation. (Trust in God.)

22—Octave of the Assumption. (Ninth Saturday in preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.)

23—Fourth Sunday of the month—B. James Mivania, O. P., Priest.

24—S. Bartholomew, Apostle. (Endurance.)

25—S. Louis, Confessor and King of France. (Resignation to the will of God.)

26—S. Philip Beniti, Priest, Servite. (Charity to the sick.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

27—S. Joseph Calasanz, Priest and Founder of the Regular clerks of the Mother of God for the education of children.

28—S. Augustine, Bishop, Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Augustinians. (True Repentance.)

29—The Martyrdom of S. John the Baptist. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Tenth Saturday in preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.

30—Last Sunday of the month—S. Rose of Lima, O. P., first saint of the New World. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit Dominican church; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

31—S. Raymond Nonnatus, Priest of the Order of our Lady of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives. (Self sacrifice.)



LEO THE THIRTEENTH, THE PONTIFF OF THE ROSARY

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Pope Leo the Thirteenth

When the dread and solemn tidings were announced from the Eternal City, "The Pope is really dead," thus ending the long suspense of anxious Christendom, a great cry of yearning went up to Heaven from millions of sorrowing hearts, in supplication for the soul of the loved and loving father whom earth would see no more. In his grand struggle against prolonged physical weakness, in his serene patience and noble resignation to the will of Heaven, Leo the Thirteenth bequeathed to the world lessons of admirable efficacy. Vicar of Christ, and Father of humanity! How nobly didst thou exercise the sacred duties of thy two-fold office.

It would, indeed, be vain to attempt a perfect delineation of the beautiful character of Leo the beloved, Leo the great, Leo the good! To the Infinite alone, on the final accounting day, is reserved the revelation of the immensity of good accomplished by His zealous servant, for God alone knows the intrinsic value of the virtues that adorned his soul.

Contemplating the substantial achievements of Leo's splendid Pontificate, covering a quarter of a century, we may well marvel at the prodigious activity, intellectual and spiritual, which he displayed. In his ninety-fourth year—sixty-six of which had been especially devoted to the service of Religion—Leo the Thirteenth surrendered the supreme trust of the guardianship of God's Church, and serenely passed to the judgment of his Lord and Master, for Whom he had so faithfully labored.

Upon his accession to the Papal Chair, in 1878, Leo was confronted by unprecedented conditions. Rome, the citadel of Apostolicity, the center of Catholic unity, the See of the Prince of the Apostles, had been invaded by modern impiety and desolated by sacrilegious violence. No civil principedom, stretching from sea to sea, no tranquil subjects engaged in varied industries, no public reverence for the mysteries of Faith, no guarantee of personal liberty, no enthusiastic acclamation of the nations inspired the successor of Pius the Ninth, the new Shepherd of Christendom, as he ascended the "immemorial and supernatural throne" of one greater than Cæsar.

But, "the good shepherd lays down his life for his sheep," and Leo, from the heights of the Holy City encircled by celestial light,

discerned the nature of the evils that overshadowed the Papacy, threatening to destroy the sheepfold of Christ, the refuge of Christianity—Rome itself! And, with the destruction of Rome, according to the designs of the enemies of religion, the abolition of the worship of God, the annihilation of the vital principle of divine authority, vested in the Vicar of Christ, the exercise of which irritated modern atheism and barred aggressive materialism.

Such was the fond hope of the leaders of the revolution—such the reason for the demand made for liberal “reform”—such the purpose in their encroachments upon the territorial sovereignty of the Pope, and, finally, such their motive for their violent usurpation of the Papal dominions and for their unrighteous retention of the same.

Victor Emmanuel had announced, eight years previously, from the historic balcony of the Quirinal, from which for centuries proclamations of the election of a new Pope had been made to the people: “We are here at Rome, and here we mean to stay.” But, the “staying” qualities of the revolution exceeded his maddest dreams. Legalized spoliation stalked the streets of Rome; emptied hundreds of cloisters, closed monastic establishments, set adrift thousands of unoffending religious men and women, and inaugurated a *regime* of blasphemous unbelief whose natural outcome must be treasonable regicide and untold misery. But the King was helpless. Remorse and chagrin overshadowed his closing hours. Repentance had been too long delayed! Moreover, the Pope, also, “was there to stay”—to guide the destinies of the Church, to preserve her vital unity, because she has the kingdom and the power given her by Christ. Hence, her universality, her unceasing activity, the necessity of her visible reality. And Rome, the center of Catholic unity—the holy place where sits the successor of Saint Peter, no earthly power shall destroy thy Christian liberty!

To Leo the Thirteenth, under God, may be attributed the glorious triumph of winning the hearts of the Church’s enemies and converting them into friends, “true and fast.” Witnesses of the effects of Leo’s wonderfully successful administration naturally ask, “Whence his marvellous power? Whence his miraculous success?”

Recalling the chief events in the career of the grand old man, with feeble step and hair silvered by time previous to his assumption of the Vicegerency of Christ, we may trace in them the disposition of an all-wise and just Providence. Born of virtuous parents, and nurtured in the Christian truths, he displayed, even as a boy, an ardent love of God and a tender charity for his neighbor. Active in good works, despite discouragement, he early resolved to dedicate his life to the service of God in the priesthood.

To this end he labored zealously to attain, in an eminent degree, learning and sanctity which would qualify him for this august calling. The sanctification of his own soul he considered of paramount importance. To him especially seemed to be addressed the words: "Be ye holy, as I the Lord your God am holy." "Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father, Who is in Heaven."

The pursuit of scientific knowledge he regarded as a sacred duty—not that science which puffeth up, but that science which would assist him in carrying out the great designs of God in the fulfilment of the duties of the exalted state to which he aspired. For, he heard the voice of the Almighty in the emphatic language of the Prophet Malachy, "Because you have rejected science, I have rejected you from the ministry of my priesthood! The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge." Moreover, the dreadful import of those words of Holy Writ, "Woe to you blind leaders," deeply penetrated his soul—for did he not hope to become a leader of men, to propound the greatest of all laws—the law of Christ, Himself?

With this divine motive in mind he persevered in his holy resolutions. Wherefore, we find him in his twenty-seventh year the recipient of the order of priesthood, his mind enriched with theological and Scriptural lore, a master of the humanities, a poet of rare fancy and grace, and an enthusiastic lover of science. His zeal for the spiritual welfare of his neighbor knew no bounds. His earnestness of character attracted the attention of the reigning Pontiff, Gregory the Sixteenth, who appointed him Apostolic Delegate to Benevento, where he labored with success for three years. It was here, in the discharge of the duties of his office that he displayed those rare qualities of character that are essential in a conscientious executive—justice, promptness, decision and force. Unrighteousness vanished at his approach. Peace followed his footsteps.

His services as civil governor of Spoleto, his diplomatic mission to the Court of Belgium, his episcopate of thirty years at Perugia all bear the impress of his administrative genius.

He had been no dreamer. His work had not been among angels—he had been a "fisher of men."—men oppressed by vice, by vanity, by ambition, and by irreligion. He had been a tender father to them all. He had taught them the mercy of the Cross, and instilled into their minds true Christian culture. He had established institutions of learning, provided the best of teachers and personally supervised their course of study. He left them in peaceful unity "having but one heart and one soul."

His thirty years' experience as Archbishop of Perugia was certainly an admirable preparation for the arduous duties of the

Supreme Pontificate. His pen had not been idle. In his energetic refutation of calumnious representations of the Church's position in the field of science he eloquently defended her doctrines and emphasized her right to the title "Mother of Science." "What reason can there be," he wrote, "that the Church should be jealous of the marvellous progress our age has made by its studies and discoveries? Is there in them anything which, looked at from near or from far, can do harm to the ideas of God and of faith whereof the Church is the guardian and infallible mistress? Bacon, so distinguished in the walks of physical science, has written that a little knowledge leads away from God, but much knowledge leads back to God. This golden saying is always true, and if the Church is afraid of the ruin which might be wrought by the vain ones who think they understand everything, because they have a slight smattering of everything, she has full confidence in those who apply seriously and profoundly to the study of nature, for she knows that at the bottom of their researches they will find God, who in all His works displays Himself with the Infinite attributes of His power, His wisdom, and His goodness."

How enthusiastically appreciative is he of the advance of science as manifested in the results of man's efforts to control the forces of nature for the general utility: "How splendid and majestic does man seem when he reaches after the thunderbolt and lets it fall harmless at his feet; when he summons the electric spark and sends it, the messenger of his will, through the abysses of ocean, over the precipitous mountains, across the interminable plains! How glorious, when he bids steam fasten pinions to his shoulders and bear him with the rapidity of lightning over land and sea! How powerful, when by his ingenuity he seizes upon this force, imprisons it, and conveys it by ways marvellously combined and adapted to give motion—we might almost say intelligence—to brute matter, which thus takes the place of man and spares him his exhausting toil! Tell me if there is not in man the semblance of a spark of the Creator when he invokes light and bids it scatter the shades of darkness!"

The Church has ever been the friend of true civilization—that whereby man perfects himself—but she solemnly condemns "the civilization which would supplant Christianity and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us." Her condemnation is directed against the destroyers of civilization and science—atheism and materialism.

Uniquely privileged, as guardian of the Keys of Peter, we find Pope Leo the Thirteenth the dispenser of scientific knowledge—the generous patron of art, the encourager of artists. All who would

might avail of the treasures of the Vatican—history, music, art—masterpieces of inspired genius significant of Christian truths.

Worthy of his splendid motto, "a light in the heavens," Leo set forth, in the beginning of his Pontificate, as a polestar for the guidance of all who would seek the truth, the example and the doctrine of the Angel of the Schools. Proclaiming the dangerous tendencies of modern teachings divorced from the guardianship of Revelation, and lifting a solemn voice of warning against the evils of rationalism, of the false philosophies of various blind guides who posed as leaders of light, Leo bade the students and teachers hold fast to the impregnable doctrine of S. Thomas Aquinas, in whose words they would find the germ and essence of those undying principles which are the eternal defence of unchanging truth.

The opening of the Vatican archives, with Cicero's injunction to scholars, "Dare not the mention of aught that is false, fear not the mention of aught that is true;" and the appointment of the Commission on Scriptural Studies, were accepted by the world as testimony and judgment from which there could be no appeal, that Leo truly loved the light and wished that Truth and Love should reign in the hearts of men.

His luminous exposition of the question of socialism, wherein, as a great moral physician he prescribed remedies for the social diseases begotten of injustice; his magnificent encyclical on labor, wherein he proclaimed its dignity, the rights of the laborer, and the responsibilities of the employer, setting forth the true principles of a fair wage, condemning the oppressors of the poor man who take advantage of his necessities, and appealing to capital and labor to deal with each other in the spirit of the Gospel; his solemn warnings against the dangers of Continental Freemasonry, are other services to humanity which the thinking non-Catholic world has recognized, in union with Catholics, as of inestimable value.

In fine, all that human wisdom, assisted by supernatural help could devise for the social and political amelioration of mankind, are embodied in the teachings of Leo, and expressed in his brilliant encyclicals exposing the fallacious argumentation of socialism, communism, liberalism and nihilism—fruitful sources of human misery.

How consoling his authoritative utterances on the marriage bond, that stay of domestic happiness, and his parting admonition to the rulers of nations—how deep in import, how pertinent the application! All exhale the spirit of veneration for Divine authority, inculcate obedience to divinely-delegated rulers—for, "the gift of authority is from God, and is, as it were, a participation of the highest of all sovereignties."

Nor would he rest content with an appeal to the intellectual life of the day; to its very depths he would stir the people's devotion, and, therefore, the invincible champion of truth, the restorer of Thomistic teaching, the guardian of sound philosophy, became, as the childlike client of our Lady of the Rosary, the ardent advocate of a renewed and stronger love for the Mother of God. Leo's Encyclicals on the Rosary, his entreaties, year after year, to the Catholic world, exhorting prelates, priests and people to cultivate, with fresh ardor, the spirit and practice of prayer, to become students in the school of Jesus, as taught by Mary in the mysteries of the Beads, that thence might come newness of life to the individual, a fuller measure of grace for the sorely-tried Church, and the happy re-union of divided Christendom, are precious evidences of the late Pope's zeal for the glory of God in the welfare of souls.

For the same divine purpose, the essential purpose of his exalted office, Leo sent out his touching appeals in behalf of increased love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, for greater love for the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Light and Truth, for renewed interest in the Scriptures, to the reading of which he attached generous indulgences. As he strove to raise the standard of culture and piety among the Clergy, his efforts were also unceasing for the development and increasing growth of true devotion among the laity.

His masterful influence in the political world, his triumphant dealings with governments, and his vigorous efforts for the betterment of Catholic interests in Protestant lands where hostile statesmen matched their power against his genius, only to find gradual defeat, are characteristic legacies which he has left for the enrichment of the Church, far more valuable than the gathered trophies and the outpoured wealth that greeted him on the occasion of his various jubilees.

That the non-Catholic world learned, under his administration, to admire institutions and principles which hitherto misrepresentation and calumny had bigotedly assailed, is further proof that the deposed king, without army or navy, of whose despoiled territories only the Vatican precincts remained—a shelter for their prisoner-sovereign—bequeathed to his successor an eminence of power in the spiritual and intellectual world unsurpassed by that enjoyed by any of his predecessors.

Clothed with plenipotentary power, fearing God rather than man, Leo never failed to raise his voice in gentle rebuke, or, if needs be, in stern protest, against the nations that would coerce his faithful children. Judge of final appeal in spiritual affairs, he reserved to himself the right to decide in matters of local injustice.

To this unflinching attitude of the Universal Pastor, combined with a wondrous knowledge of human nature, his indulgent tenderness for erring humanity, his deep compassion for the oppressed, his majestic patience in times of trial, his spirit of uninterrupted prayer, his personal efforts to conciliate the hostile, may be attributed the splendid and enduring results that have called forth the applause of the civilized world.

With amazing comprehension of the needs of the times, Leo labored ceaselessly not only to place within reach of all the remedy for existing evils, but, with fatherly solicitude, awaited the return of the prodigal. The fibre of his mind was of the finest quality, its elasticity holding to the ending, never suffering that tension which years usually bring, never hardening into that stubborn conservatism which is the last refuge of incompetency, fortified by authority and inspired by mean jealousies of the activities of younger men. Leo maintained a sort of perpetual youth, enjoying life to its close, and ever imparting a share of his own buoyancy of spirit to those around him. Marvellous though his memory was he did not, as old men generally do, live in the past. In its realms he made excursions, but only that its lessons might be applied with flexibility, with a nimbleness of spirit and a freshness and vivacity of heart, to the needs of the present, to a preparation for the future.

In the spirit which led him to greet the muses in early life, he paid occasional court to them even during the years when the burdens of the Papacy rested most heavily on him. The relaxation which he found in the composition of couplet or quatrain, sonnet or ode, varying his verse to meet the passing fancy, to suit the play of his wit, or to harmonize with some exalted theme or religious subject, contributed, in its own measure, to the preservation of his cheerfulness, the youthfulness of his ever-green old age.

A delightful phase of this grace, the hilarity which the monks of medieval times so thoroughly cultivated, on which Montalembert comments so charmingly in his great work, Leo expressed from a fund of unfailing humor of which many instances are on record, and of which, on another occasion, we shall make fuller mention. Our present purpose draws near its fulfillment, yet we are not without a deep sense of the inadequacy of our utterance, of the shortcomings of the performance, though we approached the work in a spirit of reverent love and profound admiration for the great Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

Venerable Patriarch of the Christian Faith, the world will not forget thy beautiful life. Death cannot wrest from us the fruits of thy glorious priesthood, the example of thy angelic purity, the burning eloquence of thy invincible apostleship. Thou hast passed the portals of the eternal world, excluding no one from thy paternal heart, for thy last earthly murmurs were of hope and faith:

Nocturna.**INGEMISCENTIS ANIMAE MEDITATIO.**

Fatalis ruit hora, Leo; iam tempus
abire est,
Pro meritisque viam carpere perpetuam.

Quae te sors maneat? caelum sperare
iubebant,
Largus contulerat quae tibi dona Deus.

At summae claves, immenso pondere
munus
Tot tibi gestum annos, haec meditare
gemens:

Qui namque in populis excelso praestat
honore,
Hei misero, poenas acrius inde luet.

Haec inter trepido dulcis succurrit
imago,
Dulcior atque animo vox sonat alloqui:

Quid te tanta premit formido? aevique
peracti
Quid seriem repetens, tristia corde
foves?

Christus adest miserans: humili veni-
amque roganti
Erratum, ah fidas! eluet omne tibi.

These stanzas were dictated by Leo when lying on his bed of death. The glorious mind, which almost spiritualized his wonderfully preserved body, was thus clear, active, masterful, till the night shades had settled down, when even Leo could no longer work.

A Catholic Christian is one that professes the true faith and law of Jesus Christ. The only depository and infallible teacher of this faith and of these laws is the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. The Catholic Christian, therefore, is most careful that in every act in his life he appear not unworthy of this glorious profession, and that he keep himself united to this Church.

It is not enough to believe in the depths of one's heart the truths that God has revealed, as it is not enough to belong to the Church merely by the internal adhesion of the mind; it is, besides, indispensably required that faith should manifest itself by external works, and that the profession of religion should show itself, and be dominant over all the actions, both internal and external, of the true believer. For our Lord hath said that "he that believeth not is already judged;" and it is declared in the Word of God that faith without works is dead; furthermore, that the eternal Judge will demand an account of our works, and will render to every one, even to those that believe, reward or punishment.

—*Leo the Thirteenth.*

At Nightfall.**THE MEDITATION OF A TROUBLED SPIRIT**

Leo, the destined hour! Now must
thou hence
And, as thy merits, take the endless
way.

What lot awaits thee? Heavenly joy,
thy gifts
Which God had freely given, bade
thee hope—

But the great Keys! A trust of mighty
weight
And borne so long—thou groanest at
the thought;

For he who leads in honor all the rest
Must, if he fail, the keener suffering
bear.

Amid thy fears there comes a gentle
face,
A gentler voice speaks comfort to the
heart:

"Why does fear shake thee? Why,
on gazing back
O'er thy long past, should sadness stir
thy soul?

"The pitying Christ is here: He gives
His grace
To those that seek. Have faith—He
beareth all."

Practical Thoughts

REV. JOSEPH O'REILLY.

I.—RULES OF CONDUCT

WHEN a question is put to you, especially about morality or your neighbor, think a moment and see if you should act the part of the Irishman in putting another question before answering the questioner. You could ask if the information you might give would be advantageous to the questioner, your neighbor or yourself; or say, "Well, that is a question indeed! Let me see: is it very necessary for you to know what I have to say about the matter?" or, "Do you inquire from mere curiosity?" or, "I was often told that 'least said is easiest mended;' or, "Does this thing concern you very deeply?"

Be a good listener. Be kind, honest, charitable, and fairly slow in everything. Always pity people for unreason, impoliteness or ugliness, except you cannot help seeing their evident malice. The devil and ignorance and the faults of companions and associations, are generally the causes of all kinds of meannesses. Oftentimes people are soured by sickness, by losses, by the deceit and ingratitude of friends and acquaintances. Deep down in their hearts and souls, hidden from human gaze, perhaps even from themselves, are rankling thorny occasions for angry and unreasonable behavior. Take such quietly, and always believe they do not expect to insult or harm you.

Below all meannesses, and through their black, dark, natural passions and affections, you can see a ray of Divine goodness. No living man or woman, no matter how deeply sunk in the mud of diabolism, is thoroughly bad.

A little patience and prayer will bring all things out right, and if a bad or disagreeable result follows you cannot be to blame. Do what you can, and leave the rest to God. Strive to make your necessities and luxuries as few as possible; and then you will procure more peace for your souls, you will have less anxiety, less occasion for useless worry, and you will be more independent of passions and people. Many things in this world are almost useless, and by abandoning them, especially when they are dangerous, for God's sake and the sake of our souls, we gain substantial merit.

Why jealous or envious? Whatever helps one helps all of us and whatever hurts one is provocative of more or less evil to all. There is not much in the affection, respect and pleasures of creatures, and many times they bring sorrow, disgust and destruction. Take outside, worldly things for their worth, and look to the

soul, self. Consider that all do their best, or nearly so, for God, according to their circumstances, probably far more than you do.

II.—INDIVIDUAL CENSORSHIP

Each individual should ever bear in mind that he or she has the power to injure another, as well as the power to do good—the child its playmate, the boy the girl, the man the woman. So each should be cautious; for influences to do injury, considering human nature, the world and the devil, are far more seductive than the influences, motives, to act well and wisely.

The influences at work upon human beings for evil, such as our weakened, corrupt nature, the devil and his powerful agents, the bad maxims and customs of the world though numerically great, are not as many or as weighty as those for good. No, God is more powerful than the devil; prayer is all-powerful; and the grace flowing from Christ's crucifixion, together with good angels' help, can enable men to overcome any and all temptations of any and every description. But the influences for evil—and all can know and see the fact—are often, unfortunately, more successful than those for good. Man is prone to evil from his youth. So, people should always remember to be very prudent and ready in checking any evil tendency, even looking no further than earthly ease and safety. One of the ugly things in the world at present is, people observe and imitate animals too much, to the detriment of their *soul-cultivation*.

III.—TRAINING MEDICINE

You cannot train any animal well without the whip, or whipping word of correction: and with equal certainty it can be said that you cannot train the animality, or well recognized and understood brutal part of human nature, in a child without a sensible supply of whip medicine. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a sentence that was not spoken without good reason and well regulated feeling or sentiment. As surely as you, father or mother, senselessly spare the whip, so surely will you senselessly injure the child, and, perhaps ruin the career of the future man or woman.

Being sure of the divinity of his faith, the true Catholic believes the truths which that faith teaches, however much they may transcend his reason; he believes them when he hears them contradicted by those that are called wise by the world; he believes them all without exception; he believes them more firmly than he believes what his own eyes see, or what he learns from man's authority.

Such a Christian considers his faith as a gift from Heaven and a priceless treasure, far surpassing any earthly possession, because it raises man up to the knowledge of God and secures for him his eternal destiny. He is very careful, therefore, not to cast it away, and never to sacrifice it to the requirements of the world or the favor of man, even though all his earthly possessions and life itself were at stake.

—*Leo the Thirteenth.*

Blessed Dalmatius Moner, O. P., Priest

BLESSED Dalmatius Moner was born of pious and respectable parents at a small town in Catalonia, about 1291. From childhood he was distinguished for innocence and piety. He received a good education at Girona, which was completed at the University of Montpellier. Entering the Dominican Order at the age of twenty-five, he made it his lifelong study perfectly to conform his conduct to the requirements of the rule and constitution. He was employed for many years in teaching, but at length humbly resigned this office from a desire to devote himself more closely to the service of God.

Blessed Dalmatius led a life of extreme penance and mortification. He seldom ate anything but herbs and vegetables, almost raw, and in the burning heat of a Spanish summer would entirely abstain from drinking for as many as twenty consecutive days. His short rest was taken on the bare ground; he afflicted his body with continual fasts, disciplines and other austerities, and devoted himself day and night to the exercises of prayer and contemplation. He loved to pray in solitary places in the open air, the sights and sounds of nature helping to raise his mind and heart to God. One day when he had been thus satisfying his devotion in a secluded valley, one of his brethren went in search of him, but could find him nowhere, until, chancing to raise his eyes, he beheld the object of his search raised in ecstasy on a level with the top of a lofty tree which grew on the brow of the adjacent hill. Nor was it an unusual sight to see him thus suspended in the air. Blessed Dalmatius practised the most rigid poverty, never taking with him any provisions when on a journey and even refusing the alms which were offered him. He preferred to put his whole trust in God, who often sent him help in his necessities by the ministry of angels. Every night when he chanted the Benedicite at Lauds, these celestial spirits came and sang it with him; and so familiar was his intercourse with them, that he was commonly known by the name of "the Friar, who converses with the angels."

To conceal his devotional exercises from the eyes of others, he used to retire by day to a cave which he had found in the neighboring hills, and at night he would hide himself in some secret part of the church. His love of retirement and the great devotion which he bore to Saint Mary Magdalen induced him to apply for permission to go and end his days at La Baume in Provence, which for thirty years had been the scene of the prayers, austerities and raptures of that holy penitent, and which then, as now, was served

by the sons of Saint Dominic. The desired leave was granted, and Blessed Dalmatius visited the hallowed spot with unspeakable devotion, but it was not God's will that he should take up his abode there, and he accordingly returned to Girona. Here he hollowed out a cave for himself, apparently in the convent grounds, and there lived for four years, never leaving it save when the bell summoned him to the choir or refectory with the other brethren. This penitential abode was dripping with water and was the resort of serpents; but to him it was indeed the gate of heaven.

The miracles of Blessed Dalmatius were very numerous and striking, and he gained many signal victories over the powers of darkness.

He died in his beloved cave, whilst in the act of raising his clasped hands to heaven, on the twenty-fourth of September, 1341. After his death, his countenance, which in life had been very dark and disfigured by his excessive penances, became wonderfully fair and beautiful. He is believed to have preserved his baptismal innocence unsullied throughout his whole life. Blessed Dalmatius is specially invoked for relief from toothache; and it is a frequent custom to dedicate infants to him by vow when they are cutting their teeth; in consequence of the many miracles worked by means of one of his teeth, which is preserved in a silver reliquary in the sacristy at Girona. He was beatified by Benedict the Thirteenth.

Psalm 136

REV. THOMAS TWAITES

Where the swift Euphrates laves
 Babylon with turbid waves,
 Sat we down to weep and sigh
 As we thought of Sion's sky.
 On the willows boughs we hung
 Our melodious harps unstrung:
 Mocking us the victors said
 (Who had Sion captive led)
 "Sing us hymns in Salem's praise."
 "How can we, of better days
 Sing the songs,—an exiled band
 Doomed to pine on foreign strand?
 Salem! Should I heed Thee not,

May my right hand be forgot.
 Shouldst thou be to me less dear,
 To my throat my tongue adhere;
 If I do not Salem make
 My chief joy for Salem's sake!
 Lord! think how the Edomite
 'Gainst Jerusa'em did fight
 Crying loud with deadly hate
 'Death to all! Exterminate!'
 Babylon! blest be the foe
 That repays thee ev'ry throe
 Thou hast caused us. 'Gainst the stones
 May he break thy children's bones!"

Yama's Dove

ALIDA M. BIBBY

CHAPTER III.

At last the youth turned to the maiden, saying in broken accents, "Oh, my beloved, I came here today not to seek the life of thy pet—but since I have been thy saviour by its means I thank the blessed Allah—but I came to perform a sacred duty to thy father and to thyself—a duty I must accomplish before we part—O, Yama! if part we must." He held her hand and looked into her eyes, where he could see the reflection of her pure and loving soul.

"Part if thy father sayest so, for my life will be in his care and I shall live and breathe all things with joy by one word from him or die even by the same."

At this instant the thick foliage behind them was gently parted and a man of about forty and with a pruning knife in his hand gazed on the two cousins. A shade of anger mixed with disappointment spread slowly over his face; it was evident he had decided not to make known to them his presence, for he noiselessly retired within a little recess hidden by vines, but near enough to hear their conversation. When within his concealment he murmured to himself: "Oh, Yama, I did not expect thee to turn toward thy father's enemy."

"Listen, O, Yamasie," said the youth, "while I tell thee what I overheard my father say to Chano, his steward, as I was walking through our garden. They were in deep conversation and they saw me not, but, as I drew near, I heard him utter thy sweet name, at which I started and drew into the shrubbery, which hid me from their eyes. I heard all that was said."

"And what heard you, dear Eno, about me? Was it anything thou didst not know or did they speak kindly of me?"

The youth clenched his hands as he replied sorrowfully, "Nay, my life, the conversation such as came from their lips I cannot repeat, as it would grate upon thy delicate ears."

"But, Eno, thou didst not believe aught that they said about me!" the maiden exclaimed, blushing.

"No, I swear before Allah that I did not," and he pressed her hand to his breast.

"But, thou saidst thou camest to save my father and me; what didst thou mean by those words?" As she said this the

man behind him strained his neck to hear every word the youth replied.

"Thou knowest that thy father's brother has deprived him of all that is dear, excepting his empty palace, this garden and thee, his most beloved angel," and the youth turned his eyes lovingly upon her as he spoke. "He is not content with this injury, for he and Chano have planned between them to—Ah! would I did not have to tell thee, but I have no one but thee, for thy father would not see me since he banished me from his house."

Here at this mention of her father the man sighed softly to himself, stepped slightly nearer to them, but was careful to keep himself concealed.

"Oh, Eno, what was dreadful in coming from their lips will be softened when coming from thine; so do not fear to tell me and perhaps father will yet love thee. If thou art afraid of my tears, I shall not shed any; I am a woman now and know the evil of the world, my Eno;" and she laid her head caressingly on his arm.

"Be it so, then," he cried passionately. "Oh, my singing bulbul, thou must spread thy wings and fly, for they are coming to snatch thee from thy father. Chano comes disguised to-morrow noon as a pedlar and gives thee a most luscious peach, in whose heart is hid a deadly poison—that, shouldst thou take, oh, my love, my life—the day will become as night, this garden as a tomb to those who love thee." Here the youth was so overcome that he could not proceed for a few seconds.

"But, he shall not make me eat it, my Eno."

"Alas, my cousin, their evil minds have allowed for your refusal; so he brings a little serpent whose sting is death. If you refuse the peach he engages thy interest in some bauble while he slyly applies the serpent to thy foot, or, mayhap, to thy dimpled arm."

"But, may I not escape him by remaining in the house?"

"If thou dost one day it will not save thee; for evil is cunning, my Yama, and has many ways of meeting its end!"

The sadness, mingled with surprise depicted upon the features of the gardener who had remained in his half-concealment during this conversation, assumed a look of terror as he clenched his knife tighter, muttering, "The youth is right, the man will find a time to accomplish my ruin. Oh, great Allah, why hast thou allowed thy servant to be thus despoiled of his rights!—his soliloquy was interrupted by the gentle voice of Yamasie as she said: "Tell you not my father, Eno, for it will only add to his grief, and if you promise this I will not venture in the garden; but," she continued, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "My doves and parrots will miss me

so; and thou—the roses will fade from my cheeks, the laugh from my lips, the light from my eyes at not seeing thee.”

“Nay, I shall not part with thee thus, for I said ‘the bulbul must spread her wings and fly.’”

“Yes, dear Eno, but I cannot fly alone!”

“What if I should fly with thee!”

“Ah, that would be indeed happiness.”

The gardener ground his teeth muttering, “Beware, thou wilt have my vengeance if thou dost”—

Yama dried her eyes saying, “But, my father! I cannot leave him; thou dost not want me to do that, oh, Eno?”

“He shall go with us ”

“Nay, that cannot be; he has no means to travel.”

“I am rich, my song of life, and I shall help thy father for thy sweet sake, my Yama.”

Her eyes beamed with affection's-light as she said:

“Oh, if he were only here to listen to thy noble sentiments, I am sure he would love thee.”

Behind them the shrubbery parted and the gardener, with softened light beaming from his eyes, stood before Yamasie. The princely father in his humble attire, gazing first on Yama with loving tenderness, then on Eno with deep respect and sadness; for he was thinking of his own affection for his beloved wife, and here were these two tenderly attached to each other. Should they be separated, and by his means? The maiden's happiness was his life. No, by the smile of Allah, they should not be. He felt in his inmost soul that the lad was telling the truth. All these noble thoughts were culminating and gathering color in the prince gardener's mind as he stood gazing at them, sympathizing with the love of their pure young hearts.

“Yamasie,” said his trembling voice, “lo, thy father is here! Look up, my love, the angel of my home; fear not my wrath, for respect has conquered it.” And looking and springing up simultaneously she flung her arms about her father's neck, crying: “My father, my father; how glad I am that thou hast come! and thou wilt not send Eno away when he tells thee that he saved my life a moment ago?”

The kindly eyes now fell upon the youth who bent his head beneath the elder's gaze.

“Fear not, Eno, to meet thy uncle's eyes, for he has heard thy noble sentiments and will hearken to thy story.”

The youth arose, and after saluting his uncle in the proper form, related to him his adventure with the jackal and how he came to take the life of Yama's dove to save its mistress.

Under no other circumstances would the master forgive Eno's crime than that for which he did it, for in killing the dove he deprived the spirit of its abode. "But," cried the youth, "the spirit cannot die and it has taken its abode with another gentle animal or bird. But, now, oh my uncle, a duty yet more perilous awaits me—"

"Yes, my son, the great Allah will prosper thee in taking care of the two outcasts; but, we must tarry here in concealment, as it is out of the question to fly."

The youth perceived his uncle's modesty, and taking a purse from his silken sash handed it to him, saying, as the elder looked at him questioningly, "Nay, thou shalt only take that which is thine own." Still gazing at the youth, he said, as tears almost choked his utterance, "Oh, Eno, I have thought ill of thee, so frail is human nature; but forgive me, thou art most mindful of us; but I cannot take it—tempt me not," and he turned away.

The youth's face clouded as he said, "Alas, it is for thine own sake."

Yamasie arose, and going to where her father stood, knelt before him, saying: "Oh, father, it is to save thee and me that Eno offers flight; and, since it is thine own money, what harm to take it. Oh, my father, think of all thou hast suffered, and wilt thou have more pain caused thee for not taking that which is rightfully thine own?" She entreated him with her maidenly love.

Finally, he turned his tear-flowing eyes upon her and lifting her tenderly from her supplicating attitude, he held her by both hands saying, "What woman does not conquer man by her gentle entreaties? O, my dear one, Eno's love outweighs not that of thy father, his value of thy life and happiness surpasseth not that of mine, his wish to see thee his heart's life—come hither, oh my nephew, and give me thy hand."

The youth, stepping forward, placed his hand in that of his uncle. "'And now,'" said he, "oh, Yamasie, our light, the angel of our home, clasp thy spirit as thou dost thy hand with that of thy lover; for he hath love and honor and an appreciation of thy purity." As he placed her hand in the youth's eager grasp he said to him, "I give unto thy care my lily, that perfumes my house with sweet odors, the star that illumines the darkness of my life, my singing bulbul that hath taught me of another life to come. Take thou her with thy uncle's blessing."

Hardly had he finished speaking, and Eno had received the fair girl from her father's hands, when a slave, dark as Erebus, running and all out of breath, fell at the feet of Eno in utter exhaustion.

Rising, he made a salaam, and gasped, "Oh, master, the Prince, your father, is dying; come quickly, or you will not see him."

"Dying! slave, since how long? Why he was in good health and enjoying the prospects of a devilish plot when I left this morning."

The man, with another salaam, said: "Oh, master, a serpent's sting has poisoned him and the physicians say he cannot live. I pray you come quickly."

Eno exchanged looks with Yama and her father, who said: "Did I not tell you that Allah would prosper thee? Now go, and come back soon." Then receiving again a benediction from his uncle, and kissing Yama's forehead, he followed the slave.

* * * * *

Night had fallen from the Indian skies and enveloped the garden with its scented wings. Anon the silvery moon rode the starlit space and shimmered through the silver aloes and sleeping vegetation. It bathed, too, with its soft and mellow sheen, the desolated palace where sat the father and daughter listening with beating hearts for the footfall of the youth.

He, wrought with unwonted anxiety concerning their welfare, and she, the pure maiden, with unsullied love thinking thoughts of unaffected devotion for her cousin lover.

Yamasie said at last, "The hour is late, my father, and thou seemest weary; retire and I shall wait for him. Why look so sad? Thy Yama is safe now and we will all three live happily and be restored to our former life and wealth."

He turned his face to hers, and stretching his arm towards her she knelt at his side as he said, "Thinkest thou so, my Yamasie? Yes, the fortune will have another master to fall to, but if thou art left to me I shall be content."

"Nay, my father, knowest thou so little about Eno as to think he would take that which does not belong to him, though his father should bequeath it? Nay, if he keep it, I shall not be his wife, but remain with me for the rest of my life."

"I do not want to misjudge the lad, but money is a great temptation."

"Yes, father; but love and honor are sacred to him." At this moment a footfall was heard advancing and Yama sprang to the door and into her cousin's strong arms.

He advanced to his uncle, whose face full of anguish was bent upon him inquiringly. Standing before Yamasie's father he saluted and said:

"My uncle, my Prince, fear not, the man who ruined thee is dead, and thou art restored to place and fortune. And thou, oh

my Bulbul, my rose just blooming," he said, clasping her young form; "thou need'st not fly away nor fade hidden from thy companions, for he, the malefactor, is no more; and thou, oh my uncle," he continued, as the elder parted his lips to speak, "shalt have thy wealth with thy household and servants restored, from this day, to thee, by the son of thy despoiler, who met his death from the sting of the little serpent he had procured to give thee thy death-blow."

"Praised be Allah!" said the pious father advancing to where Yama and Eno stood.

"Oh, my son, thou art both noble and generous; but thy generosity shalt not suffer, for I give thee thy father's palace and half of my estates and lands with that which I hold dearest and have already given to thee."

Yamasie knelt mutely by her father's knee, too happy to speak, while Eno approached, saying: "Methinks the escaped spirit of Yama's dove hath interceded for thee and thine"

	Some Recent Books	
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From a preface contributed by the Bishop of Clifton to **MONASTERIES AND RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**, compiled by Francesca M. Steele, we take the following:

"In this book will be found a brief account of the Religious Orders and Congregations that are at present settled in Great Britain and Ireland. Their origin, the particular works they undertake, the spirit of their rule, and the foundations they have hitherto made, up and down the land, are all set forth with great accuracy, and the authoress has been at no small pains to obtain her information from the best and most trustworthy sources. The reader of these pages cannot but be impressed by the marvelous vitality of the Catholic Church, displaying itself in the abundant variety of fruitful works, carried on by the most devoted of her children; while the contemplation of this same variety, gathered up into unity in the profession of the three evangelical counsels, under a rule approved by the Church, will more luminously reveal to him the beauty of the same Church, the 'King's daughter,' all whose glory was to be within, but who was to be 'clothed round about with varieties.'

"The Religious Orders have ever been the Church's firmest bulwark. It is they who have given to orthodoxy its stoutest champions and cleverest expounders, to the Holy See its bravest

defenders, to the good their brightest models, to the wayward their sternest reprovers. In them the seed of self-devotion has never died, and though we might think of the Church as existing without their exterior organization and aid, the total abandonment of Christ's counsels is hardly conceivable in His Church. So close has ever been the connection between the Church and her Religious Orders, that the most violent attacks against her have been mostly delivered through them. Spoliation and oppression of them has but spelt the same of the secular clergy, of the episcopate, and of the Holy See. 'He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of my eye.' " (Zachary II, 8.)

To the sketches of the Orders and Congregations thus eulogized by the learned prelate whom we have quoted, the author has subjoined an appendix on the religious houses in America. The various habits worn by different communities are happily illustrated, thus embellishing the volume as well as illuminating the text. We noted one slip—the author's statement that the Carthusians are an offshoot of the Benedictines. This is an error.

R. and T. Washbourne of London present the work through Benziger Brothers of New York, and of their good taste and skill in mechanical details we are pleased to make mention.

From the industrious pen of Mother Mary Loyola we have another devotional volume, HAIL! FULL OF GRACE—SIMPLE THOUGHTS ON THE ROSARY, which B. Herder of Saint Louis has published in good form. These meditations on the mysteries of the Beads are a wholesome addition to the spiritual reading which should be disseminated among Catholics. Father Thurston, S. J., has edited the work to which he has also contributed a preface. On page 18 of the author's "Introduction" we observe a flaw—the story of "Biddy," an offensive and, we may add, a vulgar reference unworthy of publication. We regret the necessity of this adverse comment, but the reference in question is a painful illustration of a peculiar fact, that many Englishmen find it very difficult to treat fairly matters Irish.

The C. M. Clark Co., Boston, have published a strong and timely novel under the title ON SATAN'S MOUNT. The author, Dwight Tilton, endeavors to picture the dangers of trusts and of capital, when guided by motives wholly selfish. The labor question is introduced in a striking manner. Characters, whose realities in the political and the financial worlds of today, will be readily recognized, are sketched in vigorous style. In President Burlingame every one will see President Roosevelt; but the sad ending of the former's

career is a rather exaggerated climax, forced for the purpose of bringing forward the hero, Philip Craig, in a most improbable way. Making due allowance for other features overdrawn, and noting a few "breaks," as "novitiate" (page 94) for "novice," and "necessities" (page 289) for necessities, we think that the reading of this "purpose" novel should be stimulating in behalf of the wage earner's cause. Angus Craig, the Scotch engraver, is a sterling character representative of the upright and honorable mechanic.

One of the latest of the publications of D. Appleton & Co., of New York is MY LIFE IN MANY STATES AND IN FOREIGN LANDS by George Francis Train, a volume of peculiar interest which "the strangest man in America" dictated in thirty-five hours, though it contains more than one hundred thousand words. Citizen Train, as he prefers to call himself, formerly the occupant of a Newport villa on which he spent two thousand dollars a week, now a resident in the Mills Hotel, New York, at a cost of three dollars a week, has issued in this book an extraordinary compilation, the reading of which cannot but interest those who like tales of romance and adventure. That Citizen Train has been juridically declared insane, that he has been in jail fifteen times, from the New York Tombs to the Paris Bastile, yet ever guiltless (he affirms) of any crime, will accentuate the reader's curiosity and add piquancy to a narrative which is certainly unique in autobiographical literature.

"Father Hedges has done a distinct service to every one who is interested in Father Marquette" by the publication of his fine monograph on the famous Jesuit discoverer of the Mississippi. "In the annals of American chivalry no deeds of prowess and self sacrifice are more heroic than those of the gentle Marquette," and therefore we compliment the author and the publishers, the Christian Press Association Publishing Company of New York, for having given to us a delightful brochure in FATHER MARQUETTE—JESUIT MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER. Father Wynne, S. J., the scholarly editor of *The Messenger*, contributes a becoming Introduction. Several appropriate illustrations embellish the text.

ANCHORESSES OF THE WEST is the title of a good sized volume published by B. Herder of Saint Louis. The author, Francesca M. Steele has industriously gathered interesting details of the lives led by those peculiar women, the immured or walled-up recluses whose strange manner of life found recognition and encouragement in the earlier ages of the Church. Not all the anchoresses were saints,

but a multitude has been honored by the immemorial devotion faithful, and some have been acclaimed by the formal canonization of the Church.

Father Vincent McNabb, O. P., has prefaced this volume with a short essay on the mystic life.

BY THE RAMPARTS OF JEZREEL is the title of a Scriptural novel which Mr. Arnold Davenport has issued through Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, of London and New York. The prophets Elias and Eliseus, King Joram of Israel, the last of the House of Achab, the impious Jezabel, Jehu the annointed of God, appointed to destroy the children of Achab, and the Syrian Kings, Benadad and Hazael are the conspicuous characters around whom the novelist has woven a romantic story of love and war, the latter cleaving to historic facts. Fine descriptions of scenery and of battles are vivid features of this oriental tale. The author does not follow the Catholic version in the spelling of Jezrahel and of the Prophets' names.

A new edition of James Jeffrey Roche's clever book, HER MAJESTY THE KING, has been issued by R. H. Russell of New York, whose various publications have passed to the house of Harper & Brothers.

"Some men borrow books; some men steal books; and others beg presentation copies from the author"—"The hardest thing to find is an honest partner for a swindle"—"The man who can invent a good working substitute for honesty has yet to be invented himself"—"Twice blessed is he in whose tent dwell both his mother and his wife's mother, for even though he gain not Paradise, yet shall he not fear Gehenna"—"Every nation has just the government for which its people are fitted; at least that is what is said by the rulers who are piously engaged in misgoverning it"—are some of the witty sayings of which Mr. Roche's volume has many. Under the cover of an "Arabian Nights" style, and in ingenious oriental method of character and conversation, he "hits" some of the frauds and humbugs of the day in fields political, civil, judicial and military. A pleasant reading awaits those who will follow the brief history of HER MAJESTY THE KING, for text and illustration are bright from cover to cover.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have published a San Francisco story by a San Francisco writer—Frances Charles, and we should be pleased if we could to speak well of it; but at this late day the use of *Romish*, a most offensive expression applied to Catholics and

things Catholic, is sufficient reason for our excluding *THE SIEGE OF YOUTH* from approval. No well-bred person in San Francisco would think of referring, as Frances Charles does, to S. Mary's Hospital as "the Romish hospital on Rincon Hill."

The California Promotion Committee, San Francisco, has published a profusely illustrated brochure entitled *CALIFORNIA OF TO-DAY* which contains interesting information compiled by Charles Sedgwick Aiken from official documents. The wonderfully varied character of the resources of California are concisely stated and attention called to sources of more extended information. California, whose giant mountains and charming valleys include an area greater than the combined areas of England and Scotland, with her incalculable possibilities, and splendid opportunities, presents advantages to the homeseeker, orchardist, farmer, mechanic, dairyman, stock-raiser, manufacturer and tourist that cannot be offered by any other country in the world.

The social, educational and commercial progress of California's chief cities—notably San Francisco and its suburbs—briefly outlined, furnishes interesting studies for the stranger and inspires unbounded confidence in the glorious future of the State. As Joaquin Miller aptly puts it:

Yea, here sit we by the Golden Gate,
Nor demanding much, but inviting you all,
Nor publishing loud, but daring to wait,
And great in much that the days deem small.

The Arthur H. Clark Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, are to be congratulated upon their successful bringing out of the first three books of a voluminous history of *THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*. The complete set will include fifty-five volumes, covering the history of the Philippines from 1493 to 1803. Historical data gathered from official documents, missionary records of Religious Orders, and rare manuscripts, secular and ecclesiastical, descriptive of Philippina will be presented for the first time in an English translation. The Papal Bulls, defining the rights and privileges of Catholic sovereigns in their explorations and colonization of the Islands for the propagation of the Catholic faith, are of fascinating interest. They throw into strong relief the motives that actuated the Sovereign Pontiffs in their encouragement and support of enterprises undertaken by Catholic rulers for the extension of the Gospel in foreign and heathen lands.

The descriptive accounts of the Philippines written by navigators are filled with information concerning the social, religious, economic and political conditions of the Filipino peoples from early times.

The reproduction, in America, of authentic data concerning antiquities, linguistics and the history of the Philippine people will not only prove a monumental record of the evolution of Christianity in the Islands, but a revelation to the thoughtful student of the superiority of the Catholic missionary system that has uplifted millions of souls from degraded barbarism to the heights of civilized, intelligent citizenship.

The tragic blunders and lamentable failure of colonization in America on other lines will be recalled in sharp and humiliating contrast. We have much to learn from this historic work on the colonization of the Philippines.

Edward Gaylord Bourne, in his historical survey of the Filipinos under the old Spanish *regime* gives a pleasing picture of the well-being of the natives throughout the Archipelago, under the watchful care of the venerable missionaries.

Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson are the editors of this important history. The publishers deserve special thanks for their enterprising and artistic skill.

To the future compiler of American history belongs the task of faithfully transcribing the joys and sorrows of the Filipino people from the date of their projection into the maelstrom of Americanized progress.

JOHN GILDART, AN HEROIC POEM, by Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, is a tenderly pathetic, lyrical narrative of the patriotic response of one of old Virginia's sons to the call of his "mother State" in defense of her liberties. The mutual sacrifices of domestic joys by the hero and his young wife, Ruth, are lovingly and vividly depicted. The fortunes of the hero during the vicissitudes of love and war appeal forcibly to deepest human sympathies. Considering the circumstances that led to his sad fate, the reader must needs deplore the inexorable justice of martial law that consigned the brave of heart to a coward's grave. Of the soldier's interpretation of his highest duty we receive some idea from his noble defense:

I am
No traitor. If I left the war, no call
On earth save one, could make me leave—my wife.
I swore to stand between her and all harm
As long as life. A thousand men were at
Your call; but I alone to hear her cry
Across the hills; and could I stay, when she,
My wife, ill and alone, so needed me?"

The second edition of this poem is attractively illustrated in a handsome volume by William H. Young & Co., New York.

When that genial American writer and humorist of kindly and gentle spirit, Frank R. Stockton, closed his earthly labors in April, 1902, he left the manuscript of a capital story, *THE CAPTAIN'S TOLL-GATE*, which his wife has published through the house of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, who have presented to the friends and readers of the late author a handsome book of more than three hundred and fifty pages, to the intrinsic value of which there comes an added appreciation because of a bibliography of Mr. Stockton's works—fifty volumes—and a memoir of the writer sketched, in a beautiful spirit, with great taste, with rare tact, with a delicacy heightened by a pervading sense of reverent tenderness, for which we thank his devoted wife.

DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES is the latest work of Irving Bacheller, and the Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston have brought it out in good style—clear type, excellent paper and becoming binding making a creditable volume.

With pleasure we greet this message from our North country, fragrant of wood and field, telling us of simple folk of wholesome lives; and bringing lessons of the human heart in strains of wit, of philosophy, of tenderness, of original thinking, of suffering, of noble living. Mystery pervades the tale, while love enlivens and brightens the scenes that otherwise were of pain alone.

Darrell, who dwelt in the beautiful isles of Literature peopled by the undying spirits that are embalmed, as Milton says, in their immortal books, was a rare character, a thinker and a teacher, whose life squared with his noble sentiments. A mender of clocks, he did also a high and religious work, regulating lives, setting truly Christian standards before men.

Many of his sayings would well bear quotation. Only once do we find occasion to comment adversely. On page 263 the philosophical clock mender is not clear on the law of truth and the law of love. We would not judge him as advocating the telling of a lie for the sake of love, but his words are, at least, misleading. Hence this warning against the dangerous and erroneous doctrine that the end always justifies the means.

The name of Christian Reid has long been identified with clean and invigorating work in the field of fiction. Her latest volume, *A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA* has been published by B. Herder of Saint Louis. A story of California and Mexico with abundance of romance, intrigue and love and with the final triumph of virtue, *A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA* deserves our commendation, and cheerfully we express it.

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St. Dominic's day, August 4, the Pope, assembled in Rome for the election of the successor of the lamented Leo Thirteenth, chose the Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto, who was elected on August 9, under the name of Pius the Tenth.

On receipt of the official announcement of the election, the Apostolic Delegate in this country, Archbishop Falgout, sent the following letter to the President of the United States:

Your Lordship: After the painful announcement of the death of Leo the Thirteenth, I am happy to bring you to-day of great joy. The Most Holy Father Cardinal Joseph Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, has been elected Pope and has assumed the name of Pius the Tenth.

Such is the consoling information we have just received from Monsignor Merry Del Val through a cable-

gram of the election of the new Pope. A link has been added to the golden chain of the succession of the Roman Pontiffs which stretches unbroken over the broad and historic field from the first century to the new millennium in the first century to the new millennium in the twentieth. Let us cease and return thanks to Divine Providence for having so speedily provided the Church with another worthy pastor.

Guided by our faith, we recognize in him the successor of St. Peter, Vicar of our Divine Lord, our spiritual father, the supreme pastor of the Church. As such he claims our obedience and veneration, and I have no doubt that the Catholics of America, faithful to their glorious tradition, will follow him as of every other nation in attachment to the new Pontiff. May God grant him a long and prosperous reign for the welfare of the Church and the honor of the Apostolic See.

The prayer of the Delegate has been answered with loving devotion by millions of loyal hearts, beseeching God that he will deign to pour all needed graces on our new Pope, strengthen him and making happy and glorify his pontificate.

May the memory of the great and

good Leo will be lovingly cherished, the veneration in which he was held during his long and holy life will be most practically expressed by faithful Catholics in their renewed devotion to the lessons he taught and in unflinching fidelity of loyalty to his successor. Long live Pius the Tenth!



Our Catholic weeklies have recently published very edifying and most encouraging tidings concerning the Catholic Indians of Minnesota, tidings of such importance that we gladly re-print the good word:

"The first annual Congress of the Catholic Chippewa Indians took place June 17 at White Earth Reservation, Minnesota. The occasion that brought together all the Chippewas, among whom more than four thousand are Catholics, was the thirty-fifth anniversary of their settlement in Minnesota. The fifteenth of June was devoted to the civic celebration, consisting of a parade, after which addresses were made by Governor Van Zant, Lieutenant-Governor Jones, of Minnesota, and the Rev. Dr. Ganss, representing the Catholic Indian schools and missions; the sixteenth to sports, sham battles, boat and pony races and Aboriginal dances. The Catholic Congress took place on the seventeenth, and in showing the work accomplished by our missionaries, was a strange revelation.

"Twenty-five years ago the Catholic Chippewas barely numbered a hundred; the Catholic missionary was not allowed to establish a station among them, and what was not pagan was Episcopalian, since it was here that Bishop Whipple, an ardent champion of the red man, secured his reputation as an Indian missionary. To-day, owing to the apostolic zeal and labors of the Benedictine missionary Fathers, notably Father Aloysius, of White Earth, and his co-laborers, Fathers Limon, Thomas, Felix and Corbinian, who attend twenty-four missions extending over ten counties, the Church numbers no less than four thousand and eight hundred souls. A strange phenomenon in these results is that nearly

all the Episcopalians have joined the Church.

"The Chippewa Indians are mostly civilized, and if about four more mission churches with three or four missionary priests could be devoted to them we would see the whole tribe come into the true fold. The intelligence and faith of these Indians reveals itself fully in the resolutions adopted by the congress, which we print in full:

"We, the Catholic chiefs, braves and headmen of the Chippewa Nation, in first annual congress assembled at White Earth, Minn., June 17, 1903, all of one mind, adopt the following instrument (resolutions):

"I. We love with a full heart the Great Chief Blackgown at Rome, because we believe that the Great Spirit gave him power to rule all Christians. We feel joyful on the close of his ruling the Church of God for twenty-five years as Chief Blackgown. We pray for him. We will always ask the Great Spirit that he may live long and be very wise to lead and rule the Church of God. We kneel down to ask him to lay his hands in blessing on his red children.

"II. Our hearts are heavy, because we are told that the blackgowns are badly treated in the French country, and driven from their homes by men who hate religion. The blackgowns from France first brought our fathers, who were before us, the religion of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. They toiled for us in hardship and suffering, in hunger and thirst. Their behavior was so holy and their teaching so wise that the Catholic religion to this day is called in our Chippewa tongue Wimi-ti-goshi-ana-miwin—the 'French Prayer.' May the Great Spirit make their hearts as brave as were the hearts of the French blackgowns who first came to us. We will pray for the Catholics in the French country; and if the French blackgowns who are driven from their homes come to us, we will welcome them with outstretched arms.

"III. We thank the Great Father in Washington for all that he has done for his red children, and pray that his heart may always be kind to them. Our hearts are filled with thanks that the leading Blackgown (Negani-Ketchi-Mekatewikwanaie) Ryan, and another Catholic man, Charles Bonaparte, have been appointed to look after our welfare. We are thankful also that the blackgowns can now teach our children in all the Great Father's schools the religion of their fathers.

"IV. We love very much those

schools which the blackgowns have built for us; and we thank Woman-who-has-pity-on-the-Indian (Ikwe Kewadisisid—Rev. Mother Katherine), who has built the school here and in Red Lake for our children.

"V. We thank with our whole hearts the pale face Catholics who have made a union (Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children) to support these schools. Every Catholic Chippewa of this nation promises to join this union and pay twenty-five cents each year.

"We are informed that the pale face Catholics of the whole Big Knife Country (United States) have formed a great union (Federation of Catholic Societies) to defend the Church of God. We want to join this union and help them to fight for the interests of the Church of God. Therefore we are of one mind that one of our headmen shall represent us at the next meeting of this great union.

"We extend the pipe of peace to all our pale face Catholic brethren.

"Blessed be Jesus, Mary and Joseph."

We avail of this occasion to remind our readers, once more, that the prayer of our Lord, our daily prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," has not its full meaning for us unless we strive to bring the light of Faith to those sitting in darkness. And for the great bulk of our people, for the laity especially, the chief means of accomplishing this holy purpose, may be found in the organizations maintained for the propagation of the Faith by the support of those missionaries whose lives are dedicated to this sacred work. We urge our readers, therefore, to be generous in their contributions to these noble societies.

The Church has ever sanctioned devotion to the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary and richly indulged their Rosary. Tradition tells us that this devotion was practiced in the time of the Apostles. Saint John the Evangelist, who took care of our Lady during the last fifteen years of her life, made her sorrows the subject of his constant meditation. In consideration thereof, our Divine Lord, accompanied by His Blessed Mother, appeared to

a vision. S. John heard our Lord ask her Divine Son to grant some favors to those who were devoted to her sorrows. Our Lord granted: "My beloved Mother, to atone to your sorrows I grant four special graces: First, a perfect comfort for all their sins sometime before the second, a particular protection in the hour of death; third, to have the mysteries of the Passion deeply imprinted in their minds; fourth, a particular power of impetration granted to my mother's, prayers in their sorrows."

of Mary were life-long sorrows, enduring, and attended by every circumstance that could aggravate their pain; hence their immensity, variety, intensity, exceeded the tortures and sufferings ever endured by all the martyrs; the life lived through them was a miracle of grace, "for great as the sea was its extent," and "countless as the stars on its shore their number." S. Bernard, says a holy writer, "Is the Word of the Incarnation," and who more united to the Son than the Mother? All that His Passion wrought in His Divine person, compassion, suffering in her sacred heart. Listen to the words to S. Bridget: "The sorrow of the Virgin was my sorrow, because His heart was my heart. For, as Adam sold the world for one apple, and he redeemed the world with his blood."

In the Bible, it is written of her as she stood beneath the cross: "Oh, all ye that pass by the way attend and see if ye can find any sorrow like to my sorrow." The sufferings of our Blessed Mother's life the Church chooses seven, and she calls the Seven Dolors, and she recommends to the devotion of her children, enriching them with graces and making them the mysteries of the Dolor Beads. They are: the Prophecy, the Flight into Egypt, the Three Days' Loss, the Finding of Jesus with the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Taking Down from the Cross, the Burial of Jesus. Two

feasts are appointed by our Holy Church to honor the Dolors; one falls in September, another on Friday in Passion week.

Besides the Rosary of the Dolors a devout author mentions the following among the many that have been indulged: "The Stabat Mater, an hour at any time of the year spent in meditation on the Dolors, an exercise in honor of her sorrowing heart, seven Aves with the Sancta Mater istud agas, another exercise for the last ten days of the carnival, an hour or half an hour's prayer on Good Friday and other Fridays."

Devotion to the Dolors is one of the best preparations for death, not only because of the graces promised by our Lord at that hour, but also because of our Blessed Lady's ministry to the body of her Son at the descent from the Cross, and what graces should attract us more than those we need in this solemn hour?

When John A. Mooney, LL.D., died on July 25, Catholic literature in the United States lost a valiant champion, a knight without fear and without reproach, a scholar of rare attainments, whose gifts, solid and varied, were ever at Religion's service, offered from a full, pure heart, with a wealth of grace, a finish of diction, a charm of style, that justify us in stating that he was "easily first" among Catholic American writers. That we loved him as friend, true and sterling, because we knew intimately his goodness of heart, his generosity, his loyalty, does not tincture our estimate of his merits when we speak of his qualities as dedicated to the cause of the Church during the many years in which his trenchant pen, the ready servant of his well-stored mind, pleaded for Catholic education, for the Faith, for true devotion, for real culture, for the high and noble things of the intellectual and the spiritual life.

The tidings of Dr. Mooney's death, the result of a fall in the Adirondack

Mountains, shocked his many acquaintances and admirers, and came as a heavy sorrow to those who had been honored by his familiar friendship. In another issue we shall pay more fitting tribute to his memory. This present word, joined with our prayer that his dwelling may be in the land of light and peace and love, our Father's Home, is only the voice of our sorrow because we have lost a beloved friend, who was also a friend of the Church's interests in a great field wherein unselfish devotion deserves the applause of all who honor disinterested fidelity to exalted ideals.

September twentieth, nineteen hundred and three, marks the centenary of the death of Robert Emmet, Ireland's cherished patriot-martyr. Twenty-six years of devotion to his beloved country were rudely cut off by the hand of the executioner on September twentieth, eighteen hundred and three; immense possibilities for the regeneration of his native land were blotted from his mortal vision. Passionately tender in his solicitude for Ireland's future, he nobly vindicates himself from the calumnious charges of his enemies and appeals to the undying faith of his fellow countrymen with his latest breath:

"I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the super-inhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed, and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with

posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him."

In these few brief sentences we have the keynote to the character of the brave young hero whose name is an inspiration to noble deeds, whose supreme self-sacrifice will be appreciated by succeeding generations of his countrymen who have profited by the "triumph of his failure" and who live in the hope that to Ireland's glory—in God-given liberty—Emmet's honored name and epitaph will be luminously written.

By the death of Seraphine Boschen, known in Religion as Sister Mary Aloysius, which occurred in the Dominican College, San Rafael, on July 30, the Community of which she had been a faithful member for almost a quarter of a century, lost an educator of real excellence. From her graduation, when she won the highest honors accorded by the State of California to those authorized for the work of teaching, Miss Boschen was devoted to her chosen labor.

Subsequently she placed her gifts and her zeal under the consecration of Religion. Entering the Order of S. Dominic she found a broader field for the exercise of her talents, while she rejoiced to run in the way of the Lord, in the pursuit of Christian perfection. Her amiability of disposition won the hearts of all who met her.

An exemplary religious teacher, Sister Aloysius developed other faculties that enhanced her value to the cause she loved and served. Her capacity for business was observed by her Superior, who confided to her important financial affairs of the Community. A facility in writing was another gift to which her manifold duties did not

allow her to devote much time. Under more favorable circumstances Sister Aloysius could have accomplished excellent work in that line. Despite the drawbacks mentioned—the demands of pressing obligations—her pen was not idle. DOMINICANA has, at various times, published her contributions, creditable in themselves, which gave promise of more efficient results had leisure not been debarred by strenuous duty in other departments.

The illness which caused the death of this good Religious was of long duration. In all her sufferings she strove to maintain cheerfulness, continuing the activities of her post almost to the eve of her departure. Bequeathing to her Sisters in Religion and to her numerous pupils and friends the fragrant memory of a well-spent life closed by the grace of a happy death, Sister Aloysius passed to the Divine judgment from which, we trust, she has entered into eternal rest.

On the feast of S. Hyacinth, August 16, a ceremony of great interest took place in Brookland, D. C., the home of the Catholic University of America. On that day, His Excellency, Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, laid the corner stone of the new Dominican House of Studies which will be affiliated to the University. The Bishop of Portland, Maine, the Right Reverend W. H. O'Connell, D. D., delivered the address.

On the vexed question of the authenticity of the alleged prophesies of S. Malachy concerning the papal succession, we do not intend to enter. It has been observed by some that the *ignis ardens*, the burning fire, set for Leo's successor is not without meaning in the case of Pius the Tenth. That the escutcheon of the Cardinal of Venice bore a star shining on the ocean, and that His Eminence became Pope on the feast of S. Dominic, whose emblem is

a dog bearing in his mouth a flaming torch, the figurative herald of the Saint's unquenchable zeal, have been noted as significant of the work that His Holiness will do in the sublime office to which he has ascended, by regular steps, from the active ministry of a parish and the subsequent administration of a bishopric.

From a recent number of *The Independent* we take the following lovely bit, making due acknowledgments to the editor, and with our compliments to the author, Clinton Scollard:

Flower and Soul

Thus saith the flower:
"I wait the perfect hour;
Then will I wake,
And into blossom break,
Bright-wooded and won
By my deliverer, sun!"

My soul saith, "Like the flower,
I wait the perfect hour;
Then out of gloom
Into ecstatic bloom
I shall be straightway won
By Faith's bright sun!"

The important work of the third annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, which held its sessions at Atlantic City, New Jersey, during five days in August, we now mention only to express our congratulations. In our next number we shall gladly devote ample space to a report of the good results accomplished.

The Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of the Immaculate Conception have opened a new establishment in Ukiah, California. This spread of the good work of the Order we record with pleasure, and we offer our congratulations to the Sisters.

Calendar for September

- 1—S. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr. (Purity of Intention.)
 - 2—S. Stephen, King of Hungary, Confessor. Obedience to the Holy See. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 - 3—B. Guala, O. P., Bishop. (Spirit of Charity.)
 - 4—Octave day of S. Augustine.
 - 5—B. Catherine of Raconigi, O. P., Virgin. (Self-sacrifice.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Eleventh Saturday in preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.
 - 6—First Sunday of the month—B. Bertrand of Garrigua, O. P., Priest. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament; prayers; (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.
 - 7—S. Rose of Viterbo, O. S. F., Virgin. (Love of Contemplation.)
 - 8—The Nativity of our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries; C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.
 - 9—Patronage of S. Joseph (transferred.) (Devotion to the Holy Family.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 - 10—S. Nicolas of Tolentino, O. S. A., Bishop. (Happy death.)
 - 11—B. Maria Bartholomea Bagnesia, O. P., Virgin. (Devotion to the souls in Purgatory.)
 - 12—S. Ferdinand, King of Castile. (Spirit of prayer.) Twelfth Saturday in preparation for the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.
 - 13—Second Sunday of the month—Most Holy Name of Mary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers.
 - 14—Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries and Rosarians; C. C.; visit; prayers.
 - 15—Our Holy Father S. Dominic, commemorated under the title Suriano—a famous image of the Patriarch. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit Dominican church; prayers.
 - 16—Ember-day. B. Imelda Lambertini, O. P., Virgin, Patroness of First Communicants. (Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Twenty-first anniversary of the consecration of the Most Reverend P. W. Riordan, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco.
 - 17—Stigmata of S. Francis of Assisi.
 - 18—Ember-day. SS. Cornelius, Pope, and Cyprian, Bishop. Martyrs. (Constancy.)
 - 19—Ember-day. SS. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento and his companions. Martyrs. (Lively faith.) Thirteenth Saturday in preparation for the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.
 - 20—Third Sunday of the month—B. Francis Possadas, O. P., Priest. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.
 - 21—S. Matthew, Apostle. (Correspondence with grace.)
 - 22—B. James of Salomonio, O. P., Priest. (Attachment to Jesus suffering.)
 - 23—S. Thecla, Virgin and Protomartyr of women. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 - 24—Our Lady of Mercy. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians; C. C.; visit; prayers.
 - 25—S. Thomas Villanova, O. S. A. (Obedience to Confessors.)
 - 26—B. Dalmatius Moner, O. P., Priest. (Love of discipline.) Fourteenth Saturday in preparation for the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.
 - 27—Fourth Sunday of the month—Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.
 - 28—S. Joseph of Cupertino, O. S. F. Priest. (Love of study.)
 - 29—S. Michael, Archangel. (Fidelity.)
 - 30—S. Jerome, Priest and Doctor of the Church. Reading of Scripture. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Cornelius, Pope and Martyr; S. Wenceslas, Martyr; S. Ida, Widow; S. Firmismus, Bishop; S. Rosalia, Virgin; The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Maurice, Martyr; S. Cosmas, Martyr; S. Thecla, Virgin and Martyr; S. Michael, Archangel; S. Regina, Virgin and Martyr; The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Matthew, Evangelist; S. Editha, Virgin; S. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor; S. Justina, Virgin and Martyr; S. Justus, Bishop.





Our Holy Father Pope Plus the Tenth

DOMINICANA

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NO. 10.

Saint Dominic at Rome—The Minerva.

EDITH R. WILSON.

ALTHOUGH Florence is pre-eminently a city of Dominican memories, Rome is the Alma Mater of the Order of S. Dominic. Comparing the two cities in this regard, one might say that in Florence the impress of Dominican life was more immediately manifest because of the singleness of interest. Apart from the history of San Marco, and of the great Dominicans who filled it, apart from the poetry of Dante Alighieri, embodying, as it does, the theology of S. Thomas Aquinas, Florence is a city of artistic, rather than of religious memories, while in Rome the wealth of religious interest is multifold. The Mother and Mistress of Churches presents to our gaze a bewildering profusion of devotional and archaeological riches, an endless variety of shrines. But the star of S. Dominic shines none the less brightly in Rome because its light mingles here with that of many others. We trace his footsteps with no less delight because they reveal themselves to us gradually. Yet, Dominican life to-day, as well as in the past, holds a prominent place in Rome. Santa Sabina, the Minerva, San Clemente, the Generalista, and the House of Spanish Dominicans, are the allotted dwellings of the Dominican Fathers at Rome, while San Sisto Vecchio, San Domenico e-Sisto, Santa Caterina and the Jewish Convent in the Via Tor de' Conti, founded by Pius the Fifth, are the homes of historic fame belonging to nuns of the Order, though other communities of Dominican nuns exist in Rome besides those whose houses contain so special a store of traditional wealth. After Santa Sabina, the Minerva has certainly played the next important part in Dominican history in Rome. Shall we wander awhile through the streets of the Eternal City and turn our steps towards this venerable shrine which dates almost to the very days of S. Dominic himself?

It was first built in 1280 upon the ruins of a temple of Minerva Chalcidica, erected by Pompey, or, as others say, by Domitian. An allusion to the temple is to be found in Pliny's Natural History, and the statue of the goddess is still to be seen in the "Braccio Nuovo" of the Vatican. If we leave the Corso at the Colonna Antonina and pass diagonally through the piazzi of the

Monte Citorio, Capronica and Della Rotonda, with the narrow connecting streets, we are offered a glimpse of Houses of Parliament and the Pantheon. We must not pause, now, to enter this most interesting memorial of Roman antiquity, but, we may note in passing, the obelisk which rises out of the great fountain in the center of the Piazza; for, we shall see the duplicate, shortly, in the Piazza of the Minerva, which we enter from the Via Minerva at the left of the Pantheon. We are now in one of the older parts of the city, where landmarks of the past still hold their own, far removed from the Parisian-like villas of the Ludovisi district, or of the Prato di Castello. Not far away is the Piazza Navona, near which the weekly fair of the "Campo di Fiori" is still held, and, where, on the Eve of the Epiphany, the whole square is aglow with lights in whose gleam the solemn old fountains twinkle and dance, while the ear is deafened by the sound of trumpets and musical, or unmusical, instruments of every description, with which the Roman populace celebrate the "'Befana." But, in pagan times, this was the Circo Agonale or site of the Circus Agonalis of Domitian. Here S. Agnes won her crown of martyrdom, and here her church stands to-day.

Within a stone's throw rises the German church of Santa Maria dell' Anima, situated in a veritable network of quaint streets and alleys. But, we are wandering too far; let us return to the Minerva and mark the Egyptian obelisk whose fellow we have already seen before the Pantheon. It is one of six which were all found in the district between this piazza and the Collegio Romano, a locality extremely rich in Egyptian relics and which is supposed to have been occupied by a temple, or temples, of Isis and Serapis, to which these obelisks formed the approach. That of the Piazza Minerva owes its present position to Bernini, under whose direction it was erected in 1667, the sculptor having carried out an odd idea of placing it upon the back of an elephant, rather than in the center of a fountain, as was done in the case of its brother obelisk in the Piazza Rotonda. This idea, however, it seems, was borrowed from an old engraving of the Aldine type, published in Venice in 1499. Beneath the elephant is this inscription:

"Sapientis Aegypti insculptas obelisco figuras
Ab elephanto, belluarum fortissimo, gestari
Quisquis hic vides, documentum intellige.
Robustae mentis esse solidam sapientium sustinere."

The animal's face, with a half-cynical expression of countenance, as if filled with a sense of the unfitness of his position, is turned towards the advancing pilgrim, as though he were inviting

commiseration. We almost felt a thrill of compassion for the unwilling burden-bearer—a feeling akin to that which we really bestowed in full measure upon the poor caged wolf of the Campodoglio.

Turning from the stone elephant, we find ourselves before the most unpromising facade of the Minerva. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that it is the work of the same architects who gave us that fair flower of Florentine Gothic, Santa Maria Novella. Nothing could well be more severely plain, more hopelessly uninviting than the exterior; yet, we are told, on no less reliable an authority than Padre Marchese, that "the Minerva, the only Gothic church in Rome, was begun in 1285, by Fra Sisto and Fra Ristori, the builders of Santa Maria Novella, Florence." The mystery remains unsolved until we enter—when all seems suddenly changed. Swelling nave and vaulted roof present themselves, and yet the mystery is not solved; for we are at a loss to understand how such a building can be exteriorly wanting in ornate manifestation. This problem must be solved by architects. We can only say that from the dingy, yellow exterior—plain, square, and unrelieved, save by three doorways, surmounted by half undiscernible frescoes, above which are three staring oeils-de-boeuf—we pass within, and forthwith the oeils-de-boeuf transform themselves into exquisite rose windows. Three naves stretch upwards towards the high altar; a subdued light falls on the polished stone pillars, the vaulted roof is studded with golden stars; in fine, we recognize the hand of the frati and feel they have been true to the traditions of Dominican art. Before leaving the exterior altogether, we should note several curious and interesting tablets, inserted in the facade at different wall heights, commemorating various inundations of the Tiber, which reached the specified elevations, and of which the tablet gives the dates, and also records the names of the pontiff reigning at that period.

We now place ourselves again within the church and begin a survey of its special features. With the exception of the choir, the Minerva is lighted entirely by circular windows. Three are above the doorways of the west end, while the remainder form a beautiful series illuminating the clerestory and transepts. The walls are frescoed, not with paintings, but with a decorative coloring, which did not commend itself fully to our taste. Above the pillars of the nave, however, is a band of dull red, broken by a series of quatre-foils which encircle medallions of all the great Dominican saints. Pope and doctor, cardinal and monk, maiden and martyr, in long array, look down from their peaceful heights upon the worshippers below. Although these medallions seem by no means disproportionately large, yet the features of each can be distinctly recog-

nized. The alternate compartments of the roof contain the figures of the twelve Apostles, four in each arch, which fill the spaces, until we reach the transept. Here the alternate arches encircle the forms of twelve great doctors or founders of religious orders; while above the choir are depicted the four Evangelists.

The pillars of the Minerva are extremely large and massive; they seemed to us very beautiful, though we were told that, above a certain height, they are composition, not genuine marble. This artificial stone, which forms the "bed" of the larger mosaics, in all Roman work, is extremely hard, but susceptible of a high polish, like marble. The chief visible difference lies in the beauty of the veining of marble, wherein art cannot fully rival nature. The side chapels of the Minerva are a feature which add to its historic interest, but mar the correctness of its architecture. Here the pointed arch gives way to the round, while the Gothic character, which marks the high altar, is replaced in the side altars by the Renaissance style. These chapels are eighteen in number; six along each side nave; one at either extremity of the transepts, and four in the choir. Perhaps we should add another to this number, because the sanctuary itself is a similar chapel, in the rear of the high altar—a characteristic of Italian Gothic, though not a general one. These chapels are very unequal in beauty and artistic merit; originally the property of various Roman families, they have shared the estate or fate of their owners. For the most part those in the north aisle are much more richly decorated than those in the south aisles. Let us enter and inspect them in turn. But, first, we shall pause to say that these chapels, as well as the body of the church, are extremely rich in sepulchral monuments, to which guide books invite special attention to the details of artistic beauty. But, save as they are graced by some exquisite tre-cento work of Mino da Fiesolo or present some tender, contemplative Madonna, they appeal rather to the archaeologist than to the pilgrim. We shall glance at the most important.

The first chapel on our right, as we enter, is that of Saint Louis Bertrand. The picture of the saint is by Bacciccio. The frescoes on the side walls represent two miracles of the great missionary; in the lunette above the altar angels offer lilies and a crown for his acceptance. The second, or Colonna chapel, contains a monument to the Princess Colonna and child who perished of the cholera at Albano in 1867. It is interesting, however, to the worshippers as the chapel of S. Rose of Lima, who is represented in the altar-piece holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, while at her feet appears a group of mingled Spaniards, Indians and Negroes. She is thus set forth as the patron saint of the New World. The fresco on the

left wall represents a vision in which angels present our Lord to the sleeping saint. That on the right wall depicts S. Rose apparently commending some poor sufferers to our Lord's mercy. Here is venerated the crucifix before which S. Rose was wont to pray. It stands in a shrine to the left of the altar and near an exceedingly quaint Spanish Madonna and Child. This picture is under glass and so dark that it is difficult at first to trace the outlines; but, in certain lights, the figures stand forth quite distinctly—Mother and Child both crowned and arrayed in royal robes. On the ceiling are depicted the heavenly espousals of S. Rose, and in the accessory lunettes are four figures apparently symbolic of her special virtues. We should incline to interpret them as poverty, chastity, charity, and penance. Pieces of graceful symbolism which might escape notice are the rose-mosaics of the walls—marble panels, in which are inserted roses, pink, white, and golden, crossed with the Dominican lily.

We next enter the chapel of the Gabrielli family or that of S. Peter Martyr. Here the death of the saint is depicted on the altar-piece. On the walls are frescoes of the Nativity and Resurrection with lunettes of prophets and sibyls above. On the ceiling are four scenes from our Lady's life, with the four Evangelists at the sections. The fourth chapel is particularly renowned as that of the "Santissima Annunziata." It belongs to a pious confraternity established in the fifteenth century, which is still flourishing, whose object is to provide portionless maidens with that indispensable prerequisite of an Italian bride—a dowry. This is a form of charity which seems especially to commend itself to the Italian mind, and notices may often be seen affixed to church doors and other public buildings, informing would-be applicants of a dowry bequeathed by some pious donor for this object and detailing the condition of birth, character, and degree of indigency needed for application. The confraternity of the Minerva supplies four hundred dowries yearly, of about thirty-five dollars each, we were told. The candidates must be Roman girls of irreproachable reputation and must belong, for three years before marriage, to a sort of sodality, or guild, under the supervision of this confraternity, who watch over their young proteges and encourage them to lead an upright and devout life. The dowry certificate is given on the eve of the Annunciation and the money paid over at the time of marriage, or reception of the habit, should the candidate elect the religious state.

We are now prepared to understand the large and beautiful altar-piece which adorns this chapel. It is an Annunciation—probably by Benozzo Gozzoli—in which the figures of our Lady and

the angel depicted on a gold background, are accompanied by several smaller figures. Three white-robed, white-veiled maidens kneel at Mary's feet, while to the left, beside S. Gabriel, kneels Cardinal Torquemada, the founder of this confraternity, apparently commending the spouse to the care of our Blessed Mother. This Torquemada, be it said, was not the famous inquisitor of that name, but his uncle, and a friend of Urban the Seventh—Pope of eleven days. The tombs of the two friends, pope and cardinal, are both in this chapel; that of the cardinal is a simple slab to the left of the altar; the bronze head and bust projects from the mural tablet and the features are noble and gentle. The tomb of Urban is an elaborate piece of sculpture in the left wall. Before the abrogation of papal rule in Rome, the dowries of the "Santissima" were given in person by the Holy Father and the candidates were drawn up in two lines before the church door, to receive them from his hands on the feast of the Annunciation. On this day also took place, formerly in the Piazza of the Minerva, the "Procession of the White Mule," when the Host was borne by the grand almoner of the Pope, riding on the papal mule, followed by a long train of cardinals, while balconies and doorways were hung with scarlet and bright lights. Flowers were strewn upon the path as the Most Holy Sacrament was carried onward. Up to the time of Pius the Seventh the Pope himself carried the Blessed Sacrament, but that pontiff was too infirm, and later his place was taken by the grand almoner.

We next enter the Aldobrandini chapel. It contains a Last Supper by Baroccio, but it is more conspicuous for the Renaissance tombs of the Aldobrandini family, erected by Clement the Eighth (Ippolito Aldobrandini). The next chapel we may pass giving only a glance at the two cinque-cento tombs, one of which has an exquisite Madonna, the other a fresco. Here, too, our attention is arrested by the memorial of Robert Wilberforce, the English archdeacon who died at Albano in 1857. We now enter the transept. As we mount the few steps which raise it above the nave, we notice a fresco in a Gothic frame of Saint Agatha and Santa Lucia. Just within the transept, to the right, is the Giotto chapel. This is simply a small recess, almost dark, dimly lighted by burning candles. It contains, however, a finely-carved crucifix of extremely dark wood, believed to be the handiwork of Giotto. Remains of frescoes on the side walls are also attributed to the great painters, but they are really almost obliterated.

We now pass to the extremity of the right transept and enter what is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the chapels, that of the Caraffa family, better known as that of Filippino Lippi. The

honors of this chapel are shared, as the inscription on the archway tells us, between the "Santissima Annunziata" and the "divine S. Thomas." On the feast of the great doctor one may have the pleasure of seeing it thrown open and illuminated, but the interior is always quite visible through the iron-work of the cancello; a few lights seem always to be burning before the Annunziata. Before entering we must examine this cancello, as it is especially decorative; the marble balustrade beneath also deserves scrutiny. We have not paused to describe the cancelli of the previous chapels, though in several the wrought iron-work, or "ferro battuto," is very beautiful. Filippino Lippi's Annunziata is a painting of the true Florentine style. There is something peculiarly charming in these altar-pieces, which meet us everywhere in northern Italy, and we miss them when we lose sight of them. The gold backgrounds and soft miniature-like tints are a delight of color.

(Conclusion in November.)

Give Me Thy Light.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Though dark the day and dreary oft,
I think of Thee, and look aloft,
And ask that Thou, the Source of
light,
Wilt make my soul serene and
bright!

What matter all the gloom without,
If far from me be fear and doubt;—
If Thou, Who art the Fire Divine,
Within my heart and soul doth
shine!

Keep Thou my feet from evil ways;
Guard Thou my life through all its
days;

May ev'ry step Thy Love attend;
From sin and strife my soul defend.

May every heart its tribute pay
To Thee, and Thy commands obey,
Till perfect be the ties that bind
Each will to Thy Eternal Mind!

Be Kind.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Be kind to those who hold you dear;
Forgive, forget, whilst they are near,
The careless word that may have
stirred
The storm of pride that will not
clear!

Let not misunderstanding run
From morning's dawn till set of sun;
It is not weak the words to speak
That mean for you a vict'ry won!

Oh, right these things while yet you
may,
Lest there should come to you a day
When, friend-bereft, alone is left
A sad remorse to gloom your way.

Unlock your love; your pride forsake;
Remember, some poor heart may
ache

For just what you this hour can do
The bonds of silence cold to break!

A Daughter of France.

MARY E. MANNIX.

FOUR persons were seated in the grand *salon* at Pierrefeu. The Count, wrapped in a scarlet dressing-gown, from the folds of which his small head emerged; the nose proud, haughty, beaked, like that of an eagle, with the delicate nostrils sensitive to every mood; his finely-shaped lips quick to tremble with scorn or part with amusement, as well as sympathy, as occasion arose.

The Countess, with hair of silver and heart of gold, a model of goodness and sweetness, hiding inimitable treasures of virtue under a modest and simple exterior.

The *Cure* of the village, a priest of pleasant though somewhat rough appearance; a son of the sons of the soil, robust, energetic, firm, a man of opinions, fully capable of carrying them out in his acts and deeds; and, finally, Elaine de Pierrefeu, the young daughter of the house, the only child of the Count and Countess, just twenty years old, sweet and fresh as a new-blown rose, her every motion filled with infinite grace, her sweet face radiant with purity, tenderness and devotion.

The Count of Pierrefeu was speaking.

"So, M. le *Cure*," he said, "I understand you have not been able to prevent the eviction."

"No, M. le Count—neither the inspector nor the prefect have given me the least hope. Every one of the officials, courteously implacable, have told me plainly that they can do nothing for us."

"And what excuses do they offer?"

"Only that they are obliged to act according to instructions."

"But, my father built the school, M. le *Cure*. Fifty years ago he installed the Sisters there. That should be enough for them!"

"It should be, in justice; but it appears the establishment was never authorized."

"And so it is necessary," cried the Count, impatiently, "so it is necessary to have a special government position to teach the alphabet to children of six and eight years; and we call ourselves a free people. Bahl!"

"Alas! That is the law."

"And how dreadful it will be for the poor Sisters," said the Countess. "For thirty years Sister Mary of the Angels has been with us; she came here directly from the Novitiate, and here she has remained ever since. She has poured out the fullness of her pure, good life for us—she has brought up all the women of the vil-

lage. There is no one who has not, in some way, at some time, known her kindly care. They all adore her, even the vagabonds, with whom you, *M. le Cure*, can do nothing."

"It is true; it is all true," replied the priest, sadly. "But, at the same time, it counts for nothing. Religious are back numbers—they are no longer wanted."

"How ignoble, how base, thus to make war on women!" exclaimed the Count. "Oh, the cowards!"

"I have just come from the school," continued the *Cure*; "the children were all there, awaiting the news, and when I gave them the final decision, there was a dreadful scene."

"Poor little creatures; what are you going to do with them?"

"What can I do?" To-morrow the Sisters leave; the next day, as we have no teacher, nor prospect of any, the children will have to go to the public school. You know it is under the direction of a Protestant, a divorced woman at that. What will become of the faith of these little ones? In that insidious fashion, well known to those who have seen its workings, the breach will gradually be made; they will lose first their piety, then their modesty, and, finally, becoming emancipated, as they term it, our simple, candid children will be changed into 'new women' to become our future mothers of families."

"But, can you do nothing, *M. le Cure*?" asked the Countess. "Their early teachings cannot so soon be forgotten. The good counsels of the Sisters will not be wholly eradicated."

"Not for a while, perhaps; but, the minds of children are very impressionable. They will still attend the Sunday Catechism Class, no doubt; but it is the silent influence, the subtle atmosphere of so-called liberalism, that I dread for those poor children."

After this no word was spoken until the clear voice of Elaine broke the stillness.

"But why, *M. le Cure*," she inquired, "do you not re-open the school with a Catholic teacher? That would not be forbidden, surely."

"Alas! Mademoiselle, I had foreseen the necessity long ago, and have been on the lookout for months. I have knocked at every available door, but have found no one."

"You have not looked far enough."

"You would be surprised if I were to tell you how far, Mademoiselle."

"Or, near enough, perhaps."

"There is no one in the neighborhood. There never has been."

"There is some one whom you have overlooked."

"You know of some one, Mademoiselle? Tell me who it is, that I may go to her at once."

"She is here—before you."

"You, Mademoiselle?"

"I, M. le Cure."

The Count and Countess looked at each other. There was surprise but no displeasure in their glance. Seeing that there was to be no opposition, the next difficulty presented itself at once to the *Cure's* mind.

"But a certificate is necessary, Mademoiselle—a diploma."

"I have one; indeed, I have two."

"But why did you do this, Mademoiselle?"

"I scarcely know; I love study. I wanted to show them that a convent girl need not fall behind in their boasted examinations. The Superior thought it a good idea; mamma gave her consent, and here I am, ready to engage in my duties, if you will accept me."

"You are good and brave, Elaine," said the Countess; but have you reflected that one should assume such a task only after due deliberation? It is onerous and confining. With it you will take upon yourself responsibilities which you cannot lay down without being false to your present ideals."

"I know all that, mamma."

"Think of the disagreeable features, my child. It is bad enough when one has only refined, intelligent pupils; but these village children!"

"Who knows them better than I mamma? I love them, and they love me. At least allow me to try. As it is, I have so little to occupy my time."

"And what if I should refuse my permission, Elaine?" said the Count, scarcely able to hide his emotion.

"But you will not, papa. You are a Pierrefeu. In other days our fathers fought for Church and King. To-day it is not given us to take up arms in a cause as worthy as ever appealed to the chivalry of France. But such an opportunity as this we can profit by if we will. We are every whit as Catholic, as staunch in the faith and as true to the right as were our brave ancestors. You will not say no, papa; I am sure you will not. Once the Pierrefeues founded this school with their money; to-day their labor is needed. Am I not right?"

"Yes, you are right," said the Count. "I am proud of you, Elaine. Come and kiss me."

Elaine may still be seen daily in the midst of her pupils, who obey and adore her. Her case is not an isolated one. Other instances of self-sacrifice and devotion in this righteous cause might be related. And while they exist, who shall say there is no longer hope for France?

In the Philippines.

FOR several months we have abstained from comment on Philippine matters, though we have carefully watched the course of events, and especially the attitude toward the Friar question, of our Catholic journals. Apart from a few notorious sheets that we shall leave unnamed (remarking, in passing, that to them the New York *Freeman's Journal* regularly administers just punishment in Father Lambert's admirable style), our Catholic weeklies have been staunch and loyal in their battle for the persecuted and slandered Friars. Our immediate neighbors, *The Monitor* and *The Leader*, of San Francisco, have been as earnest and ardent as Father Lambert in their defence of Catholic interests in the Philippines, in their exposure of falsehood and calumny, especially when fathered by "prudent" Catholics who have ever before their eyes the political obligations begotten of their political positions, to which, according to their peculiar ethics, the rights of the Friars, the rights of millions of Catholic Filipinos, the guaranties of the Paris treaty, the honor of the American people, the spirit of our real national life, the pledge of our future national welfare, would seem to be as nothing.

That Catholic editors have protested against a policy inimical to the welfare of the Church in the Philippines, against a policy inimical to the welfare of our country if we are to maintain the Declaration of Independence and the spirit and the reality of republican institutions, merely proves their loyalty to God and fatherland. With equal courage and foresight, many of the best and the purest and the most gifted men of the nation, non-Catholics, representing high ideals in honorable professions, in statesmanship, deserving well of the people, because of their patriotic services, have likewise protested. Conspicuous for cleanness and for integrity, various journals of the United States, bowing not the knee to the Baal of expediency, or of mere partisanship, have been insistent and consistent in their efforts in behalf of the Filipinos. Catholics, therefore, need not fear that their Americanism or their loyalty may be justly questioned, in company so notable, when they demand that the God-given rights of their Filipino brethren in the Faith be not further jeopardized.

As illustrating the righteous spirit of true Americans, as manifesting the anti-Catholic purpose underlying, with many, the unhappy work now going on in the Philippines, we quote from the July number of *Brann's Iconoclast* the following:

In 1898, when the imperial craze first swept like a withering simoon over the land, leaving in its wide wake the splendid wreck of

American ideals, the mutilated constitution, the rent and ruined Declaration of Independence, the mangled form of Freedom, and the blood stained flag of stars, I was shocked, hurt and horrified to hear the cry of "blood! blood!" that arose from the lips of Protestant clergy—lips supposed to be anointed to preach the everlasting gospel of "peace and good will to men."

Of course there were exceptions, but of these only a few had the courage to raise their voices in protest against the assassins of Liberty, and nearly all who did have since been silenced.

The crimson crime, which first shocked the calloused soul of Chauncey Depew, and caused the hardened heart of Hanna to rise in revolt, failed to effect the rank and file of Protestant preachers. It will be remembered that in the beginning both Depew and Hanna vehemently opposed the forcible acquisition of the Philippine Islands. But the leading ministers of Protestantism first condoned, then approved and finally accepted the despotic and damnable departure from right principles, as the will of God.

At first I was at a loss to account for the unfeigned joy that filled the hearts of the Hensons, Abbots and Bishop Taburn's, whenever they caught a glimpse of the gleaming blood-red tooth of war clinched upon the white throat of Liberty in South Africa, or saw the dogs of carnage gagged with the quivering hearts of Filipino women and children. The thing is no longer a mystery. From reading the *Baptist Standard*, *The Interior*, *The Christian Advocate*, and other so-called religious organs, I learn that while it is monstrous for a thug to murder a man in a brawl, it is a holy thing to kill our brothers—by wholesale. I am informed by these oracles of God that when weak people like the Boers and Filipinos strike for liberty and independence, they forfeit their right to exist, and that it is God's will for Christian nations to slaughter them in cold blood and take forcible possession of their country, tear their beautiful flag from the sky and trample it and their bleeding hearts in the dust.

I want to say in reply to these lying oracles, that the god they worship is not Jehovah, but a miserable effigy of the dark ages, a cruel creation of ignorance and superstition, a veritable monster whose dark deeds would disgrace the devil, whose vile presence would contaminate the lowest strata of perdition. I would rather simmer in hell a billion years than take off my hat to such a god, much less bend the knee. Every man in whose heart glows a spark of humanity will be either driven to infidelity by such doctrine, or into open rebellion against such a god.

Why do a majority of Protestant clergy favor the imperial regime? For the simple reason that they foolishly and wickedly imagine that it means greater fields for Protestant missions. Prof. Schurman, of Cornell, McKinley's chairman of the first Philippine commission, was imbued with the same idiotic idea. In his lecture on the Philippine Islands, Schurman admits that "90 per cent. of the civilized inhabitants—about 6,000,000—are Catholics." He adds that "nearly all can read and write and that many are highly educated." Yet he urges Protestant churches to rush missionaries to the islands, and take advantage of demoralized conditions to convert—not the Ngritoes and savage subjects of the Sultan of Sulu—but intelligent

Catholics, whose ancestors were building colleges and universities before Yale and Harvard were founded. Others of the same ilk look upon Porto Rico and Cuba as inviting fields for such work, and many missionaries have been dispatched thither.

If these deluded, over-zealous people desire to make infidels and agnostics of the intelligent Catholics of Cuba and the Philippines, they may succeed beyond their fondest dreams. But if they hope to convert them to Protestantism, they are doomed to disappointment and ignominious failure.

I know that it is next to impossible for a Protestant to place himself in the attitude where he can view the matter from the standpoint of an intelligent Catholic. Being neither Catholic nor Protestant—just a plain every day sinner—I am able to approach these questions without prejudice and write down the simple truth without the slightest desire to offend or please either party.

Protestant zealots who desire to convert Catholics to Protestantism should be plainly told that is almost, if not quite impossible, for an intelligent Catholic to become a good Protestant. The reason is plain:

If he cannot believe in the root and stock of the tree, how can he believe in its branches?

If he cannot believe that the oldest church in the world is the true church, how can he accept the later inventions of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, or Dowie, as the church of God?

When convinced that the authority vested in the oldest church is not binding, how can he submit to the decrees of conference, council, and conclave of warring Protestantism?

Once convinced that the rules of faith laid down by the councils of his church are erroneous, and the Pope's interpretation of Scripture false, how are you to make him accept the interpretation, or abide by the rules of faith and practice laid down by Tom, Dick and Harry?

Impossible!

The upright, honest, educated Catholic must either remain true to his faith or become an agnostic. For him there is no refuge in Protestantism, no middle ground between Catholicism and infidelity. Therefore, the inevitable effect of Protestant missions in the Philippines will be to make agnostics and infidels of a people who now believe in God and in His Christ.

I have known several reformed priests who wrote books, delivered lectures, and endeavored to "expose Romanism" in every possible way, but I have never known one who could be trusted, or that possessed a single spark of honor.

Protestant missionaries in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines will appeal to the Chiniquys, Seguins, and Slatterys, but the sacrifice of the blood baptized ideals of the Republic is a frightful price to pay for such cattle. The better class may, as before observed, become infidels, but never Baptists, Presbyterians or Methodists. If infidels are doomed to be damned, as these self-same missionaries tell us, then it is high time for them to cease their manufactures.

To these sterling words, and we could more freely quote, introducing even more vigorous expressions, we shall add from *The Com-*

moner of August 14, a few excerpts, which the editor set forth under the heading "Misinterpreting Providence:"

A reader of *The Commoner* has sent us a pamphlet printed by the Missionary Society of one of the Protestant churches which sets forth a doctrine that is as un-Christian as it is un-American.

The pamphlet describes the conversion of a Filipino some sixteen years ago and the evangelistic work of his son, and concludes as follows:

"Is this not an evidence that God was preparing a man to preach the truth as soon as political and religious liberty was given to the Philippine Islands, and a new evidence that God is using the wars of our times for the evangelization of the nations?"

The person who forwarded the pamphlet takes exception to *The Commoner's* position on imperialism and declares his belief in the doctrine that God uses the thirteen-inch gun to spread his Gospel, and no one can read the pamphlet without feeling that the writer of it is a believer in the doctrine that wars can be justified as a means of extending the Christian religion. Not only that, but the pamphlet shows that the main work of this Protestant preacher is to convert Filipinos from Catholicism to Protestantism. Americans being believers in religious liberty, recognize and defend the right of a Catholic to convert a Protestant to his faith and the right of a Protestant to convert a Catholic to his faith, but to justify a war on the ground that it is a divinely-appointed means which enables one part of the Christian church, or to enable any part of the Christian church, to proselyte among unbelievers, is totally at variance with our theory of government and our ideas of religion. Some have vaguely hinted that our Philippine policy can be defended as a missionary policy, but so far as the editor of *The Commoner* knows, this is the first written argument prepared for circulation which attempts to justify imperialism on the ground that it is a divinely-appointed system.

It certainly does injustice to the members of the great Protestant denomination responsible for the pamphlet, for the members of its church have given as conclusive proof, as the members of any other church, that they believe in the power of the Christian religion to propagate itself by appeals to the heart. The very fact that one of the Filipino missionaries described in the pamphlet was converted sixteen years ago, is evidence that even under Spanish rule it was possible for the Protestant religion to make a convert. The fact that the convert was banished not only did not injure his cause, but really gave it prominence. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," is an old saying and its truth has been shown many and many a time. Persecution never destroys an idea. The very fact that a man is willing, if necessary, to die for an idea is the most potent argument that can be made in defense of that idea.

The pamphlet assumes that American rule in the Philippine islands is necessary to religious liberty. For it says: "During the year 1898 in the provision of God for the religious liberty of the Philippine people, three events occurred: (1) Paulino Zamora returned to Manila; (2) Nicholas Zamora; his son, graduated with honors for the priesthood from a Roman Catholic college, and (3) the American flag floated over Manila."

It is a gratuitous assumption to say that American rule in the Philippines is necessary to religious liberty. If any reader of *The Commoner* doubts that religious liberty is possible under a Philippine republic, let him visit Mexico, a Catholic country, and he will find that the Mexicans, without the aid of any outside influence, have secured and are enjoying absolute religious freedom. Protestant churches can be found in Mexico; while they are not numerous and while they are not large in membership, they enjoy all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the Catholic church or any other church, and the Protestant missionaries who go to Mexico are just as free to preach their doctrines in Mexico as a Catholic priest is to present his views and the beliefs of his church to Protestants in the United States. The same can be said of Cuba, which is also a Catholic country.

The doctrine that "God is using the wars of our times for the evangelization of the nations" is not only an assumption, but it is an exceedingly dangerous doctrine. If those who believe in the Protestant form of the Christian faith have the right to wage war against a Catholic country for a religious purpose, then the people of a Catholic country have a right to wage war against a Protestant nation for a religious purpose. Who will defend such a barbarous doctrine? If the United States can justify the subjugation of a Catholic country for a religious purpose, then is there not danger that people who apply that doctrine to our nation's dealing with other nations, may apply the same doctrine in the United States, and attempt to justify the forcing of one form of religion upon those of another denomination or religion?

Christ's gospel was a gospel of peace. While its introduction creates a contest between the Christian ideals and the ideals of Mammon, it does not justify the use of force in the propagation of that gospel. If there is not something in the heart to which the religion of Christ can successfully appeal, there is certainly no way in which it can be introduced into man by a surgical operation.

A line must be drawn, and it is a distinct line, between the utilization of an existing condition and the creation of that condition. No one would attempt to justify the burning of a town, and yet after the town is burned, people accepting the situation, may take advantage of the burning to improve the town in a way that they might not have been able to do before the fire. Instances have been known where a disastrous season has turned attention to new crops that have proved greatly beneficial to the people of that section, and yet no one should justify the sending of a drouth or a flood in the hope that good might come out of it. So with wars. It is proper to make the most of the condition which follows a war, and yet no one could afford to assume responsibility for a war in the hope of producing the condition. It is proper for the representatives of all branches of the Christian church to present their ideas and to give expression to their beliefs, but no one can justify a colonial policy on the ground that it may be utilized to advance any form of religion.

Those who attempt to interpret Providence often make the mistake of considering the good that comes out of the evil, without considering the good that might have been done without the evil. In order to make a fair comparison, one must understand what can be done peacefully as well as what is done violently. It is impossible to

see both what has been done and what might have been done, and, therefore, comparison is difficult. The only sound method of argument is to reason from the individual to the collection of individuals. We can understand a thing when we see it emphasized in an individual better than when we attempt to look at it as exemplified in a nation. If an individual went about with a club beating people and bruising them and commanding them to live in a certain way, inspiring not love, but terror, we would describe him as a bully and as a braggart. If he acted thus merely because he found pleasure in it, we would condemn his disposition, but if he made money out of his brutality we would call him a robber. No pretense that he was benevolently inclined or that he was only exacting a reasonable compensation for the good that he was doing, would palliate his crimes. If he did this in the name of Christianity we would accuse him of adding hypocrisy to his other sins. But when a nation acts upon the principle of a bully or a highwayman it is sometimes applauded as a world power by those who desire to exercise the power. Sometimes the action is applauded as Providential if a grain of good can be found in a bushel of evil.

We have no difficulty in contrasting the example of an upright man with the example of an evil doer. We recognize the virtues of the man, we recognize the good influence which he exerts upon his community, and we know that the benefits flowing from such a life go on increasing with each new generation forever. Can we doubt that a nation which applies its measure of individual worth to its national greatness does more good than a nation which risks the corruption of its individual ideals by brutalizing its national purpose?

Imperialism strikes at the principles of our religion as well as at the principles of our government. Love, not force, is the foundation of our religion—love that sacrifices and persuades, not that robust selfishness which boasts of its brute force or hides its mailed hand in the glove of benevolent assimilation. Our missionary societies should study the gospel of the Prince of Peace.

To the utterances of these journals, against whose editors no charge can be brought of lack of loyalty to American principles, or of undue sympathy with the Catholic Church, for they are men above suspicion on either head, we could subjoin other emphatic newspaper declarations, but we believe that an embarrassment of riches should be avoided. Despite the policy of suppression followed by the great bulk of the American press, light is shining—it is penetrating the darkness. The people want to know the truth, and the truth is gradually being revealed.

Impending changes in regard to the governorship of the Philippines have suggested the probability of a change in the manner of dealing with the Friars and the Catholic interests imperilled by their absence from their parishes. The advent of the four recently consecrated American prelates who will soon take possession of their Philippine Sees will also be an important step in the way of settling difficulties. Thus we may hope that brighter days are about to dawn on a sorely tried people.

The so-called Federal Party in the Philippines, composed of noisy demagogues who would be as false to the United States as they were to Spain and as they are to the Church, received encouragement and even reward from the Commission, whose head is the Governor of the Philippines. *The Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, published in its issue of August 1, a detailed indictment on this point, furnishing a bill of particulars showing forth the true situation of Philippine affairs in so far as the Church is specially interested.

Despite the solemn declarations of the Catholic Filipinos, men and women, who have spoken through their accredited representatives, in condemnation of the schismatical followers of Aglipay, and of the secret societies whose members are enemies of all government, American bigots still continue to spread untruth, using, in their unholy work, unfortunate Filipino renegades, who malign the Friars, whose return to their parishes the faithful of the Islands ardently desire. The latest development of the campaign of lies was witnessed in Chicago when a young Filipino woman addressed a meeting of Christian Endeavorers, Baptists and Congregationalists, to whom she presented the old, groundless, exploded charges against the Friars. Her discourse was a tissue of venomous untruths. Fortunately *The New World* of Chicago exposed her character and refuted the various calumnies to which a Chicago daily had given special prominence. Re-publishing *The New World's* excellent article, *The Irish World* gave, as it steadily does, the influence of its great circulation to the service of truth.

Adverting to the good work accomplished by those journals, we desire to extend their influence by commending to our friends the sources whence they may derive that full and detailed information which the limitations of our periodical do not permit us to supply. They will then understand the campaign that has been fought against the powers whose cry, "The Friars must go," has been silenced, and, we think, finally.

Soul, Seek Thou the Stars.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

Soul, seek thou the stars! Learn from
every pool
To find in deeps of night the beautiful;
And from the dewdrop learn with mod-
est grace
To drink the sunrise from the palms of
space!

Soul, seek thou the June! Learn from
every flower
To gather up the sweetness of the hour;
Make thou thy mind a fragrant garden
close,
And every thought of loveliness a rose.

Soul, search thou for Song! Find in
silent vales
The choral shelter of the nightingales;
And trace by every sound of field and
wood,
The soul of Music to its solitude!

Soul search thou for God! Find Him
in each heart.
And find Him in all nature and all art;
Trace thou His steps through realms of
life and death.
And find Him hiding in each mortal
breath!

	Some Recent Books a n d M u s i c	
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A PARISH OF TWO is the title of a story of love and sin and quasi repentance told in the unusual form of letters, the correspondence of two men, Henry Goelet McVicar figuring as Douglas Dayton, and a well-known New York Protestant clergyman, under the name of Percy Collins, standing for the parson, Percy Dashiell.

The volume abounds in clever sayings, though dull pages, some marred by a disgusting grossness of thought and expression, are not wanting, and to mature readers may prove an instructive pastime. Aside from the usual moral of such tales—the punishment of sin in shame—we observed two lessons that it emphasizes, namely, that the average Protestant minister has no belief in the Sacrament of matrimony, and that confessional secrecy cannot be expected of men on whose work, despite their assumption of the title of priest, no priestly blessing rests, because no sacramental guaranty is theirs. These lessons the clerical correspondent may not have intended; but in such a supposition his stupidity, not to use stronger terms, is the more marked, for we do not wish to accuse him of open betrayal of the secrets confided to him by his parish of two.

The Lothrop Company of Boston have published the book in attractive style.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, publishes in dainty form a compilation of choice expressions of holy persons on the necessity of praying for the souls in Purgatory. These consoling quotations are arranged for each day in the year, a blank page being left upon which to write the name of the departed person, under its appropriate date. Florence Ratcliffe, the compiler of this daily reminder of the dead, has given it the title NE OBLIVISCARIS. According to Saint Francis de Sales, whom the author quotes freely, "Charity towards the souls in Purgatory includes all the works of mercy in one." And that the holy souls reciprocate our charity there can be no doubt, for, as Cardinal Bellarmine exclaims, "Why should not those souls pray for us who have so often invoked our prayers?"

Under the title of A ROYAL SON AND MOTHER, the Baroness Pauline Von Hügel spiritedly describes the events that changed the career of Prince Demetrius Gallitzin from one of possible worldly brilliancy in Europe to that of an obscure missionary priest in the wilds of America. The noble lives of Father Gallitzin and his

mother, Princess Amelia Gallitzin, furnish rare examples of virtuous self-sacrifice.

The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, has published this interesting volume, with a frontispiece portrait of Father Gallitzin.

KARMA, A STORY OF BUDDHIST ETHICS, by PAUL CARUS, an interesting tale of ancient India, is an ingenious application of the Golden Rule, which is older than Buddhistic philosophy itself. The several incidents related practically illustrate the temporal advantages derived from "doing unto others what one would have done unto himself." The re-incarnation of Karma of Buddhistic lore seems to have ceased with the twentieth century; for, according to the ethics of modernity, the theory and practice has gained favor—help yourself to your neighbor's goods, honor and reputation, but be sure that your neighbor can not "get back" at you.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, have handsomely reproduced the drawings of Kwason Suzuki, which are characteristically oriental in design and appropriately embellish the text.

GATHERED MOSS is not an inappropriate title for the cluster of happy thoughts that Mary Allegra Gallagher has set forth in her latest collection of verses. Among the tributes to each season and its symbolical flower none speak so eloquently of Christian faith in eternal life as "The Easter Lily:"

The lily opens with the day,
I do believe I hear it sing,
This pretty seeming voiceless thing
Has tone, I vow, as rich, as gay
As any chime that chanced my way.
You failing quite to hear its ring,
Accuse me of imagining

So dear and true a roun-de-lay!
To doubt my ear I might as well
Mistrust my good and faithful sight—
I have it. 'Tis loved Gabriel
At practice on his trumpet bright,
It holds his breath as a white shell
Doth murmurings of the ocean's might.

This dainty booklet of verse may be obtained from the Fort Hill Press, Boston.

THE LIFE OF SAINT RITA OF CASCIA has been published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Translated from the Italian by the Very Reverend Richard Connolly, O. S. A., the biography of this Saint, who lived in the fifteenth century, contains much to excite wonder and admiration.

Distinguished for piety from childhood, Saint Rita exhibited during the seventy-six years of her existence a marvelous patience under sufferings of a most trying character. Her spiritual victories won for her the title of "Saint of the Impossible"—"the jewel of the Umbrian province"—as she was styled by Leo the Thirteenth, on April 8, 1900—the occasion of the publication of the solemn decrees in approval of the miracles wrought by Saint Rita.

THE ALTAR BOY'S OWN BOOK, published by the Art and Book Co., London, is a handsomely illustrated volume, especially adapted to the purpose that its author—the Reverend E. M. Smith, had in view—the stimulation of devout practices in those who in early youth, have been privileged to serve in the Sanctuary. The duties of the altar boy while in attendance upon the priest during the solemn rites of religion, while at home, and after he has grown to manhood, are attractively and convincingly presented. The book contains exercises of devotion to Saint Joseph, our Lady, the guardian angel and patron saint, each illustrated by biblical narratives of peculiar interest to young people. The lessons contained in this praiseworthy work may be studied with profit by those who are not members of a sanctuary society. Benziger Brothers, New York, are the American agents.

KENT FORT MANOR, by William H. Babcock, is a story of the time of the Civil War, though not a historical romance. Aside from the work done by the publishers, the volume has little to recommend it. The plot, or rather want of plot, the style, the characters, all weary the reader who charitably wishes for the author an occasional spark of magnetism. The book is published by Henry T. Coates & Co., of Philadelphia, who are to be complimented on all that goes to make the volume attractive. Binding, paper, print and illustrations are all that could be desired.

Mr. John Lane, the Bodley Head, London and New York, has brought out, in excellent style, a work which he dedicates to the unknown author, and which he introduces to his readers by a graceful foreword which may be regarded as an earnest effort to find the writer of THE MS. IN A RED BOX, which came to the publisher anonymously. The story is of the early part of the seventeenth century, the place is Lincolnshire, and the narrative is full of life and color, incidents of adventure, daring and courage abounding, while the roseate hue of a love tale, prettily told, sheds a soft radiance over scenes of conflict and rudeness.

Among the volumes issued on the occasion of the recent Emerson Centenary, one deserving special mention is the new edition of John Albee's REMEMBRANCES OF EMERSON, which the enterprising young publisher, Mr. Robert Grier Cooke of New York, has introduced in becoming dress.

Father Charles Coppens, S. J., has done a good service to the cause of Catholic education by compiling A SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION, which is an excellent text book for students as well as an agreeable manual for general readers who desire to know the teachings of the Church.

B. Herder of Saint Louis publishes this volume in good style and at a moderate charge.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have published a story brimful of fun, with appropriate and well executed illustrations, under the title of IN HAPPY HOLLOW, the work of that genial writer "Max Adeler," Charles Heber Clark. "Colonel Bantam" will furnish many a laugh to those who will listen to his pompous speeches, while recalling his warlike performances, and witnessing his conjugal devotion. And there are other characters who generously contribute to the reader's amusement.

To the taste and skill of Mr. Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston, we have already referred. The latest of his publications, which we have received are (1) THE DANCERS AND OTHER LEGENDS AND LYRICS, by Edith M. Thomas; (2) A FIELD OF FOLK, by Isabella Howe Fiske; (3) INDIAN SUMMER AND OTHER POEMS, by James Courtney Challiss; (4) YOUNG IVY ON OLD WALLS—A BOOK OF VERSE, by H. Arthur Powell, slender volumes of rhymes and verses touching many a chord, and (5) THE MOTHERS by Edward F. Hayward, an odd conceit cast in dialogue and quasi dramatic form, in which the qualities of a good mother are set forth.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE SHEWED TO MOTHER JULIANA OF NORWICH, 1373, with a preface by the Reverend George Tyrrell, S. J., has been received from Kegan Paul, French, Trubner & Co., London, through Benziger Brothers, New York. Written in the English of the period in which Mother Juliana lived, but containing a glossary explaining terms which readers of to-day would find difficult to understand, these revelations are a rare treat. They prove how a soul entirely devoted to our Lord was more than repaid even in this world, by many special consolations from Him for Whom her heart yearned. The publishers deserve commendation for the general appearance of this little volume.

THE HARMONY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE, by Father Herman J. Heuser, of the Overbrook Seminary, is a book unique in design, that should prove both interesting and profitable to all Religious, but particularly to those who are teachers. The work is based on the principles of musical technic and all that tends to produce harmony in the divine art.

The author, if we would judge from this production, is a musician as well as a writer, and his comparisons between harmony in the religious life and harmony musically considered are aptly drawn. He compares the religious life to "a harp of which the individual members are the strings, or to an organ of which they represent the separate keys, which are touched by the Divine Hand, so that they may give forth the sweet harmony of heavenly music, according to the will of God, Who is the Master Artist controlling the instrument." Then the different parts of the organ are used as illustrations of different characteristics in the life of the Religious. Timing, intervals, scales, etudes and many other musical terms are accurately defined and used as similes.

Under the section of "Scales" he says: "The octave begins with C and ends with C. The Charity of the Christian and the Charity of the Religious are the two terms of its whole extent. Between these two, the first C and the octave C there lie a number of virtues leading us by successive steps from natural or Common Charity to Christ-like Charity. S. Paul enumerates the various qualities of true Charity. His words sound like touches upon the strings of a harp which he holds close to his bosom; one after another he strikes the chords, lingering over the sounds as though they issued from his heart rather than from the instrument."

Then follows S. Paul's beautiful eulogy of Charity. In this strain the work proceeds. We could quote page after page, but that would be to detract from our readers' enjoyment of the book as a whole. In the use of musical terms we note one inaccuracy, the use of the terms *forte* and *piano* under the heading of "Tempo." These belong properly to Dynamics.

The publishers, Benziger Brothers of New York, have done their part well.

Charles Warren Stoddard is always delightful, and FOR THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY the reader will forgive any blemishes which may be found in the story of this name.

In construction the tale is simple and unmethodical. The words of its hero, Paul Clitheroe, give the keynote of its purpose: "It would be a history or a fragment of a history, a glimpse of life at any rate, and that is as much as we ever get of the lives of those around us. * * *

It's a narrow gauge, single-track story, but it runs through a delightful bit of country, and if my reader wants to look out of my windows and see things as I see them and find out how they influence me, he is welcome; if he doesn't he may get off at the very next station and change cars for elsewhere."

The reader will not care to change cars for elsewhere, for the personal element is strong throughout this chronicle of a weak, lovable hero, and his myriad inconsistencies. The color of the tale is the glaring but never dubious one of Bohemia.

Points of interest in The "Misty City" are localized in Stoddard's fine English, for the enjoyment of the San Franciscan. In his own inimitable way, the author gives friendly introductions to absurd men and women with intellectual tastes and trivial, earthly aims. There are clever conversations, dirty bits of philosophy, and here and there strange stories of real life intermingled with the unreal and dreamful experiences of a human-hearted poet. But—"What is left." Dust and ash and a Tale or not even a tale?—only the remembrance of an unsatisfying hour with the most winning, most lovable of California's literary personalities — Charles Warren Stoddard.

Once more we thank Mr. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, the publisher, because once more he has shown himself to be a lover of good books, in the production of which he finds rare pleasure.

We earnestly recommend to all young men studying for the priesthood (and to the general reader appreciative of such works), a recent publication of Benziger Brothers, New York, namely, *ON THE PRIESTHOOD—A TREATISE IN SIX BOOKS*, by S. John Chrysostom; translated into English by Father Patrick Boyle, C. M.

A short sketch of the great bishop and orator prefaces the volume. Father Boyle deserves hearty thanks for making accessible to the reader of English not acquainted with Greek these admirable treatises of the Holy Father, whose eloquence gained for him the glorious title of Chrysostom, the Mouth of Gold.

The career of SAINT EDMUND, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, as sketched by his contemporaries in the days of Catholic fervor in England, presents many pleasing features. In illustration of the thoroughly English character of Saint Edmund, the compiler of the present Life—Mgsr. Bernard Ward—has allowed the ancient Latin chronicles to retain their simple quaintness of phraseology in his translation. Of unique interest, therefore, are these sources of informa-

tion concerning this great Christian teacher, whose literary labors at Oxford won for him the title "Angel of the Schools," and secured for the body of teaching Friars a cordial reception at the University. As a preacher, missionary and saintly bishop, Saint Edmund's sphere of influence was widely extended.

Varied scenes in Abingdon, Paris, Oxford, Salisbury, Canterbury and Pontigny, hallowed by his untiring labors, are reproduced in numerous and rich illustration, greatly enhancing the local application of the text.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, has published the book in excellent style.

Music.

The well-known music publishing firm of Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y., has just issued a very fine sacred duet, "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS," for soprano and contralto or tenor and baritone, by H. W. Ruffner. The movement is andante pastorale, beginning with a beautiful contralto or baritone recitative, over harp-like arpeggio chords for accompaniment. The solos for the two voices are very good, and in the duet proper the two parts are so entirely different that the harmony is lovely. This would be a fine number for a Christmas entertainment, or for church purposes where the choir uses the English text. "CHRISTMAS CAROL," the Grace Collection, by various authors, is a small pamphlet at the insignificant rate of five cents per copy, contains several Christmas songs, suitable for Sunday-school choirs. All the hymns are within easy-singing compass for children; are melodious and attractive in the extreme. Some are of the vigorous, welcoming type, as the "KING OF KINGS," and others in the dreamy, prayerful nocturne style. All are very good; the kind that children like to sing.

J. Fischer & Bro., N. Y., have sent us "THE GATE OF LIFE" (The Pilgrim's Prayer), in two keys, a sacred song of infinite tenderness and sweetness. The words are full of faith and tranquility, which rolling on with the melodious, flowing musical phrases, at last reach a satisfying climax in word and musical expression. "SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE," Op. 21, a concert Polka, Grade 3, for piano, by Philip Povska. This is a delightful velocity study. The rhythm is well accentuated in spite of the light lace-work of scales and arpeggio which covers the entire piece, through which a charming melody dominates all.

We have received from the Boston Music Co., Boston, the following two songs by G. Waring Stebbins: (1) "THE FOUR SEASONS," (with cello obligato, ad lib.), words by Austin Dobson (for soprano or tenor in C, mezzo-soprano or baritone in B-flat, alto or

bass in G). There is a merry lilt to the rhythm of the song in describing the youthful Spring. With the advent of Autumn the refrain becomes more subdued and staid. Winter is depicted in the repetition of the first melody, sung with much slower tempo and covered voice. (2) "THE NOISETTE," in two keys; a simple, appealing little ballad. Two songs by H. J. Stewart; (1) "AWAKE, DEAR HEART," a beautiful melody in cantabile style over a wide, flowing accompaniment. (2) "OUT IN THE OPEN MEADOW," is a charming, attractive song, well worth instant recognition. The accompaniment is a beautiful composition in itself, and neither voice nor accompaniment are difficult. Two songs by Clayton Johns, "SUR LE CHEMIN" (ON THE ROAD) in two keys. The poem is by Beranger, translated by Geo. M. Osgood; a sprightly French chansonette, full of pleasing nuances, and bubbling with life. (2) "ROSES MORTES" (WITHERED ROSES), soprano or tenor in E Minor, mezzo-soprano or baritone in D Minor. The text is from Swinburn's Chastelard. It is a melancholy song, full of a depressed mood. "OH! THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING," by Ethelbert Nevin, is a lovely song that can always be recommended.

"SONG OF THE SWORD," bass aria from "TOFANA," a comic opera, by H. Clough Leichter; a magnificent song of great breadth, power and scope. Requires a finely trained bass voice, one full of vivid color, to which must be added a rich, warm temperament. The accompaniment is, as all Mr. Leichter's songs are, very difficult and masterly. "SOGNANDO" (DREAMING), by Guido A. Rossi, a thoroughly interesting and musical number for three mandolins or violins, guitar and piano, forming a delightful orchestral number. "COUNTRY DANCE," Op. 6, No. 2, by Ethelbert Nevin, arranged from the duet. It is a lively peasant dance, full of the gayety and freedom of such country sports. It forms a good study for staccato touch. "THE BOSTON MUSIC CO. SERIES OF VOCAL QUARTETTES FOR MALE VOICES AND FOR MIXED VOICES. Those for male voices are. "MY DARLING" (A Folk-song), No. 145 of the Series, by Herman Voigt, is most engaging. It is light and graceful in form, with a tripping lilt to the measure. Tenors and basses should become acquainted with it. No. 146, "MY LIONEL" (A Folk-song), by J. B. Zerlett, is equally as good as the above. No. 137, "SNOWS AND SQUALLS," by G. Chabbrier, is in different vein, being of slower tempo and longer mood. It is much more difficult, being partly built in Canon Form, but is most interesting and a good study in part singing. No. 148, "LOVE'S BLESSING," by H. Sickinger, proves to be a most graceful quartette, or chorus in double rhythm. No. 149, "SAINT JOHN OF PATMOS," by G. Bizet, the eminent French composer, is a magnificent piece of four-part singing

unaccompanied. It begins in slow, majestic tones, announcing who is the subject. Later, the key and tempo change, the composition becoming more decided in character. Finally it goes back to the original key and tempo. The Coda consists of a word repeated three times, softly, sadly; the third time with emphasis; the entire last sentence is fortissimo in all voices, leaving a strong, decided impression upon the mind and heart. This beautiful number is intensely dramatic and difficult in the extreme, requiring educated singers, with good voice and ear to render it as it deserves. No. 150, *AWAKE, MY PRETTY DREAMER*, by W. Gericke, is an enthusiastic, sprightly bit of singing, very much alive, and very much awake. No. 151, *SPRING SONG*, by A. E. Little, is a brilliant glee, full of the youth and beauty of the season of which it sings.

No. 152, "THE SWORD OF FERRARA," with piano or orchestral accompaniment, is a robust, determined quartette, full of the spirit of war, and the pride of valor and deeds well done. There is a rousing spirit throughout, which, when well rendered, would make the blood dance in the listener's veins. The Quartettes or Choruses for mixed voices are: No. 6, "LET MEMORIES COME" (a MADRIGAL, a capella), by Edgar A. Little, a very sweet and good number. No. 63, "HAIL TO THE CHIEF"—boat song from Sir Walter Scott's "LADY OF THE LAKE," by Ebenezer Prout. This notable number is in waltz rhythm, strong and broad in phrasing and an altogether noble, vigorous chorus. Orchestral parts may be secured from the publisher. No. 64, "THE WAYSIDE ROSE," by George A. Burdette. A winsome little quartette, dainty and tender, with a piano accompaniment ad libitum. Of the Sacred Series of the Quartettes are: No. 165, "JESUS ONLY," by August Rotoli; solemn and dignified in conception and with many fine modulations. No. 166, "CROSSING THE BAR," poem by Alfred Tennyson set to four-part harmony, by A. E. Little, forms a noble, soulful quartette, solid and satisfying.

"SCENES FROM THE BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES," composed by John Knowles Paine for male chorus, tenor solo and orchestra. (Vocal Score). This musicianly cantata is dedicated to the Harvard Classical Club, of which university Mr. Paine is the honored musical instructor. Orchestra score and parts (in MSS.), also original Greek text, may be obtained from the publisher. This is a thoroughly fine, noble, highly dramatic composition. Every number is fully adapted to the male voice and character. The accompaniment is broad and vigorous, and requires a splendid technique to render it effectively. The tenor voice must have good compass and rare sustaining powers. This cantata should be eagerly recognized by all male singing clubs and societies.

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As the month, by excellence, of our Lady of the Rosary, October invites and encourages the liveliest devotion among the clients of the Beads. The spirit of the great Leo still breathes, his voice is still heard in the words of S. Bernard, imploring all who are in danger, in distress, in doubt, to think of Mary and to call upon her, who is the Star of the Sea shining benignly on its troubled waves.

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From the *Washington Post*, August 17, we gladly reprint the following:

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., August 16.—President Roosevelt delivered the principal address at the quarterly meeting of the Society of the Holy Name, of Brooklyn and Long Island, held here to-day. Decency of speech and conduct constituted the theme of his address, which was enthusiastically applauded by an audience of more than 4,000 persons, chiefly men.

During the afternoon special trains brought hundreds of members of the Society to Oyster Bay from Brooklyn and Western Long Island. Threatening weather kept many away. Although a light rain fell during the exercises, the crowd remained banked about the flag-decked stand on a beautiful hill opposite S. Dominic's Catholic Church.

As President Roosevelt drove up to the stand in a closed carriage, accompanied by Captain W. H. Brownson, superintendent of the Naval Academy, Secretary Barnes, and a representative of the society, he was accorded an enthusiastic reception, a band the while playing "Hail to the Chief."

After the audience had sung "America," Father Power, Rector of S. Dominic's, introduced the President in a felicitous speech, in which he spoke of the esteem in which Mr. Roosevelt is held by the Catholics of this country.

When President Roosevelt rose to speak he was greeted with cheers, and it was quite a minute before he was able to proceed. His address follows:

"Very Rev. Dean, Reverend Clergy, and you, of the Holy Name Society: I count myself fortunate in having the

chance to say a word to you to-day, and at the outset let me, Father Power, on behalf of my neighbors, your congregation, welcome you here to Oyster Bay. I have a partial right to join in that welcome myself, for it was my good fortune in the days of Father Power's predecessor, Father Belford, to be the first man to put down a small contribution for the erection of the church here.

"I am particularly glad to see such a society as this flourishing as your Society has flourished, because the future welfare of our nation depends upon the way in which we can combine in our men—in our young men—decency and strength. Just this morning, when attending service on the great battleship Kearsarge, I listened to a sermon addressed to the officers and enlisted men of the navy, in which the central thought was that each American must be a good man or he could not be a good citizen. And one of the things dwelt upon in that sermon was the fact that a man must be clean of mouth as well as clean of life, must show by his words as well as by his actions his fealty to the Deity and to the Saviour if he was to be what we have a right to expect from men wearing the national uniform.

"We have good Scriptural authority for the statement that it is not what comes into a man's mouth, but what goes out of it, that counts. I am not addressing weaklings, or I should not take the trouble to come here. I am addressing strong, vigorous men who are engaged in the active, hard work of life, and life to be worth living must be a life of active and hard work.

"I am speaking to men engaged in the hard, active work of life, and, therefore, men who will count for good or for evil, and it is peculiarly incumbent upon you who have strength to set a right example to others. I ask you to remember that you cannot retain your self-respect if you are loose and foul of tongue; that a man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable. Every man here knows the temptations that beset all of us in this world. At times any man will slip. I do not expect perfection, but I do expect genuine and sincere effort toward being decent and cleanly in thought, in word, and in deed.

"As I said at the outset, I hail the work of this Society as typifying one of those forces which tend to the betterment and uplifting of our social system. Our whole effort should be toward securing a combination of the strong qualities with those qualities which we term virtues in the breast of every good citizen. I expect you to be strong. I would not respect you if you were not. I do not want to see Christianity professed only by weaklings; I want to see it a moving spirit among men of strength. I do not expect you to lose one particle of your strength or courage by being decent. On the contrary, I should hope to see each man who is a member of this Society, from his membership in it, become all the fitter to do the rough work of the world, all the fitter to work in time of peace, and if, which may Heaven forbid, war should come, all the fitter to fight in time of war.

"I desire to see in this country the decent men strong and the strong men decent, and until we get that combination in pretty good shape we are not going to be by any means as successful as we should be. There is always a tendency among very young men and among boys who are not quite young men as yet to think that to be wicked is rather smart; it shows that they are men. Oh, how often you see some young fellow who boasts that he is going to see life, meaning by that that he is going to see that part of life which it is a thousandfold better if it remains unseen.

"I ask that every man here constitute himself his brother's keeper by setting an example to that younger brother which will prevent him from getting such a false estimate of life as that. Example is the most potent of all things. If any one of you in the presence of younger boys, and especially the younger people of your own family, misbehave yourself; if you use coarse and blasphemous language before them, you can be sure that these younger people will follow your example and not your precept. It is no use to preach to them if you do not act decently yourself. You have got to feel that the most effective way in which you can preach is by your practice.

"Just as I was driving up here a friend who was with us said that in his experience the boy who went out into life with a foul tongue was apt so to go because his kinsfolk, at least his intimate associates, themselves had foul tongues. But while life in the family

cannot do everything, while the associations of friendship cannot do everything, still the friends, the father, the elder brothers can do most toward seeing that the boys as they become men, become clean and honorable men.

"I have told you that I wanted you not only to be decent, but to be strong. These boys are not going to admire virtue that is of a purely anaemic type. They believe in courage, in manliness. They admire those who have the quality of being brave, the quality of facing life as life should be faced, the quality that must stand at the root of good citizenship in peace or in war. If you are to be effective as good Christians, you have got to possess strength and courage or your example will count for little with the young, who admire strength and courage. I want to see you, the men of the Holy Name Society, you who embody the qualities which the younger people admire, by your example give those young people the tendency, the trend, in the right direction; and remember that this example counts in their case as well as cleanliness of speech.

"I want to see every man able to hold his own with the strong, and also ashamed to oppress the weak. I want to see the young fellow able to do a man's work in the world, and of a type which will not permit imposition to be practised upon him. I want to see him too strong of spirit to submit to wrong, and, on the other hand, ashamed to do wrong to others. I want to see each man able to hold his own in the rough work of actual life outside, and also when he is at home, a good man, unselfish when dealing with wife or mother, or children. Remember that the preaching does not count if it is not backed up by practice. There is no good of your preaching to your boys to be brave, if you run away. There is no good of your preaching to them to tell the truth, if you do not. There is no good of your preaching to them to be unselfish, if they see you selfish with your wife, disregarding of others yourself.

"We have a right not only to expect that you will come together in meetings like this; that you will march in procession; that you will join in building up such a great and useful association as this; but we have a right also to expect that in your own homes and among your own associates you will prove by your deeds that yours is not a lip loyalty merely, that you will show in actual practice the faith that is in you.

"Now, friends, that is all I have to say. I have come here merely to greet you and to say how I welcome the work that is being done by this Society. In the last analysis the whole future state depends upon the average citizen having in his nature the mixture of strength and honesty, which make in their sum what we call good citizenship, to the making up of which go many qualities, but three above all.

"In the first place, the quality of honesty. We have got to have that first. I am using it in its broadest sense—honesty; including decency in private life, cleanliness of word, cleanliness of speech as well as of life, decency toward the State, including honesty, which if it is really possessed, stands at the basis of patriotism itself; that is indispensable.

"I see in the audience there a man wearing the button of the Grand Army of the Republic, a man who fought in the great war. In that war the quality needed in the first place was patriotism. I do not care how strong a man was, how brave he was, if he was crooked, if he did not have in him the love of country, then his other qualities made him a curse. The man who had no love of country was a traitor; and if he was strong and able and brave, he was only the more formidable and dangerous a traitor.

"So, in the civil life, the greater a man's ability, if not combined with the moral sense, the more dangerous that man is as a citizen, the worse he is as a citizen. Unless there is a spirit of honesty in a man, unless there is a moral sense, his courage, his strength, his power but make him a dangerous creature in our life, a man, whether from the standpoint of our social or political systems, to be feared and to be hunted down. You need that quality first—the quality of honesty, the moral sense, the quality which in one of its manifestations made patriotism in the years from '61 to '65, and that is not enough.

"In the war you needed to have a man patriotic, but that did not do by itself. I do not care how patriotic a man was, if he ran away he was no good. In addition to patriotism, you must have the power to make that patriotism effective. In addition to honesty, you must have the power to make the honesty count. In other words, together with honesty, with decency, with cleanliness, must go courage, resolution, strength, the power to make yourself felt as a man in the work of the world. You must have

courage and you must have patriotism, and in addition, as I have said again and again, with your courage and with your patriotism must go the saving grace of common sense."

The applause at the conclusion of the President's address was enthusiastic and the cheering continued until he had entered his carriage and been driven away.

Our gratification because of this recognition of the glorious work of the Holy Name Society, one of the special charges of the Dominican Order we gratefully proclaim. That the Chief Magistrate of the Nation lifts his voice in reverence for the Name of God, in protest against blasphemy and indecent speech, in encouragement of the Holy Name Apostolate, is, indeed, reason for thanksgiving and rejoicing.

To the inspiring words of President Roosevelt we add, with great pleasure, an editorial article which appeared in the columns of our good neighbor, *The Monitor* for August 22:

"The presence of a great gathering of the Brooklyn Holy Name Society members in quarterly meeting at Oyster Bay, last Sunday, inspired one of the best public addresses ever delivered by President Roosevelt. The President commended the great work for God and humanity which this excellent Society is silently carrying on, and dilated at length and with much vigor on the necessity of clean speech, that index of clean thought and clean living to the solid and enduring welfare of society. It was an admirable discourse whose keynote was decency, that won the hearty plaudits of the sturdy exemplars of the virtues especially extolled.

The President incidentally recurred to the force of example as the most powerful teacher of good. And force of example is the means used by the Holy Name Society to inculcate respect and veneration for the sacred titles of our Maker and Redeemer, and to spread the influence of purity among mankind. Such an organization could not fail to appeal to a man of Mr. Roosevelt's character; for whatever may be thought of his political principles and policies, there can be no difference of opinion among his fellow citizens with regard to the wholesome qualities of his private and personal life. He is a clean man, morally and socially, and

knows how to appreciate and to appraise cleanness in others.

While there was nothing in the sentiments expressed by the President in his address to the Holy Name Society last Sunday, which the members have not heard expressed and urged many times before, perhaps in even more eloquent terms, by their spiritual leaders, nevertheless the repetition of the same sterling truisms on the lips of a man in Mr. Roosevelt's position, is not without its use. His words have been spread broadcast through the press, and like seeds carried by the winds may fall and germinate in places inaccessible to the direct efforts of the Society itself. Another benefit that attaches to the occasion is the bringing home to many Catholics the glorious crusade of the confraternity addressed. Every Catholic worthy the name should be a living advocate and exemplar of the devout purpose which animates the Holy Name Society, but the utility of organization for the better propagation of this cause where most needed is apt to be more clearly impressed upon the mind by reason of the incident recorded."

Frequently we have commented on the noble work of the Holy Name Society, and as occasion permitted, we have endeavored to arouse active interest in its beautiful crusade among the Catholics of California. That the campaign for the honor of the Name of our Blessed Lord and for purity of speech grows more vigorous in this part of the United States we are pleased to record, and for its co-operation in this apostolate we congratulate and thank *The Monitor*.

Some day, God grant, we shall witness on the shores of the Pacific demonstrations similar to those splendid manifestations of faith and piety which are the frequent expression of Catholic loyalty and zeal on the Eastern seaboard.

Admission Day, September 9, always a time of patriotic rejoicing for Californians, was celebrated this year, at Sonoma, with special fervor. An interesting circumstance, and one highly creditable to the Landmarks League, was the selection of Sonoma as a rendezvous because of the recent purchase

of the Saint Francis Solano Mission ruins, of which a writer in *Sunset Magazine* for September says;

"Although this mission was the last in the chain of missions reaching from Loreto on the south to Sonoma on the north, it is the first to be purchased out of the funds raised by this league. The sum paid was \$5,900, and by this act the mission becomes forever the property of the people of California.

Renovated and cared for, this mission will be one of the attractions of the State to strangers coming here, and will show them that Californians, while alive to the material advantages of their soil and climate, do not neglect those higher spiritual and esthetic considerations that make life less selfish and better worth living. To our own people and their descendants, these missions, preserved from the decay that was fast threatening them, will be a perpetual reminder of the days before American occupation, and the subsequent events which changed the peaceful home of a pastoral people into one of the world's busiest centers of mercantile and agricultural interests."

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Francis of Assisi, Confessor; S. Calixtus, Pope and Martyr; S. Theresa, Virgin; S. Louis Bertrand, Confessor; S. Edward the Confessor. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Simon, Apostle; S. Edwin King; S. Bridget of Sweden, Widow; S. Ursula, Virgin and Martyr; S. Colman, Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Denis, Bishop and Martyr; S. Hedwige, Widow; S. Bruno, Confessor; S. Raphael, Archangel; S. Luke, Evangelist.

The editor of the *New York World* has given \$2,000,000 to Columbia University, New York, for the purpose of establishing a school of journalism. So generous a recognition, by a man who has won his way to fame and fortune, (we do not approve all his methods) of the dignity and power of the press, for which he would endow a college that men may be properly taught,

we must applaud. Let us hope that, the staff of the new institution will include a professor of ethics, as they ought to be applied to journalism, and that one beneficent result of Mr. Pulitzer's plan will be the gradual elimination of the scandalous features so prominent in the conduct of American newspapers, features deplored by all who regard public decency as of greater importance than sensationalism, vulgarity and shameless displays in picture and text, of things that should not so much as be named among Christians.

The following indulgences have been granted in perpetuity by our Holy Father Leo XIII, available during the month of October.

A Plenary Indulgence for all who, on the feast of our Lady of the Rosary, or on any day within the octave, receive the sacraments, recite a third part of the Rosary during the day, visit any church or oratory and there pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A Plenary Indulgence for all who, after the octave of the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, either publicly or privately recite a third part of the Rosary each day for ten days, and who on any one of these days receive the sacraments, visit some church and there pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

An indulgence of seven years and seven Lents on each day of the month during which the faithful, either publicly in some church or privately recite a third part of the Rosary.

It will be of interest, especially to our Eastern readers, and to our foreign subscribers, to read the following items (taken from the September number of the *Sunset Magazine*) illustrating California's wonderful development:

"The largest asparagus farm in the world is located on Bouldin Island, near Stockton, California. It contains 3,000 acres of asparagus in a single bed. On an average 325 carloads of

canned asparagus, valued at \$600,000, are shipped every year, and more than 600 persons are employed."

"Petaluma, California, with less than 4000 inhabitants, has more chickens than any town in the world. Under the last census there were 860,000 white leghorns in Petaluma, and other breeds gave the city more than a million hens. The sale of eggs nets the town about \$3,500 a day throughout the year."

"His crystal soul, his heart of gold, his angelic piety, his popular activity, his expeditions among the people and the seamen, his affability won the hearts of all. He was the Pope of the peasant and the gondoliers before becoming the Pope of Christendom."

Thus does a distinguished writer in a New York journal speak of Pius the Tenth, on whose beautiful character new light is daily shed.

We have decided to defer till our November issue the publication of the proceedings of the third annual convention of the federated American Catholic societies. Delay will not injure the cause; rather will an announcement at the time named serve to revive and quicken interest in this good work, which should have a permanent and widespread value.

The whole country has been deeply interested in the celebration of the golden jubilee of his priesthood by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, which occurred on September 8. The noble gift of \$200,000 presented by his priests and his people the Archbishop generously transferred to his orphans.

The consecration of Bishop O'Reilly on August 24 was a notable event for Catholics of the Pacific Coast. The establishment of the new see of Baker City, Oregon, and the presence of Coadjutor Archbishop Montgomery in San Francisco, raise the number of Bishops to seven in the territory ruled fifty years ago by the prelates of San Francisco, Monterey and Walla Walla. Truly an encouraging increase!

Calendar for October.

1 — S. Eustace and companions. Martyrs. Contempt of the world.

2—The Angels Guardian. Trust in Providence.

3—B. John Massias, O. P., Lay-brother. Sympathy for the afflicted.

4—First Sunday of the Month—Our Lady of the Rosary—the Great Rosary Pardon or Plenary Indulgence for each and every visit till sunset. This indulgence may be gained from the hour of First Vespers, 2 P. M. on preceding day.

5—B. Raymond of Capua, O. P., Priest. Devotion to our Blessed Lady.

6—S. Bruno, Priest. Founder of the Carthusians. Love of Solitude.

7—B. Matthew Carreri, O. P., Priest. Religious observance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—Our Holy Father S. Francis of Assisi. Founder of the Franciscan Order. A marvel of humility and a mirror of apostolic poverty and simplicity. (From October 4.)

9—S. Denis, Bishop of Paris, and his companions, Martyrs. Lively Faith.

10—S. Louis Bertrand, O. P., Priest and Apostle of New Granada. Devotion to the Queen of the Rosary.

11—Second Sunday of the Month—Octave-day of Our Lady of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries; C. C.; visit; prayers.

12—B. James of Ulm, O. P., Lay-brother. Obedience.

13—S. Edward, King and Confessor. Humility.

14—B. Magdalen Pannatieri, O. P., Virgin. Suffering for Christ. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

15—S. Theresa, Virgin and Restorer of the Order of Mt. Carmel. Forbearance.

16—B. Alphonsus, O. P., and companions, Martyrs. (From June 1.) Love of Justice.

17—B. Sadoc, O. P., and companions, Martyrs. (From June 2.) Confessing the Faith. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

18—Third Sunday of the Month—S. Luke, Evangelist. Patience. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.

19—Translation of the relics of S. Peter Martyr, O. P., at Milan (from June 4). Fidelity.

20—S. Francis Carrociola, Priest and Founder of the Order of Minims (from June 5). Humility.

21—S. Ursula and Companions, Virgins and Martyrs. Spirit of sacrifice. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

22—B. Peter Tiferno, O. P., Priest. Good example.

23—S. Bartholomew, O. P., Bishop. Missionary zeal. Beginning of novena in honor of All Saints.

24—S. Raphael, Archangel. Charity to strangers. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

25—Fourth Sunday of the Month. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

26—B. Damian, O. P., Priest. Grace of conversion.

27—S. Norbert, Bishop and founder of the Premonstratensians (from June 6). Pastoral care.

28—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles. Perseverance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

29—B. Benvenuta Bojanl, O. P., Virgin. Meditation.

30—Commemoration of the saints whose relics are preserved in Dominican churches.

31—S. Barnabas, Apostle (from June 11).

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The Necessity of Religion in Education.

MOST REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY, D. D.

ALL thoughtful men confess that great economic and social problems press upon the age for solution.

It may be said that the rights and duties between man and man are regulated and directed by law, and that this must solve all such problems. But law is supposed to be simply the reflex of the character of the individuals that make up the society over which law presides.

Now the two great factors that go to form the character of the individual, and through the individual the social body itself, are religion and education. Practically, therefore, the solution of these problems rests upon the educator and the churchman. There ought, consequently, to be the most perfect harmony possible between these two great agencies when so much is at stake, so that their respective influence may not be weakened.

We of this age and country happen to be surrounded by circumstances that generate honest differences of opinion. Owing to our differences of religious belief many are of opinion that religious instruction should be divorced from secular training in all schools supported by public taxation. Whereas the Catholic Church holds that a system that does so divorce religious and secular instruction is so far an imperfect system. Nevertheless she recognizes that differences of religion ought to be so provided for that the rights of all be preserved, and she believes that if we interpret properly the letter and the spirit of our institutions a working plan may be found by which the State may profit by all the religious forces in it, and yet not compromise the principle of withholding State aid for the teaching of religion. If this can be done it ought to be done.

Do I come here, then, this morning, to find fault with this university because you have not here a chair of theology? By no means. This is a State institution, as every public school under State control is a State institution, and as now organized, religion cannot be taught in any of these. The State as such has no religion, consequently cannot teach religion, and cannot order it taught by any one. What, therefore, does this State pay for here? What

does it demand to be taught? What does it receive? It pays for and receives a certain secular instruction for the students, which it has prescribed.

Now, I say, let the State widen, broaden and deepen this system in this sense: do not make a monopoly of secular instruction to the extent of exacting that public money be paid for secular instruction in those schools only where secular instruction is given. What the State wants is not schools and faculties—these are but a means to an end. What it wants and what it pays for is secular training. Therefore, throw open the work of education to what we might call free competition; therefore advertise, as it were, for so much secular training and pay for it wherever given, no matter whether religion be taught there or not.

The State is not hostile to religion. Suppose two schools on opposite sides of the street, the one a public school as now called, the other a private school. In both secular knowledge of precisely the same character is given. Why should not the State pay for the secular tuition in both, even if in one of them Methodism or Episcopalianism or Catholicity were taught? Secular education is what the State wants and what it gets. Why should it concern itself as to who imparted it? Will you say the State is then paying public money for the teaching of religion? I deny that one penny of public money goes for religious training. The secular training demanded by contract with the State is given and self-sacrificing teachers find the time to teach something besides.

In the two schools the State may act in precisely the same manner, prescribe the curriculum, examine teachers presented by the private schools as well as those in the public school. Examine the work done and pay for it when done, and not pay for it when it is not done. What would be the result of this method? Those who really believed in dogmatic revealed religion would build schools at their own expense and would offer to the school boards teachers whose qualifications to teach the secular branches desired could be passed upon by the State. And before one penny of public money be paid the State could see that the secular instruction had been given. Having given that instruction according to contract, these teachers in their own way would impart to their pupils just that religious teaching the parents desire. And this vexed question would be solved.

Now, are those in the United States wishing some such arrangement as this of sufficient numbers to reasonably ask a respectful hearing?

I believe that at least one-third of the people do so desire. Beside the Roman Catholics and German Lutherans all over the

land who are building and supporting a system of private schools at a great sacrifice, not in protest against secular training, but in behalf of religious instruction along with secular, nearly all the leading Protestant denominations are crying out for "more religion in the school." There cannot be more religion in the schools as now organized and endowed without gross violation of law.

In the modification asked it is not a change of system as such, but a widening and a broadening of it. Those who are satisfied with the system as it is would find it precisely the same for them. The school where no religion is taught would remain.

I believe that those demanding more religion in the schools are sincere, and though I am not their spokesman, I cannot conceive on their part a reasonable objection to the plan here proposed. cannot conceive a reasonable objection on the part of any one, for it is simply fair play, which we claim to be the American motto.

But let us go one step farther. Does the country need the preservation of religion? I have said the State as such has no religion, yet the State rests upon religion. The Government at least has always acknowledged that fact. The Declaration of Independence acknowledges a personal God, the God of nations, ruling over them with a beneficent providence, and appeals to Him to vindicate by victory the justice of revolt from the mother country. And when victory came our forefathers acknowledged God as having answered their prayer. In both of his inaugural addresses Washington, the spokesman of the nation, gave God the glory and declared this people, above all other peoples, indebted to providence for national life. And in his farewell address Washington declares that our hopes as a free people, that the protection of our property, our lives and our reputation rests not on large armies, not on extent or fertility of soil, not on commerce; no, and not even on secular education, but on the religious obligations of an oath.

These are his words: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports * * * Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations deserts the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles."

These are words pregnant with significance in this discussion. In following out this great truth here uttered by Washington every officer of the Government, State and Federal, from President to

policeman, when inducted into office calls God to witness that he will be faithful to his trust. The judge on the bench, the juror in the box, the witness on the stand, the attorney at the bar, all give us the same assurance in the same way. If Washington was right, if the policy of the Government is right, is it not worth while to preserve this sense of the religious obligations of an oath by all the agencies we have?

Will some one say: "The State can do without religious instruction in schools. The system of schools as now organized teaches a system of natural ethics which is quite sufficient." Let Herbert Spencer answer. In "Facts and Comments" he says:

"In many cases the Agnostic is misled by the assumption that a secular creed may with advantage forthwith replace the creed distinguished as sacred. That right guidance may be furnished by a system of natural ethics is a belief usually followed by the corollary that it needs only to develop such a system and the required self-control will result. But calm contemplation of men's natures and doings dissipates this corollary. It assumes a general intelligence capable of seeing the beneficial outcome of certain modes of conduct, and it assumes that, having perceived the good results of this kind and the bad results of that kind, men will adopt the one and reject the other. But neither assumption is true. The average intellect cannot grasp a demonstration even when the matter is concrete, and still less when the matter is abstract. It cannot bear in mind the successive propositions, but collapses under the weight of them before reaching the conclusion. Dogmatic teaching alone is effective with such, and even that often fails. The dogma, 'Honesty is the best policy,' is commonly inoperative with the thief, since he always hopes to escape detection. Further, to hope that average men may be swayed by the contemplation of advantage to society is utterly Utopian. In the minds of those who form the slum population and most of those immediately above them, will arise the thought, 'I don't care a damn for society.' And at the other end of the social scale, among those whose lives alternate between club rooms and game preserves, there will arise, if not so coarsely expressed, a thought, yet a thought, 'Society as it is serves my purpose very well, and that's enough for me.'

"Thus the Agnostic who thinks he can provide forthwith adequate guidance by setting forth a natural code of right conduct duly illustrated, is under an illusion."

Such is the estimate that Herbert Spencer places on a code of natural ethics for the everyday things of life.

Now, I do not believe that anyone will contend that a system of education that excludes a code of ethics based on the supernatural can rise higher than the natural merely. And I do not think

that any one will contend that such an [ethical] system can give a religious sanction to an oath such as Washington claims our property, our reputation and our lives depend upon for their security.

Moreover, would it not seem that, if that "impersonal" something, called the State, which has no religion, and yet which depends so essentially upon religion, could give one unprejudiced thought to the subject of its own interest, it would be thankful to have religion inculcated by those who do believe in and are its teachers, especially when they propose to do so, not only without the cost of one cent to the State, but actually saving the State the cost of grounds and school buildings.

And as a subject of meditation, for those especially who are so sensitive on the question of sectarianism, and so fearful lest the State be asked to pay for sectarian instruction, did it never occur to them that Agnosticism is as much a sect as Methodism? Agnosticism, for the Agnostic, is his special belief about religion, just as much as Methodism is the belief of the Methodist about religion. And since the intent of the school system, in order to be fair to all, is theoretically based on the idea that it will pay for the teaching of no man's religious belief, but practically without intending it, does, as a matter of fact, foster most tenderly the Agnostic's religious belief by the very exclusion of all instruction on Supernatural religion, why should not the Methodist or any other Christian denomination consistently and logically find fault with a system that carefully provides for one sect, the Agnostic, and excludes the teaching held by all others?

Those who believe in the Christian religion are perfectly willing that the Agnostic should be protected in his political and natural right of believing and following Agnosticism for himself, but it is a little too much to ask them to support willingly, and without a murmur, a system of education whose practical working is so utterly unfair, furnishing to the Agnostic the teaching of the Agnostic religion for his children, and discriminating against the Christian religion, and even taxing the teaching of the Christian religion, and all this on the high plane of absolute fairness to all!

To us it seems passing strange that other bodies of Christians do not see the necessity of taking this logical common sense and true view of the matter as a means of self-preservation, and of making common cause with us, instead of depending upon the haphazard reading of a chapter of the Bible in the schools, half the time by those who do not believe in its sacred character, the recitation of the Lord's prayer, led many times by those who do not believe in the "Lord," and the delivery of a Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, at the end of the year by some Minister of the Gospel.

John Aloysius Mooney, LL. D.
A Biographical Sketch.

REVEREND HENRY A. BRANN, D. D.

JOHN ALOYSIUS MOONEY, according to the register of S. Francis Xavier's College, New York, was born in that city, on May 20, 1843. Until his seventh year, he was instructed at home by his saintly mother, a woman of talent, taste, and piety. She watched over his early years and developed those qualities of mind and heart which distinguished him among men and endeared him to his friends. He was tenderly devoted to his mother during her lifetime, and sorrowfully closed her eyes in death a few months after he had discharged the same pious duty to his venerable father. Both of his parents were more than eighty years old when they died.

Having entered S. Francis Xavier's in 1850, Dr. Mooney was graduated from that institution nine years later. During these years he was six times elected an officer of the College Sodality. In 1889 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1860 he went to S. John's, Fordham, where he attended the course of lectures in Philosophy given by Father Louis Jouin; but he was not a regular student at that college. I met him first in 1855; he was a member of the class of belles-lettres, at S. Francis Xavier's; this class alternated with the class of Rhetoric under the able management of Professors Shea and Dandurand.

Up to this time, young Mooney, now twelve years old, but very delicately constituted, had not distinguished himself in any particular study. He had always been a good boy and a good student. Even in belles-lettres he was not the most brilliant in the class; for, older class-mates, among whom were Henry Fitzsimmons and Charles G. Herbermann, were promoted to Rhetoric in 1857, while John was kept another year in belles-lettres on account of his youth. The delay, however, was a benefit. His judgment matured, and his taste, under the direction of that master of literary culture, Father Shea, inclined to literary pursuits. Having finished his collegiate course, Mr. Mooney decided to enter the business firm which his father had so successfully carried on for many years. His leisure hours were devoted to the cultivation of his mind.

Architecture and decoration occupied his attention, as they particularly applied to the work in which he was engaged. He not only drew designs for stone decorations, but successfully cut them. He once pointed out to me some carved stone leaves on the door of a well-known church in Madison Avenue, saying, "I gathered the

leaves that served as models for that carving, and I worked at the 'banker' on it in my father's shop."

He was an omnivorous reader. He read and studied all sorts of things—history and scientific works; Assyriology, Egyptology; works on social questions, on art; novels, medical works; all he devoured with avidity. His special love was literature in its broadest sense—the study of national life as expressed in its classic lore. He read, therefore, classics of various lands in their original tongue. French, German, Italian, and Spanish were as familiar to him as his own language, and found in him a sympathetic interpreter.

Nature had bestowed on him a retentive memory, a keen intellect and a natural literary taste, which he constantly cultivated. Nor did he forget the Greek and Latin classics. His love for them was the immediate occasion of his writing and publishing many valuable essays.

About the year 1883 Mr. Mooney and I agreed to meet Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, an old classmate and another friend, once a week, at Dr. Herbermann's home, to read some Greek authors, for which time could not be spared in college days. We read Aristophanes, Plato, Euripides, and something of Demosthenes. We then turned our attention to Latin authors, particularly Terence and Plautus. Our studies were continued for some years. I usually translated, the learned Dr. Herbermann corrected and explained, while Mr. Mooney, who always had a good translation in his pocket, suggested the best English words in which to render the original. Up to this time he had not ventured into print. But, one evening, after a summer vacation, when we had finished our Greek work, Dr. Herbermann said to him: "Jack, read your description of the Sunday school for the Doctor," meaning myself. The two friends had spent their vacation together somewhere in the Berkshire hills, and Mooney had amused himself by writing a description of the priest, the pupils and the environment of the country church in which catechism class was held each Sunday morning before Mass. After much coaxing and urging, for he was always modest and diffident he consented to read the skit. It was very clever. He described perfectly the questions and the wit of the good and zealous country priest; the rudeness, roughness and ignorance of the children; the simplicity and poverty of the people, and the natural beauty of the place. I remember distinctly one of the questions given by the priest, and a little boy's answer. "Where were you last Sunday, Tim?" "My mudder kept me home to mind de calf." "And what kept you home the Sunday before?" "My mudder kept me home to mind de calf." "Well, Tim!" said the priest, "go and tell your mother that if she keeps you

home this way from Sunday school, she will soon have two calves in the family."

From that evening forward I urged him to write, with a view to publication. He tried to conquer his diffidence, and often said afterwards that had I not urged him and made him conscious of his literary ability he never would have published anything. Having written an essay, he would come to me with the timidity of a school-boy, so that I might read and correct it for him. But he did not long need any one to revise his work; for he soon became master in the art of composition. He possessed, naturally, and in a wonderful degree, that which many fail to acquire by intense application—the gift of a clear, flowing, idiomatic style. This characteristic is apparent in his articles published in the *American Quarterly Review* in July, 1885, on "The School Question in Belgium;" in April, 1886, on "Art and Artists;" and in July, 1887, on "Professor Janssen and Other Modern German Historians." His delicate wit may be traced in his lighter articles. One of these appeared in the *Xavier*, in 1888, in which he gave his "Reminiscences of S. Francis Xavier's College." In the same year he wrote six articles for *The Catholic World*. The titles are "The House Deadly," which appeared in the May number; "Our Drinks and Our Drunkards," in June; "The Beer Drinkers' Trust," in July; "Aqua Pura," in August; "Our Little Enemies," in November; "Italian Liberty," in December. The last article was signed "Carlo Speranza." In the same year he wrote another article which appeared in the July *Xavier*, entitled, "Old Times." In that month, also, his sketch of "Johannes Janssen" was published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. In 1889 he wrote for the January Review "The Last Four Years in Belgium;" in February, for the *Catholic World*, "How The Blind See;" two articles for the June *Xavier*, one a "Reminiscence of 1857-59;" and the other for the July number, entitled "Mr. Shea."

"The Popes of the Renaissance," a review of Pastor's work, "Mont S. Michel," signed M. A. J., and "Giordano Bruno" were contributed at different times to the *American Quarterly Review*. After much urging he consented to have "Giordano Bruno" reprinted in book form. The mere enumeration of titles of essays, representative of Catholic interests, to which Mr. Mooney devoted his time and talent, would require a long chapter. Between the years 1885 and 1898 his articles appeared in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the *Catholic World*, *The Rosary*, the *Catholic Family Annual*, *The Seminary*, *The Messenger*, and in several Catholic newspapers, notably the *New World* of Chicago, the *Catholic Review* of New York, and in the *Catholic Total Abstinence News* of Philadelphia. The articles in the last mentioned paper appeared in.

1889, over the signature of Theobald O'Curry and Austin Bryan. He wrote really like Picus de la Mirandola, "de omni re scibili."

During the year 1898 his name seldom appeared in print, as he had undertaken the arduous duties of archivist of the archdiocese of New York, under the late Archbishop Corrigan. He faithfully fulfilled this task, and he has carried to the grave more knowledge of the Archdiocese than any living layman possesses. John Mooney felt that he could have been more pleasantly employed than in recording dry facts and collating trivial details, so when he had finished the archives, he engaged in more congenial work. He began the special study of Dante and, during four years, read and criticized the greatest of poets and commented on his prose and his poetry. He has left many manuscripts—the result of this study. He wrote, by request, during this period an article on "Wines" for the *Ecclesiastical Review*; some articles in the *Messenger*; a criticism, by request, for the *New York Times* and some admirable articles, the last that he wrote, for DOMINICANA. Probably the articles in DOMINICANA are Mooney's best. They are criticisms of the modern French novelists of the realistic school.

"Look at what I am at!" said he, to me, one evening, when I went to his house for our usual study in Dante, and, he pointed to a pile of yellow-covered French books on his table. "I have read forty of them, and, great Scott, what rubbish!"

There lay Balzac, the de Goncourts, the Daudets, Guy de Maupassant, and the foul Zola—all in the same litter. John A. Mooney's pen was never so trenchant, his sarcasm never so fine, as when he exposed the emptiness, the sham sentiment, the false philosophy, and the disgusting foulness of these degenerate Frenchmen. Whatever may be the fate of his other writings, his articles in DOMINICANA deserve to be preserved as models of clear style, just criticism, pure sentiment, and an exalted literary taste.

He has not left to us any voluminous work, but the style of what he has written will compare favorably with the best English literary models. Whether it was by the appropriate use of words and of epithets, or by the rhetorical structure and logical value of his sentences, his style always charms. Thackeray, who may have been his model, does not surpass him. His Catholic education, his thorough training in Catholic mental philosophy, made him always a reliable authority on ethical or social questions. He did what few laymen do; he read Saint Thomas Aquinas constantly. He had read the whole course of Canon Law contained in De Angelis' Commentary on the five books of the decretals. He was familiar with the law, the philosophy, the theology, and the history of the Catholic Church. He emphasizes her high and holy principles in his articles in the *American Catholic*

Quarterly Review for April 1890, on "Antonio Franchi;" in April and July 1891 on "The Popes and the Temporal Power;" in the *Fordham Monthly*, of June 1892, on "Rosmini and Gioberti;" and in the *New World*, of Chicago, of October 1892 when writing of "Joseph Ernest Renan."

In 1895 he wrote on Claudio Jannet, our mutual friend, who ranked among the best French Catholic writers on Socialism; and he also wrote on "The Social Question in Belgium." Both of these articles were published in the *Seminary*; they demonstrate his thorough knowledge of socialistic theories and errors. The readers of the *Messenger* will recollect his beautiful sketches "Joan of Arc," and the "Sacrining of a King;" the readers of the *Rosary* will recall with pleasure, his learned papers, "Columbus," "Civilization," and "Law and Liberty in Mediæval Spain." Just one year ago he finished a biographical sketch of his intimate friend, Archbishop Corrigan; this has been extensively circulated and justly admired.

Mr. Mooney had a distaste for public political life, and, in that sense, he had no real ambition; he had, however, like Dante whom he greatly admired, a certain love of fame, and a desire common to all, to be assured that his memory should be cherished after death by those whom he had loved in life. And, verily, his memory will live in the loyal hearts that know his worth and whose lives have been ennobled by his benevolent friendship.

He was one of the founders of the "Xavier Union" which was the parent of the Catholic Club. He took an active part in organizing the Catholic Summer School. His poor health and natural diffidence made him shun promiscuous publicity. The office of State Commissioner of Charities was once offered to him, but he declined the honor. Some years before his death he became a member of the Union League Club where his talents, wit, and social qualities were soon recognized; and he was always a staunch member of the Xavier Alumni Association.

He was one of the cleverest students that ever left S. Francis Xavier's. He loved his Alma Mater and loved all his old professors. No one in his presence dared say anything against the Jesuits, even in jest. And, how fiery John A. Mooney could be when his faith, or his friends were attacked. With all the ardor of his strong Celtic character he would defend, by fierce denunciation, if need be, his religion, his country and his chosen friends. His piety was of a practical form. He said the Rosary every day and read the priests' breviary. I knew this for years. In his room after his death, were found the small, beautiful picture of the Madonna, which he always took with him on his journeys, the Roman Ordo and the Pars Aestiva of the Roman Breviary which

had belonged to the late Archbishop Corrigan. It had been given to Mr. Mooney by me before his trip to the Adirondacks, which terminated so tragically. His last letter to me, received the day before his accidental death, contained the following request, "Send to me *The Question Box* (a well-known work of Father Conway, the Paulist), and the *Messenger* for May, June, July and August." He wanted them for an old friend whom he was trying to convert. My answer, which he never received, contained this sentence. "Be ready for our trip up the Saguenay, and let us gain strength to tackle Boethius, in the fall and winter."

On Sunday afternoon about four o'clock, on S. Anne's day, on the twenty-sixth of last July, John A. Mooney went for a drive from the Wiley House, at Hurricane Mountain to Clifford's Falls, a beautiful spot, noted for its picturesque scenery, in the Adirondacks, about twenty-seven miles west of Lake Champlain. Accompanied by a few friends, he was examining the beauties of the shrubbery and the lichens near the Falls when suddenly he fell through a fissure in the rocks, fourteen feet deep, which was over-spread by branches and leaves. His skull was fractured by the fall; he never regained consciousness. The neighboring farmers, with great difficulty and delay lifted his body from between the rocks and carried it to a farm-house where the Coroner held an inquest. No physician was at hand and there was no priest within eighteen miles. But, John A. Mooney was always prepared for death. Frequent confession and frequent communion had been his life-long practice. The day previously to his leaving New York he went to confession to a priest, in my residence. His pious practices were not merely ordinary, and habitual to laymen, but extraordinary; for he lived and acted as one should expect a pious priest to live and act.

From my intimate knowledge of the man, in the closest bonds of friendship, I know that he was most observant of all laws, human and divine. Was the angel sent for him because the fruit was ripe? or was the angel sent lest the fruit should become tainted? Who knows the mysterious designs and will of the Infinite and Omnipotent God, Who is immediately present, absolutely ruling and guiding every human soul?

How we had strained our intelligence during the long evenings of four winters to understand Dante and to fathom the abyss of the beatific vision which he so magnificently and so sublimely tries to describe in the last cantos of the "Paradiso." And, now, I feel that my friend understands the sublimity of that Vision—that he reposes in celestial beatitude! Firm in his faith, straight in his morals, loyal to Christ, a champion of the Church, a true son of Mary—pious and pure—he has gone to the regions of eternal light, the home of eternal felicity.

Saint Dominic at Rome—The Minerva

EDITH R. WILSON

(Conclusion)

IT IS a marvel how these earlier paintings retain their freshness. Their artists evidently understood some secret for preventing the colors from sinking into the canvas and becoming black with age—a fate which has befallen paintings of more recent date. Filippino's Annunziata introduces two minor figures, that of the donor, Paul the Fourth (Caraffa), and a Dominican friar—possibly S. Thomas; or, perhaps simply symbolic of the Order's devotion to our Lady. The wall above the altar is covered with a fresco of the Assumption; on the right wall is a large fresco portraying S. Thomas as defender of the faith and destroyer of heresy. It is a *disputanda*. S. Thomas is seated in the centre, surrounded by allegorical figures. Heresy is prostrate at his feet, while Faith, Theology, and companions are ranged on either side. Something in the general effect recalls, slightly, Raphael's famous *disputanda* of the Vatican. The lunette above depicts a scene of the saint's childhood, apparently that of the scroll and the Ave Maria. The ceiling is decorated with graceful, but rather over-ornate sibyls by Raffaellino del Garbo. There is here a really noble tomb of the Caraffa pope. He is represented seated, one hand raised in benediction, the other holding the Keys of S. Peter.

We now return to the transept and pause just outside of the four choir chapels, before a mural mosaic. It represents a Madonna, of somewhat archaic type, with two figures, a pope and a friar—probably Pius the Fifth and S. Dominic. Looking closer, we espy a third, diminutive figure, evidently that of the good Bishop Durandus whose tomb lies beneath. The first of the choir chapels contains only an altar-piece, by Maratta, of no great merit. The walls are lined with colored marbles. The second chapel, that of the Rosary, is a gem. These chapels of the choir are much deeper than those of the nave and proportionately narrower; so, that they need artistic treatment to prevent a somewhat tunnel-like effect. In the case of the Rosary chapel this is admirably effected. Fifteen lamps are hung, like golden stars, at various intervals, along its length, (for this chapel is also that of the Blessed Sacrament); and, as the chapel is raised somewhat above the level of the transept, a perfect perspective is thus rendered. To the right and the left of the altar are statues of S. Dominic and S. Catherine of Siena. In the centre, above the altar, is placed a beautiful, and much-venerated Madonna

and Child, by Fra Angelico. This painting is illuminated, at times, by a light behind the altar, whose gleam brightens the gold of the background and plays across the tender smile on the calm Madonna face.

The walls display six scenes from the life of Saint Catherine of Siena; these are frescoes, by Giovanni di Vecchi. The first, to the left, represents the childhood's vision of the saint, to whom our Lord appeared, in pontifical robes, as she wandered up the hillside of her native town, hand in hand with her baby brother. Our Lord bade her return home and await the call which was to summon her, later, to His work. This vision is a favorite theme with the painters at Siena, where the very spot on which the apparition occurred is still marked and venerated. The second fresco records another vision or allegory. Here our Lord presents the youthful Catherine to the founders of the various Religious Orders. That of S. Dominic occupies a central position; before him kneels a white-veiled novice, apparently Catherine's second self; for there is a nimbus above her head; while the true Catherine stands beside our Lord and gazes upon the apparition. The third fresco directly to the left of the altar, represents the Blessed Virgin presenting S. Catherine to our Lord as His bride. But it is not the "Heavenly Espousals" we often see portrayed. Rather, it is a literal record of the Vision of "Giovedì Grasso" which we shall describe in the words of Catherine's biographers: "On the last day before the Carnival, Catherine shut herself up in her cell and sought, by prayer and fasting, to make amends for the offences committed at that time by the thoughtless pleasure-seekers who passed her door. Our Lord appeared to her, and after conversing for some minutes, was joined by the Blessed Virgin, S. John the Evangelist, S. Paul, and S. Dominic. Lastly, came the kingly prophet David, bearing his harp on which he played heavenly melodies. Then our Blessed Lady came forward and took Catherine's hand which she held toward her Divine Son and besought Him that he would espouse Catherine to himself, in faith, to which she consented, with a very sweet and loving countenance; and, taking out a ring, set with four precious pearls and a marvellously rich diamond, in the centre, He put it upon the finger of her right hand, saying: 'Behold, I here espouse thee to Me, in faith, which shall continue in thee from this time forward, until thou shalt celebrate with Me in Heaven the Eternal Nuptials.' The vision then disappeared, but the ring remained on her finger, though visible to her eyes alone."

On the opposite side of the altar we again see our saint, this time appearing as a historic personage. She is standing before the papal court at Avignon, supplicating Gregory the Eleventh to return

to Rome. In the next fresco we see her receiving the stigmata in the Church of S. Christina, at Pisa. It is a very simple and devotional rendering of the subject, containing no accessory figures. Catherine is *alone* with the Crucifix, upon which her rapt gaze is fixed; she holds out her hands, in *longing*, as it were, to receive the wounds. Five illuminated rays, like sunbeams in a darkened room, pass from the hands, feet, and side of Jesus to her own. There is no languor, no fainting, no appeal to attendant sisters to sustain her. We have simply the soul, wounded by divine love, alone with its Lord. Although far inferior, in artistic merit, to Sodoma's wonderful fresco, this picture inspires deeper devotion. In the last scene, S. Catherine receives the Blessed Sacrament from our Lord's hands.

Above these frescoes is a series of oil paintings, in panels of gilded woods, representing the mysteries of the Rosary. These cover the arch and vaulting of the ceiling and are fourteen in number. The place of the fifteenth is taken by the stained glass window above the altar, higher than Angelico's painting. It is a lunette of the Coronation. Excepting the painting of Angelico, the pictures in this chapel are inferior to those of the Caraffo, but the effect is harmoniously beautiful. Its corona of lamps is visible at the extremity of the church. An especial richness of tone is produced by the coloring of every available space on the walls. Unlike the side chapels those of the choir are entirely open, save for the low marble balustrade, so that the view is in no way obstructed. The eye returns lovingly to this centre of golden light where a little band of worshippers is always to be seen kneeling. The noonday Mass, however, is said at the high altar, to which we now turn.

An inscription upon the altar tells us that all the indulgences granted to the various Religious Orders, are granted to this church, in particular, where reposes the body of S. Catherine, patroness of Rome. We ascend a flight of steps and kneel at the foot of the altar, to venerate the saint. Fair and meek the figure lies before us; lilies are at the head and at the feet; two twin lamps brighten the calm features, and flash a rosy glow through the snowy recesses of the little marble camera, beneath the high altar, which forms her shrine. We kiss the crystal altar frontal, which alone intervenes between us and the sleeping figure. This is not indeed the body of the saint, but a statue and tabernacle enclosing her remains. The altar itself is covered with plates of gilded copper. The crystal frontal is protected by miniature gilt pillars, while at either side, two panels glow with figures of radiant angels of Fra Angelico type. There is no reredos; indeed, the altar is remarkably simple; but, the candles on either side of the gilt crucifix are large and massive and the place of altar-piece or baldachino is taken by the painted

windows of the choir, which from the nave, form its background in perspective. These windows are three in number and each contains two figures—S. Pius the Fifth, the Dominican Pope, stands with S. Dominic in the central window. We have here the contrast in color between the rich pontifical robes of the one and the severe monastic habit of the other. The same contrast distinguishes the remaining windows. That to the right presents to us the queenly beauty of S. Catherine of Alexandria—*Santa Caterina della rota*, as the Italians name her—contrasted with the tender asceticism of her namesake of Siena, who wears a crown of thorns and contemplates the crucifix. To the left we have S. Stephen, clad in crimson dalmatic: beside him stands a *winged* S. Vincent, who holds a trumpet and an open book. We read the inscription, "Ecce veniet dies Judicii." S. Vincent is here portrayed as the angel or messenger of the last Judgment, with the symbols of the Apocalyptic vision. The introduction of S. Stephen seems to be an allusion to his vision of the heavens opened and "Jesus standing at the right hand of God." Collectively the windows illustrate the three Dominican "notes" of theology, penance and preaching.

Lifting a curtain at the side of the altar we now find ourselves on the threshold of the monastic choir. But we must not enter before noting two large marble statues which stand on either side in relief. That to the right is a noble S. John Baptist, by Bandinelli; to the left, the Christus of Michael Angelo. This is a famous, but also, greatly criticised work—one of the last from the hand of the master. The bronze drapery forms no part of the original work, and a similar casing on one foot, "to protect it against the kisses of the devout," certainly mars the effect. It seems as if the marble might have been suffered to be kissed, or the statue should have been raised to a higher level, if protection were necessary. Dropping the curtain, however, together with our criticism, we enter the choir. Beyond the wood-work of the stalls, the special features here are the tombs of two Medici popes. They are magnificent and colossal specimens of art, chiefly the work of San Gallo. Their full description would require a separate section, so we refer the interested to the numerous guide-books in which are recorded all the particulars. It may be interesting however, to note here a monument to an English name, the second in the Minerva—it is that of Cardinal Howard. Just beyond, in the adjoining chapel, is the grave of Fra Angelico, touching in its poverty and plainness, as contrasted with the great Medici sculptures. It consists only of a plain slab bearing the rude effigy of a friar, with a Latin inscription, which, rendered freely, runs: "Say not in my honor that I was another Apelles, but, rather, that I gave my goods to Christ's poor:

one was a work for earth, the other for Heaven. "A city, Etruria, flower, bare me, John." This inscription is said to have been written by Pope Nicholas the Fifth, in whose service the angelic brother had employed his talents while at Rome, and who died a few days after the painter. It is hard to think of the sweet and tender artist of San Marco as resting elsewhere than in his own beloved cloisters; yet he rests in the home of his Order, close to the cradle of its foundation. Surely the home of a religious is among his brethren, however far from the scene of his labors. This chapel contains three other tombs, all ornate, one especially so, by Giacomo della Porta. The last chapel of the choir is absolutely vacant; so, we turn to the left transept to enter that of S. Dominic, which faces the Annunziata of Filippino Lippi.

But, we pause, the sacristy door opens, and a lay brother invites us to visit the room of S. Catherine. This is a great privilege; for, only recently, has this room been thrown open. Previously, only once a year, on the feast of the saint, could the apartment be inspected. We, ourselves, visited it first at noonday and inspected its frescoes at leisure, then knelt, at a later date, in the early morning when the altar was prepared for the great Sacrifice. A white-robed priest consecrated the Bread of Life in that tiny room filled with so many precious memories—the scene of the last earthly labors and final departure of the great ascetic to the immediate Presence of her Lord. But, we anticipate. The lay-brother conducts us across the sacristy, and down a corridor. At one side a few steps lead to a sort of vestibule; turning, we enter a small room which is literally set into the walls of the church; it was transported from its original site in the Via Santa Chiara where Catherine dwelt at Rome. The house from whence it was taken still remains—No. 14 Via Santa Chiara, and is occupied by a Congregazione di Carita, not, however, a religious community.

The paintings in this room are frescoes from the hand of Perugino. We recognize his touch at once in the Crucifixion, which looks down upon us from the altar; whether we gaze upon the bowed head of the Divine Sufferer, or scan the tender uplifted face of the sorrowful Mother, or turn to that of the virgin disciple, we recognize the touch of the mystic painter of Perugia. The grouping of the two figures on either side of the Cross is the conventional one but the spiritual beauty never palls—the coloring is very soft. The side frescoes are the Annunciation, on the left of the altar; a vision, or "Santa Conversazione" of SS. Peter and Paul with S. Dominic on the right. The walls are here broken by a window opening into a corridor. On one side is a sort of credenza, surmounted by a tavola, which served the saint for *prie-dieu* and altar—the space where the

altar now stands having been occupied by the bed or wooden board on which she slept. Beyond these apertures are two frescoes, one representing SS. Cosmas and Damian, the other, two prophets from the Old Testament, with apparent allusion to the foretelling of the Passion. On either side of the door are S. John the Baptist and S. James; a half-length figure of our Lord is placed above. There is a small picture of S. Catherine, herself, above the altar, beneath the Crucifixion—a peculiarly Italian face but one which does not fully correspond either to the fac-simile of her face at Siena or to her portraits by Vanni and Sodoma.

Returning through the sacristy we pause to note a Crucifixion by Sacchi, and just beyond two frescoes representing the elections of two popes, Eugenius the Fourth and Nicholas the Fifth, which took place within this church. We now enter the chapel of S. Dominic. A peculiar gloom, slightly appalling upon entrance, pervades this chapel. It is due to the fact that there is but one small window, high in the right wall; the effect is deepened by the shadows of eight massive pillars of magnificent, black marble—spoils of the ancient temple of Minerva from which the church takes its name. These pillars are arranged in pairs, between which gleam the white tombs of Benedict the Thirteenth—the Dominican Pope and reformer—and a beautiful *Carita*, we believe by Bandinelli. Various statues of Dominican saints stand out in high relief from the marble panels with which the walls of this chapel are lined. It is only on great feasts, however, that sufficient light is thrown upon them to reveal the beauty of art and the wealth of material therein. Then may be discerned the features in the portrait of S. Dominic above the altar; this, however, may easily be viewed at Santa Sabina; it is a copy of the S. Dominic before the Crucifix, in his cell. Leaving the transept and passing down the left aisle, we are stopped by a mural panel of the Guardian Angel. This panel marks the former entrance to the confiscated monastery of the Minerva. Alas, the Italian Government now occupies the rooms where S. Antonino once dwelt as prior.

The beautiful cloisters of the convent are desecrated. The famous library—*Bibliotheca Casanatensis*, so called from its founder, Cardinal Casanata—which was the largest in Rome after the Vatican, and contained a great wealth of ancient MSS. was also seized by the State. Its treasures, however, are open to the public and the friars are *allowed* access there! Very few friars actually dwell in the monastery, as they were driven forth in 1870. But the *College* of the Minerva is the centre of study for Dominican students from the various homes. The whole series of buildings narrowly escaped being burnt in the revolution of 1848. But, we must now

make haste. Time will permit the notice only of a few more details in the Minerva. The "Angel of the Resurrection," in the Sante Chapel and opposite a copy of Thorwalsden's Christ, attracts us; also, a fine S. James. In the Grazioli chapel, we meet once more a Perugino, a small, but exquisite Head of Christ; we are charmed with a S. Sebastian, by Mino da Fiesole. Just beyond, we should like to examine a "Madonna Consolatrice," with a most interesting traditional history. But the angelus is ringing and we are warned that the church will be closed during the hour of noon—according to custom in Rome.

But we shall return, later, to the "Predica," for, it is Lent, and the pulpit is daily filled by a Dominican orator. On the feast of S. Thomas we shall go to hear the panegyric of the Angelic Doctor and to assist at Vespers and Compline. Later still, on Maunday Thursday, we shall kneel in S. Dominic's Chapel, for the Repository will be placed there, and the whole chapel will be ablaze with lights. Not only the altar, but the whole space within the solemn, black pillars is studded with great wax candles. It is literally a "Chapelle Ardente." Flowers breathe sweet perfume before the Tabernacle and are massed in banks before the altar. A fragrance of incense invests the air as through the gleam of the myriad twinkling lights we look up to the face of our holy Father, S. Dominic, pleading before the Crucifix, close to the Sacramental Presence of our Lord. We kneel, too, and say, "Father, pray on, fulfilling thus thy promise made in life. Father, pray on, and in the New World, as in the Old, watch over the children who have committed their lives to thy care, who ask no greater joy than that of laying their *all*, of wealth, or talent, or devotion at thy feet."

Mother of Mercy.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Mother of Mercy, pray for those	Mother of Mercy, hear the plea
Who suffer in the cleansing fire,	I make for those whose chief distress
Release them from their grievous woes,	Is that they must a moment be
And gain for them their souls' desire;	Debarred from where they fain would
Be thine the hand to break the chain	bless
That binds them to their house of	The Name of Him Who died for them,
pain!	Because He chose not to condemn!

Mother of Mercy, bring them peace,
 And comfort in the time they wait
 For that glad day that means release
 From anguish of their present state;
 Pray for them, Mother, let them be
 A special claim of love on thee!

	Some Recent Books	
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The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, has made two notable contributions to the books of the year which will interest scholars, the first of which is **BABEL AND BIBLE—TWO LECTURES ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ASSYRIOLOGICAL RESEARCH FOR RELIGION**, profusely illustrated, by Dr. Friederich Delitzsch, to which are added Emperor William's spirited letter in defence of revelation assailed by Professor Delitzsch, and other appropriate appendices.

The Berlin professor represents the Higher Criticism in its most radical aspects. His efforts to diminish the authority of the Bible as a work of inspiration only emphasize the soundness of the Church's teaching.

The second work is **THE MYSTERIES OF MITHRA**, a learned and very interesting volume by Franz Cumont, Professor in the University of Ghent, Belgium. The translation into English, from the original French, was well made by Thomas J. McCormack, who did equally good service, in collaboration with W. H. Carruth, in producing, from the German, the English version of Delitzsch's lectures.

THE MYSTERIES OF MITHRA is a fascinating history, making due allowance for scantiness of materials, of Zoroastrianism as it penetrated the Roman Empire, and held its influence even after the establishment of the Church by our Lord. A well executed map showing the progress of the Mithraic mysteries, and many other illustrations, adorn and enhance the value of Cumont's work.

THE ROSE AND THE SHEEPSKIN, by Reverend Joseph Gordian Daley, is a spirited and interesting portrayal of the various characters that meet upon the college campus. Mischievous pranks are easily developed even in the youth of New England, but these are thoroughly enjoyable when prompted by a genuine love of honest fun. The story, which covers the youth and manhood of the heroes, will appeal to what is best in the growing boy.

The book, elaborately illustrated and bound, is published by William H. Young & Co., New York.

FAITH FOUND IN LONDON is a story of the awakening of religious aspirations in the heart of a young man who has left his native place—Italy—for the first time. While "doing" London he has opportunities of contrasting the energetic piety of his Catholic

friends with his own passive Christianity. Controversial subjects as illustrated in the sayings of Cardinal Manning are agreeably interspersed in the conversations. The introduction of the prime minister--the inevitable "Dizzy"--into novels of this sort, as an exponent of condescension on the part of non-Catholics toward fervent Catholics is a feeble argument and has grown to be an irritating feature.

The publishers, Washbourne & Co., whose American Agents are Benziger Brothers, New York, have brought the book out in an attractive dress.

MILLIONAIRES' HOUSEHOLDS, by Mary E. Carter, is a series of essays on domestic economy as practised in the homes of wealthy Americans. Seventeen chapters are devoted to the details of fine housekeeping. The writer demonstrates the importance of harmonious understanding between employer and employed--mistress and maid--upon which depends the success of scientific entertainment.

The book is handsomely brought out by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, has published, in a beautiful volume, Basil H. Soulsby's translation from the German of Reverend Joseph Fischer's estimable historical work, entitled THE DISCOVERIES OF THE NORSEMEN IN AMERICA. This book is of unique interest, embodying, as it does, the reproduction of the most ancient maps representative of the extent of territory covered by the Norsemen in their frequent voyages of discovery.

Papal documents conveying privileges to the missionaries of the northern islands throw much light upon the movements of the Norsemen in regions contiguous to the continent of America.

Plates and maps have been excellently reproduced by the publisher.

IN HOLIEST TROTH, by Sister Mary Fidelis, covers a period of ten years of persecution of the early Christians. The story is based upon the circumstances that surrounded the conversion and martyrdom of Saint Enkratida, of Saragossa, in the year 304 of the Christian era. The narrative illustrates the invincible courage of the first converts to Christianity. The story is well told and revives interest in all that pertains to the glorious faith that dispelled the gloom of the catacombs.

The publishers, Benziger Brothers, New York, have issued the book in good style.

Stories of conversions are ever full of human interest and naturally excite sympathy when the hero is the narrator. A most delectable symposium has been furnished by a few favored ones who have entered *THE CITY OF PEACE*, and whose fondest desire is to share their enjoyment with their brethren. The Reverend Dom Bede Camm, a Benedictine monk, with several others, entertains and instructs most agreeably in narrating their progress towards Catholicism. "A Journey to the City of Peace," accompanied by Alice Wilmot Chetwood, will certainly be one of profit to those who have familiarized themselves with points of interest on the road, and to those who will have undertaken the journey for the first time.

These edifying recitals of persevering effort and signal success have been published for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, and appear in book form through Benziger Brothers, New York.

Benziger Brothers are also the publishers of the American edition of an earnest plea to young people to approach the Sacraments frequently, so as to fortify themselves against the daily temptations that beset them. Nonna Bright, the author of this attractive brochure, is an English Catholic writer of merit. Her present work, entitled *JESUS OUR STRENGTH*, may be obtained at a nominal price.

Under the title *SALVAGE FROM THE WRECK*, the Art and Book Company, London—whose American Agents are Benziger Brothers, New York—have published the second edition of the funeral discourses of Father Gallwey, S. J.

The Reverend author has paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of some staunch Catholics and loyal English subjects by recording many edifying incidents of their earnest, active work during life. The memoirs of Sir Charles Tempest, Hon. Charles Langdale, S. J., Margaret Mary Cuningham, Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Prince Louis Napoleon—with those of other personages included in the collection—forcibly illustrate the practicability of Christian virtue in all grades of society and the special influence exerted by the noble example of those who sacrificed earthly riches for the relief of the widow and the fatherless.

The sermons delivered upon the occasion of death are eloquently convincing, and emphasize the importance of sanctifying daily actions to the end that they may deserve Divine compensation.

Benziger Brothers are also publishers of an English version of *THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION*, which reveals the wonderful virtues practised by the great Saint Francis of Assisi during twenty years of religious penance. The legends presented by the translator, Constance, Countess de la Warr, are loving records of the daily intercourse of Saint Francis with his brethren. From these original sources we gather details of his profession of poverty, his sublime

spirit of prayer, his tenderness and solicitude for the perfection of every human soul. In a word, Saint Francis saw in all visible things evidences of the Creator's great love and mercy, and he labored that all creatures might glorify God. Even a passing glance at the MIRROR OF PERFECTION will hold the attention of the observer until he is convinced of the beauty and profit of reflection upon spiritual things.

An almost simultaneous publication of two versions from the original French of Father De Vivier's masterly work on CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS is an event in the literary world of the United States, deserving special and eulogistic mention.

The learned Jesuit, Father Joseph Sasia, who has been long and honorably identified with the labors of his Society in California, is the editor of two large volumes which include, not only Father De Vivier's rational exposition of the foundations of Christian Faith, but also a treatise on the human soul, its liberty, spirituality, immortality and destiny (being a translation from the French of another Jesuit, Father Peeters) and an introduction on the existence and attributes of God, largely Father Sasia's own composition.

Father Sasia has made further original contribution to the translations named, so that the two volumes represent not only his industry and skill as editor and translator, but his ability in the exposition of Christian doctrine, and in the presentation of the arguments best adapted to meet modern "difficulties."

The Archbishop of San Francisco, to whom Father Sasia dedicates his work, greets it with a cordial approbation and an earnest commendation to students and the general Catholic reader who is desirous of being able to give a reason for the hope that is in him.

We are very pleased to add our word of praise for these excellent volumes, and we earnestly advise our intelligent young men and women, especially those who may be exposed to the dangers of secular university training or those who are obliged to mingle in a society in which puzzling and seemingly unanswerable questions are often asked, and sometimes to the confusion of the un-informed Catholic, to become familiar with these APOLOGETICS, because such familiarity will be a complete defense against any attack that the average scoffer at religion will be able to make. No Catholic well acquainted with this work need hesitate to meet the "scientific" infidel, the "smart" agnostic, or the verbose materialist.

Father Sasia's volumes are well printed and bound. Brought out by a San Jose printing house, the Reverend editor is practically his own publisher. He may be addressed at S. Joseph's Church, San Jose, California; but Catholic book shops, in general, will supply the work.

Closely upon the issue of Father Sasia's edition, Benziger Brothers of New York published in one large volume Father De Vivier's *CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS*, as edited by the Right Reverend Doctor Messmer, Bishop of Green Bay. This edition does not include Father Peeter's treatise, but it contains many valuable notes by the learned Bishop, and helpful suggestions as to a course of reading for our reading circles. A list of references is also given, in which recently published and earlier Catholic works, bearing on the general subject of Church history, are carefully arranged. This edition is also worthy of our hearty commendation.

An industrious student of Dante is Charles Allen Dinsmore whose original work we have previously reviewed. His latest contribution to the literature of the great Christian poet, is a compilation entitled *AIDS TO THE STUDY OF DANTE*, in which he gathers a variety of essays and criticisms by various writers, who have discussed the immortal Florentine, and his times.

Father Rickaby's "*Aquinas Ethicus*" has been freely quoted, and advantageously, we think. The other papers are of varying merit, and represent mainly non-Catholic comment. We deem it prudent, therefore, to add that the reading of Mr. Dinsmore's volume must be accompanied by a constant reminder of this fact.

Beautiful plates illustrative of Dante's likeness and of his chief work, are scattered through the well-printed volume which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have published.

Another recent issue from the press of this well-known firm, whose work is always of a high order of mechanical and artistic excellence, is Dr. Washington Gladden's *WITNESSES OF THE LIGHT*, a course of six lectures—the William Belden Noble lectures delivered at Harvard—on Dante, Michael Angelo, Fichte, Victor Hugo, Richard Wagner and Ruskin, each prefaced by a portrait of the subject.

On page 39, the author manifests a very regrettable ignorance in the use of the word "infallibility" for "impeccability." Other flaws we noted, here and there, and frankly stating our opinion, we cannot commend the volume as above the commonplace. It contains nothing new or striking for any pupil who has passed the high school grade. Moreover, the taint of bigotry is a fly in the ointment, and this we regret because we had Dr. Gladden listed among broader and more cultured men.

We doubt that Houghton Mifflin & Co., would have undertaken the publication of these lectures if their issues in book form had not been a part of the original plan of the founder of the course.

	EDITORIAL	
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In our July number we offered a tribute of praise to God because of the golden jubilee anniversary of the establishment of the Archdiocese of San Francisco. The Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan has since issued a letter which is characteristic of the piety and zeal of our Chief Pastor, and which, with appreciation and pleasure, we herewith publish:

OCTOBER 1, 1903.

It is proper that we should celebrate in a becoming manner the Golden Jubilee of the foundation of the Archdiocese. By Pontifical Briefs, dated July 29, 1853, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, founded the Archdiocese of San Francisco, and appointed the Most Reverend Joseph Sadoc Alemany, O. P., its first Archbishop.

Not being able to celebrate the anniversary on the day itself, the 29th of last July, we shall do so on the first Sunday of November. The celebration will be of a strictly religious character, and will be observed in all the churches and convent and college chapels of the Archdiocese. Its particular feature will be to return thanks to Almighty God in the best way possible, for the many blessings bestowed upon us, evidenced by the growth of population, the increase in the number and efficiency of churches, schools and charitable institutions of every kind, ministering to the temporal and spiritual life of the people. In this celebration we can, in some measure, properly commemorate the services and sacrifices made by the pioneer Bishops, Priests and Religious and a devoted laity, in laying solidly and well the foundations on which others have been enabled to build. There is every reason therefore why we should endeavor to make this celebration as full as possible of the spiritual blessings of which the Church has enriched the keeping of such anniversaries.

In anticipation of this celebration our late Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth, a short time before his death, granted a Plenary Indulgence to all those who would on that day receive worthily the Sacrament of Holy Communion, and pray for the propagation of the Faith.

The celebration in the Cathedral will consist of a solemn Pontifical Mass, Sermon, Papal Benediction and Te Deum.

Permission is hereby granted for the exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament during the day, and until after Benediction in the afternoon, in all Convents and Chapels where Mass is said.

That the day may be one of truly spiritual joy and full of graces, please commend to the people the propriety of approaching the Sacraments and of remembering in their prayers the deceased Archbishop, of saintly memory, and the many devoted Priests and Religious of both sexes, who labored zealously for the building up of the Kingdom of God in this State.

Yours truly in Christ,
PATRICK W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.



We are very pleased to lay before our readers the resolutions adopted by the Catholic Federation Convention held in August:

Whereas, It has pleased God to summon to Himself our late Sovereign Pontiff, we, bowing in submission to His inscrutable designs, express our profound gratitude to the Divine mercy for having sweetened the bitterness of our sorrow by the memory not only of Leo the Thirteenth's illustrious personal qualities and the marvelous achievements he was permitted to accomplish, but also by the benign and conciliatory manner which made his influence so potent to all, without distinction of nation, race or creed.

Now that he is no more, we deem it a special blessing to have lived in his time, to have witnessed the wide expansion of Holy Church, the softening of religious animosity and a revival of respectful homage for the Papacy. We wish to express our sense of grateful appreciation to our national officials, the press and our non-Catholic fellow-citizens for their words of reverence for the departed Pontiff and sympathy with ourselves.

2. *Whereas*, To use the words of the lamented Leo the Thirteenth, the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff "is essential to protect and preserve the full liberty of the spiritual power;" and,

Whereas, "It is an ascertained fact that when the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is in question, the cause of the public good and the well-being of all human society in general are also at stake;" and

Whereas, "It was not without a singular dispensation of God's providence that the supreme and legitimate power of the Church was provided with a civil sovereignty as the surest safeguard of her independence;" therefore, be it

Resolved, That we again emphatically protest against the seizing of the civil sovereignty, and the infringement of the rights belonging to the Roman Church, and that we appeal to our Catholic brethren all over the world to uphold unflinchingly before the world's rulers the rightful claims of the Holy See; that we pray to the Almighty to restore, in His own good time, the Roman Pontiff to an absolute and full independence of any civil government.

3. In view of the numerous violations of law and order that have disturbed society in various parts of the United States, we deem it necessary to emphasize the necessity of Christian principles and their practical application to political and social life.

We express our firm intention to uphold Christian principles, not only by our opposition to mob rule and lawlessness, but also by declaring ourselves opposed to all principles subversive of human society, whether they be known as liberalism, socialism, anarchism, or by any other term. For the preservation of Christian order in society we condemn liberalism because it proclaims the absolute autonomy of the individual or society without due regard for the laws of God and the Church. We condemn socialism as opposed to natural justice, since its primary object is to deprive man of the lawful possession of stable and permanent private property, which is necessary for the welfare of the individual as well as of the family. Catholics especially should take a firm stand against social democracy, which preaches the gospel of materialism and atheism, repudiates the divinely constituted authority of Church and State and threatens to undermine family life by advocating free love and secularization of all education. We heartily indorse the endeavor of

workingmen to better their material condition and to promote their temporal prosperity by the formation of trades unions, but at the same time we exhort our Catholic workmen to form special associations, the object of which is to provide also for their religious and moral wants and to instruct them properly on the social questions and the practical solution thereof, as it has been proposed by our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth, in his immortal Encyclical on "The Condition of Labor."

4. *Resolved*, That we observe with deep satisfaction the gradual growth among our non-Catholic fellow citizens of the conviction that religious instruction of some sort in the school is absolutely necessary for the welfare of our country. Witness the discussions of the National Educational Association and of the Religious Educational Association, both of which fully justify the position maintained by us Catholics for the past half century. We note with pleasure that, while the pupils in our parish schools receive a thorough religious training, their proficiency in secular studies is not inferior, but, in many cases, superior to that of the public school children. Convinced that we are not called upon to suggest plans for the various non-Catholic denominations, we propose this solution of the educational problem, so far as we are concerned: First, let no public moneys be paid out for religious instruction in any school; second, let the educational per capita tax be disbursed for results in purely secular studies only in our parish schools, our teachers receiving their salaries as other teachers receive theirs; third, to ascertain these results let our schools be submitted to State or city examinations. Thus will the great principle of our Government, "No public moneys for sectarian purposes," be preserved intact.

5. *Resolved*, That we rejoice that the position of Catholics in favor of the sanctity of marriage and against the evils of divorce has at last commanded the attention of the American people, even the members of those denominations which have been lax in their regulations in this regard. That non-Catholics recognize the evils of divorce, so well enumerated in the Encyclical of Leo the Thirteenth, on "Christian Marriage," is a great advance toward the extermination of divorce.

"By it the solemn contract of marriage is broken, mutual kindness weakened, deplorable inducements to unfaithfulness supplied, harm done to the education and training of children; oc-

casion afforded for the ruin of the home; the seeds of dissension sown among families; the dignity and purity of woman lessened and debased." We condemn the fact that in some parts of our country the Legislatures and the courts desire to facilitate and sanction divorce. We earnestly recommend that laws be framed to check instead of promoting divorce and its terrible evils tending to the ruin of our republic.

6. *Resolved*, That, in common with all our fellow citizens, we condemn race feuds, riots and mob law as wholly unworthy of a civilized people; we regard lynching as murder, and the burning and torture of victims, even when they are clearly guilty of crimes, as barbarism and as a menace to the peace and security of all good citizens. It is very important that all Catholics should exert their influence to spread abroad in the community sound opinions against such savagery.

7. *Whereas*, By the withdrawal of the friars from the missionary work so successfully carried on by them among the Philippine people for three hundred years, six millions of our Catholic brethren are practically left without the ministrations of their religion; and

Whereas, The present existing conditions of the common schools in the Philippines renders the late permission of giving religious instruction in those schools utterly ineffective and nugatory, and thus deprives, without any necessity or other good reason, the whole nation, exclusively Catholic, barring the minor heathen portion, of its natural right to Christian education in and through the schools; and

Whereas, This lamentable condition of religious affairs is due, as we are reliably informed, to the policy unfortunately tolerated by the officials of the United States Government in the Philippines, ever since the occupation of these islands, though possibly without their realizing or intending the great wrong thereby inflicted upon the religious as well as civil rights of our Philippine brethren; be it

Resolved, That we, as American citizens, demand for the Catholic people of the Philippines the same religious rights and freedom of conscience granted to the citizens of the United States by our Constitution.

Resolved, That we emphatically protest against the policy of the Philippine administration, since it is opposed to the sacred rights and demands of the people for Christian schools, and interferes with the professed interests and

aims of the United States, in those Eastern possessions.

Resolved, That we reject with indignation the charges of civil disloyalty and of moral unworthiness falsely raised against the friars, and that we demand, for these great benefactors and true civilizers of the Philippine Islands, the same freedom of action and right of ownership guaranteed to every man living under the Stars and Stripes.

Resolved, That we again express our confidence in the fairness and willingness of our Chief Executive, President Roosevelt, to right the wrongs now being committed against the highest interests of the Catholic Philippine nation.

8. *Resolved*, That as citizens of a Republic in which the Church has always enjoyed her full rights, we protest against the action of the present French Government in attempting to legalize religious persecution. Their heartless treatment of the members of the various religious communities, their suppression of freedom of education, and their express purpose to de-Catholicize the French people are altogether unworthy of the traditional chivalry of France. While offering our sympathy to the religious men and women and also to their heroic bishops, clergy and laity who have suffered for their convictions, we express our confidence in the French hierarchy and our admiration for its chivalrous lay leaders, who have battled for years with such odds for the right, and we trust that, in response to their efforts, the French people will speedily wrest the government and legislature from those who have so misused the powers entrusted to them.

9. We reiterate our solicitude and sympathy for our Catholic Indian schools. We have already given the pledge that we would make the support of these schools our first national issue by joining the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children. We urge such affiliated societies as have not as yet done so to enroll themselves before the expiration of the current year. We most heartily indorse this part of the resolution of the Board of Indian Commissioners: "That Congress may be able to devise a plan whereby the rations to Indian children provided in treaties or granted by practice may be granted to such children, notwithstanding their attendance at private or non-Government schools." We pledge our co-operation in this measure, as well as in all

wise and beneficent legislation calculated to ameliorate the conditions and safeguard the rights of our Indian wards.

10. We commend the Catholic Truth Societies, especially the International Catholic Truth Society, for the good work they have accomplished, and ask our members to assist them by joining the various organizations.

11. *Resolved*, That in justice not only to Catholics, but to the entire reading public, the libraries founded or maintained by public moneys should exclude from their circulating and general reference list, books which are offensive or plainly erroneous in the treatment of Catholic doctrine, history and practice, and supply instead standard works on the same, whether written by Catholics or not. Reviewing the grievance mentioned in our resolutions of last year about the publication of calumnies against the Church, we are gratified to record that owing to the concerted protest of Catholic readers, publishers generally are striving to meet the reasonable wishes of our people.

12. *Resolved*, That we commend the daily newspapers which stand for accuracy and decency in their news items and for correct principles in their editorial comments, and request the societies in this Federation to refrain from reading, and to discourage others from reading, newspapers which contain scandalous news and advocate principles which are subversive of social order and morality. While we favor newspapers and periodicals which give due and correct reports of events of interest to Catholics we owe it to ourselves and to the editors of the Catholic press to support their laudable efforts to report important Catholic news, to record the progress of the Church in our own land and throughout the world, and to apply sound Catholic principles in the discussion of all questions affecting the welfare of religion and the commonweal. Fully appreciating the progress made by the editors of the Catholic press, and, above all, their faithful compliance with the advice of Leo the Thirteenth to cultivate among themselves and in the Catholic body the spirit of concord, we bespeak for them the patronage of every Catholic household and express our conviction that none need the Catholic newspapers more than those who deprecate them.

Resolved, That we thank the press throughout the country for courtesies extended to this national convention

and respectfully ask its generous assistance in stating to the American public the nature, scope and aims of the Federation of Catholic Societies.

13. With deep sorrow we record the death of His Grace Archbishop Kaizer, of Milwaukee, a most honored member of the Advisory Board of our Federation. In his death we deplore the loss of a saintly character, a learned ecclesiastic, an exemplary prelate and pastor and a fervent advocate of the Catholic Federation.

14. *Resolved*, That the American Federation of Catholic Societies, humbly bowing to the Divine will, solemnly records its great sorrow over the death of its first vice-president, Louis J. Kaufmann, of New York, who with a personality that endeared him to all, a depth of conviction and sincerity which were an inspiration to those who labored at his side, rounded out a career of Catholic activity with noble self-sacrificing, splendid service in the cause of the union and unity of all the Catholics of this country.

Among the organizers of the Federation, none of them excelled him in the merit or fulness of service to its cause, and more than any other layman he helped to bring the great body of German-speaking Catholics under its standard.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and that a copy thereof be sent to his sorrowing relatives.

15. *Resolved*, That we again express our high estimation of the great value and usefulness to the Filipinos of the organization known as the Centro Catolico de Filipinas. We hereby express our sincere sympathy with the great movement in which our coreligionists in these islands are engaged. We earnestly pray that the close and cordial relations now existing between the Centro Catolico de Filipinas and the American Federation of Catholic Societies may continue and prosper. And be it further

Resolved, As a mark of appreciation of our sister organization, we hereby enroll as an honorary member of the American Federation of Catholic Societies Mr. Vincente Cavanne, the distinguished and honored president of the Centro Catolico de Filipinas.

16. *Resolved*, That the Federation of Catholic Societies has received with profound satisfaction the letter from President Roosevelt in which he fully recognized the influence of this Federation; hence we take pleasure in acknowledging this gracious act and at the same

time assure His Excellency that now and always will this Federation be found foremost in the support of those Christian principles which are alone the surest safeguard of our homes as well as the entire Republic.

According to *The Freeman's Journal* of August 8, which fully reported the proceedings of the Convention, "the American Confederation of Catholic Societies, which has been holding a convention at Atlantic City, N. J., has accomplished a great deal of good since it first came into existence. It aims at making Catholic influence felt in this country by the unifying of the Catholic societies in such a way that while each carries out the special work for which it was called into existence, all will co-operate in advancing general Catholic interests. We are glad to learn from the report of the secretary of the American Federation that an organization which is capable of rendering so effective service to the cause of Catholicity is rapidly growing in numerical strength.

At present there are 266 county federations in forty States. The presence in the Atlantic City convention of representatives of Indian tribes is indicative of the wide scope within which the activities of the American Federation are exerted. Chief Minitani Hanska, of Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, represented four thousand Sioux Indians. The Chippewa tribe has also joined the American Federation. The American Federation has done well to encourage Catholic Indians to affiliate with it. It has work to do in preventing the carrying out of the plan to Protestantize Catholic Indians, which was concocted some years ago by Government officials at Washington."

The timid Catholics, who have seen in the Federation movement only danger, should read the letter addressed to the Convention by the Pope's representative, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Falconio:

Right Rev. Bishop—I beg leave to return my sincere thanks for your kind invitation. I regret that circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from being present at the Convention. However, you have my best wishes. May God grant that all the Catholic societies which have joined or which may join the Federation, no matter to what nationality they belong, may work harmoniously, courageously, and with a spirit of generous emulation for the welfare of our Catholic popula-

tion. Your organization is powerful, and as long as it corresponds to the noble end for which the immortal Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth, blessed it, cannot but be productive of great good. With sentiments of highest esteem and profound respect, I remain yours very sincerely in Christ,

D. FALCONIO, Archbishop,
Apostolic Delegate.

And that received by the presiding officer of the Convention from the President of the United States:

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 27.

"My Dear Sir—I have received your letter, and also have spoken personally about the matter with Bishop McFaul. I regret greatly that it is out of my power to accept your very kind invitation. I believe most heartily in the work you are doing in your American Federation of Catholic Societies, and it would have been a peculiar pleasure to have accepted your invitation. I am well aware of what your society has accomplished for the social betterment, not only of Catholics, but all our people in promoting the unification and naturalization of our countrymen and in working for morality and decency, especially in the intimate home relations upon which rest the ultimate well-being of the entire State. Wishing you all success, and congratulating you on what you have done in the past,

I am, with great regard,
Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

To the President the Convention made answer in the following words:

"The American Federation of Catholic Societies in convention assembled, desires to extend to His Excellency, the President, its sincere thanks for his kindly expression of interest in and approval of its work, and to assure His Excellency that the Catholic Church now and always stands for obedience to authority, divine and human, and the sanctity of the home."

God grant that the good work of the American Federation of Catholic Societies will continue to grow and flourish throughout the land!

A full report of the proceedings of the third national convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, was issued in October. This goodly pamphlet may be obtained from the Secretary of the Federation, Mr. Anthony Matre, Cincinnati, to whose courtesy we are indebted for a copy.

The happily chosen prefatory word, a living voice from the great Leo's grave, we gladly quote: "May the faithful unite their efforts more efficaciously for the common good, and may their union rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God."

On September 25, Archbishop Montgomery delivered a notable address to a very large audience in the Greek amphitheatre of the State University, Berkeley. By special favor of His Grace we are authorized to publish this address, and we are very pleased for the opportunity of giving still further circulation to it. That the Archbishop's words rang loud and clear, that they made a deep impression, the San Francisco press bore witness. From the discussion thus occasioned, we trust that the question of a just arrangement of our schools touching the distribution of public money for their support, will be pressed home to the intelligence and conscience of the people, and to a final and satisfactory conclusion.

The *Rosary Magazine* for October publishes the full text of Bishop O'Connell's fine discourse delivered on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the new Dominican House of Studies in Washington. A beautiful sermon, and a noble defence of the Religious Orders, particularly opportune in these times, we welcome its publication, and we trust that it will have many attentive and devout readers among those who were unable to hear the eloquent Bishop of Portland.

We remind our readers, assuming that the great majority of them may be numbered among the clients of our Lady of the Rosary, that all the indulgences granted by the Holy See in favor of those who recite the Beads or

are members of the Rosary Confraternity, are applicable to the relief of the souls of the faithful departed in Purgatory. Charity for the children of the Church suffering, exercised by the children of the Church militant, by way of works of piety offered in behalf of the prisoners of the King, is not only pleasing to God and to His Saints, but besides the help it brings to those who cannot help themselves, it means laying up treasure for the day of our own need, when as we shall have done to those who have gone before, others will do unto us. "Remember me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord is upon me," is a sacred cry to which all should give devout ear.

When Hearsay sits in Gossip's hall,
The guests crowd greedily about
To catch some word of knightly rout,
Of sore defeat and fall.

Alas, alas, how few there are
Who in Hope's quiet chapel pray
The warrior may come away
Without a wound or scar.

Thus Frank Walcott Hutt, in a recent number of *The Independent*, preaches a little sermon that we gladly repeat.

From the New Orleans *Picayune* of September 28th, we take the following item:

One of the most important events in the history of the Catholic Church in New Orleans was chronicled yesterday when Archbishop Chapelle transferred to the care of the Dominican Friars the famous old mortuary chapel of S. Anthony of Padua, in North Rampart Street, and the charge of the Catholic Italians of this city.

Father Lorente, the able Dominican who acted as Secretary to Archbishop Chapelle while he was in the Philippine Islands on his mission as Apostolic Delegate, who accompanied him thence to Rome and to Cuba and Porto Rico, and who continued to serve Archbishop Chapelle as Secretary till yesterday, has been appointed first Pastor of the Church under the new administration.

The transfer of this church to the great Order of Dominican Friars marks

the permanent entrance into New Orleans of one of the most famous Religious Orders of the Church, and the appointment of such a distinguished Dominican as Father Lorente for the first Pastor means the upbuilding of an old into a new and great parish, the extension of Catholic work in the diocese, and the growth of educational and religious effort along many lines.

On the return of Archbishop Chapelle from the Philippine Islands, bringing with him a Dominican Friar from the famous University of S. Thomas in Manila as his secretary, *The Picayune* recorded of the latter: "Father Lorente is a native of Spain and was educated in the most celebrated universities of Europe. Having entered the Order of Dominican Friars he was sent to the Philippine Islands and soon became a leader among the master minds at the University of S. Thomas. The Archbishop having need of a secretary who was perfectly familiar with the Spanish language, applied to the Superior of the Dominican Order in Manila, and the latter sent him one of the brightest young priests and professors in the University of Manila."

The University of S. Thomas, it may be mentioned, outranks in age every university in the United States. It was mentioned most favorably by Governor Taft in his report from the Philippines and tribute paid to its excellent and noble work.

When the Archbishop visited President Roosevelt in Washington, en route to New Orleans from the Philippine Islands, he took Father Lorente with him and said: "Well, Mr. President. I have brought with me a Philippine friar."

The President held out his hand most cordially and said: "Well, if all your Philippine friars are like this one, we ought to have more of them."

Father Lorente made a very pleasant impression in New Orleans, and many who have had the pleasure of meeting him will rejoice that he is to remain here."

Thus our Order makes its first permanent foundation in the Crescent City in whose Cathedral, as *The Picayune* further declares, many of its eminent French preachers have been heard during each succeeding Lent, for a period of more than thirty years.

The spread of the Holy Name devotion is dear to our heart, and gladly we

announce every new establishment of its Society in these parts. The latest organization for the cause is that of the junior branch or youthful defenders of Jesus' beloved name, in San Rafael, where the boys to the number of fifty have been enrolled as a company pledged to the beautiful crusade. We congratulate Father Phillips, the worthy pastor, and the zealous Dominican Sisters who have charge of his school, because of the promising beginnings of their Holy Name Society for boys. We hope to hear of other like establishments.

Sunset Magazine for October is an exceptionally good number. "The Search for Nature's Rest" is a delightful disquisition on modern travel by the genial Passenger Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific Company, Mr. E. O. McCormick whose skill with the pen and whose familiarity with many charming spots of nature loveliness, find expression in this contribution.

Mr. George Hamlin Fitch of *The Chronicle* describes, in his finished style and most interestingly, "How to Climb Mount Shasta."

Illustrations are of great variety and excellence; indeed, letter press, text and picture are of merit equal to that of the representative Eastern magazines.

The Most Reverend Father Frühwirth, Master-General of the Dominican Order, was received in audience by our Holy Father Pius the Tenth, shortly after his accession. The Sovereign Pontiff said that he was pleased to receive the head of an Order which, through so many centuries, had fought against heresy and error in every form. "Continue," he added, "to fight not only by teaching but by the preaching of that most efficacious of devotions, the Rosary, which our immortal predecessor, Leo the Thirteenth, recommended so often and with so much

love." Pius the Tenth has graciously taken on himself the office of "Protector of the Order of S. Dominic," usually given to a Cardinal.

On the subject of publicly supported education, which is so clearly discussed by Archbishop Montgomery, several distinguished non-Catholic clergymen have recently spoken words of grave warning. In our next number we shall set before our readers some thoughts to which they have given utterance, because we believe that an educational campaign is necessary, so that the American mind may be enlightened, and the American conscience aroused to dangers and perils that threaten our national life. We shall, therefore, continue to refer to the most important question.

With special satisfaction we publish a sketch of the late John A. Mooney whose death we announced in our September issue. The well-known Pastor of S. Agnes' Church, New York, the Reverend Doctor H. A. Braun, himself an author of distinction and a scholar, is well qualified to speak of his beloved friend, and to him the readers of DOMINICANA are indebted.

In the death of Mr. Mooney we lost a generous friend, and the sad privilege of recording our love and esteem we, therefore, greatly prize. As an evidence of his beautiful Catholic spirit we shall set before our readers, in a subsequent number a draft of his last will and testament—a rare document.

The first Encyclical of our Holy Father Pope Pius the Tenth bears date of October 4. In our December issue we shall speak more fully of this important letter, the text of which comes to hand as our present number goes to press.

The following striking poem, inscribed "Address to a Skull" was found in a graveyard in 1825. The

author's name is unknown. We think its publication in November peculiarly suggestive:

Behold this ruin; 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.

What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor Hope, nor Joy, nor Love, nor Fear
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
In social Love that eye employed:
If with no lawless fire it gleamed.
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;

If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod,
If from the bowers of Ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed?
If Grandeur's gully bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are as follows: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop; S. Gertrude, Abbess; S. Godfrey, Bishop; S. Felix, Priest; S. Hubert, Bishop. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Martin of Tours, Bishop; S. Clement, Pope; S. Elizabeth of Hungary; S. Theodore, Martyr; S. Catherine of Alexandria. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Andrew, Apostle; S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Hilda, Abbess; S. Flora, Virgin and Martyr; S. Edmund, Bishop.

Calendar for November.

1—First Sunday of the month—Feast of All Saints. Holy day of obligation. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians. (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries; C. C.; visit; prayers.

2—All Souls' Day—Special devotion to the dead.

3—B. Simon Ballachi, Lay Tertiary of the Dominican Order. Humility.

4—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Cardinal. Model of Pastors. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

5—B. Martin Porres, O. P., Lay Brother. Mortification.

6—S. Barnabas, Apostle (from June 11). Consoler of the afflicted.

7—B. Peter Ruffia, O. P., Priest and Martyr. Detachment from the world. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—Second Sunday of the Month—The Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity. C. C.; procession; prayers.

9—All Saints of the Dominican Order. Love of Religious Life.

10—S. Anthony of Padua, O. F. M., Priest (from June 13). Invoked for the recovery of lost articles.

11—S. Martin, Bishop. Charity to the poor. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

12—Anniversary of the dedication of the Basilica of S. John Lateran, which is the Pope's Cathedral. Novena in honor of the Presentation begins.

13—S. Basil, Bishop and Doctor of the Church (from June 14). Love of Truth.

14—B. John Licci, O. P., Priest. Devotion to the Passion. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

15—Third Sunday of the month—B. Albertus Magnus, O. P., Bishop. Confidence in prayer.

16—B. Lucy Narni, O. P., Virgin. Resignation.

17—S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, so-called on account of his extraordinary miracles. Bishop.

18—Anniversary of the Consecration of the Basilica of S. Peter, Rome. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

19—S. Elizabeth of Hungary, O. S. F. Queen and Widow.

20—S. Felix Valois, Priest and Founder, with S. John Matha, of the Order of Trinitarians for the Redemption of Captives. Retirement.

21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. C. C.; visit; prayers.

22—Fourth Sunday of the month—S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr. Heavenly Patroness of Music.

23—S. Clement, Pope and Martyr. Christian Courage.

24—S. John of the Cross, Carmelite Priest. Religious discipline.

25—S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr. Zeal for souls. Heavenly Protectress of the Dominican Order.

26—S. Andrew Avellino, Priest of the Congregation of Regular Clerks. Obedience.

27—B. Margaret of Savoy, O. P., Widow. Patience in sickness.

28—S. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J., Cleric. Purity. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

29—Last Sunday of the Month—Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

30—S. Andrew, Apostle, Patron of Scotland, who was crucified on a cross formed in the shape of the letter X.

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Inspiration.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

What is poetry ? questioned I, when
swift

My heart leaped, answering the
" words that burn,"

What is that charm, that Heaven-
inspired gift,

That neither Art can teach nor Sci-
ence learn

Though she may lash the torrent to
her wheel,

And bind the lightnings in her bars
of steel?

Is it to catch the gleam of Dawn's
white rift,

Or the red glimmerings of the dying
Dew,

Or tint of unlocked bloom, or crys-
tal star

That hangs, cloud-gloried o'er the
restless bar,

Or twilight's purple veil to tear
away,

And bare the porphyry mountains
when the moon

Rides low, and marbles all the
night of June.

And on the canvas of the mind to lay

Each flashing tint, soul-crystaled ?
Or again,

Is it to catch the voice in bough
and breeze,

Those wild sweet melodies that fill
the trees,

Or laughing brook-lips in a mur-
muring glen,

And like the Master at his instru-
ment.

Link chord with chord in perfect
music blent

To throb and die within the hearts of
men ?

Is it to still vexed questions of the
hour,

Each teasing problem that our
effort ties,

By rending human veils, till that
bright Power,

Before man justified, in glory lies,
Is it to show He watches over all,

Not one brown sparrow may un-
heeded fall,

By Him who clothes with beauty yon
field flower

That you have crushed beneath your
careless tread ?

Is it to take the wealth that Science
brings

From sea and mountain, or where
stone-browed kings

Have heaped their treasures, and
from ages dead

To read Life's book ; or where she
rifts the skies

And marks the monstrous systems
onward ply

Or the swift circling of the starry
rings,

To take her splendors, glorify with
light

Of beauteous thought, her cold and
measured word,

Till Genius' flashing radiance crowns
the height

Of Science and the souls of men
are stirred

To think in wonder on " What God
hath wrought "

And thought in quick succession
" weds with thought ? "

Is it the sword-word of the Right
to gird,

To slay the base, the wise the true
sustain.

While Freedom's stainless standard
sways unfurled?

Is it to list the heart-beats of the
world,

The pulsing lyres of passion, power,
pain,

And mingle them with chords that
start and thrill

The very being, and the soul to fill
With minor melodies and that full
strain

Of humanness sweet symphonies to
wake,

Not answering passion but Love
keen to call

The noblest feelings, pitying for
His sake,

God's Image, seeing Him in each,
in all?

Is this, all this, the Poet's golden
store?

And my soul answers "Even this and
more,"

Such undertones through his wild
music break.

But unified, the varied chords will
hold

A nameless something, tremulous
and sweet,

That fills the void of sense with
sound complete,

Like echoes caught from angel harps
of gold

That thrill and start within the
inner soul,

Beyond the barrier of thought con-
trol

Where the spirit struggles in the
sense's hold?

Within the opal of that mystery,
Is caught the iris glow of field and
sky,

Sweep the low melodies of leaf or
sea,

Within the deep notes of Care's
lullaby;

And the loud beatings of our human
life,

Meet in that mighty music, passion
rife

Yet pure as perfect seraph har-
mony.

Is it to bare the soul and fling its
woe,

Full in the face of man? Is it to
raise

Doubts, questionings, a blinding
haze to throw

Before the Lamp of Truth and dim
its rays?

Is it to teach the base of human
kind,

Freedom, God's Angel in foul
shackles bind,

Fetters of license? Rings the
answer "No"—

What then is poetry? 'Tis the voice
of Him

Who tuned Life's myriad-chorded
instrument,

Whose deep-toned music to His
will is bent,

Echoed—perhaps half discordant or
dim—

But still of Him, within a human
soul

That feels beyond the prisoned
Sense control

Up where Eternity with Time is
blent.

Long since sung Homer in his sunny
Greece,

The listening Ages catch his lucid
lay,

And still he sings and will without
surcease,

Ten thousand heart harps catch-
ing from his ray

Their inspiration; better than he
knew

He sang—soul blinded deeper—but
he drew

Perhaps unconscious, Light from
that bright Day

Which lonely Dante dreamed 'neath
as it burned

Flame-gloried on his spirit sick
with shame,

And weary woes of exile, till his
name

His laureled country's proudest
boast has earned.

God's "Holy Light," that Milton
darkened sung,
When his proud spirit on that void
was flung,
Where night is deepest, noon to
night is turned.

The Light that pierced these clinging
casts of clay
And showed the working heart
and busy brain
To our immortal Shakespeare whom
we say
Has lived a thousand lives—or yet
again,
That made a splendor in the spring-
ing blade,
A "glory in the flower" where
Wordsworth strayed
And tuned his lyre to Nature's
varied strain.

Nor less those humble singers whose
full song
"Gushed from the heart" like note
of summer birds
That thrill the woodlands, those
whose winged words
Make music in the soul when night
is long:
Who soar not loftier, yet love and
trust
Our human hearts, and "sing be-
cause they must"
Who sweeten with God's Hope Life's
woe and wrong,

His lov-lipped angels. Not in
measured verse,
Nor tinkling rhyme. nor nature-
tinted page,
Nor proud Philosophy nor Passion's
curse,
Is Poetry, that fresh in every Age,
Speaks to the child-heart in the man
—a strain
That wakes the better, best, which
may have lain
Deep slumbering; This, this "the
noble rage"

That held the Nation's of our Time's
bright youth

Mute, motionless, before the
minstrel gray
And in the full glow of our Cul-
ture's day
Charms still the soul not dead to
Love and Truth,
God's Voice thrilled through the
singing human soul
Luring, faith-guided to the lofty
goal
Of noble deeds, the music power of
Truth,

Take every tint that from yon flash-
ing sky
Has in the mirror of yon silent
lake
Found reflex when morn-purpled
mountains nigh
The lucid cloud bars' swift effulgence
break
Since Time began—focus the shift-
ing light
And lo! What have you but the
perfect white
Thus Truth is one, though myriads
may take

Its forms, their phases in the spirit's
glows,
Some catch the white-hot glory,
some but hold
A shattered sapphire, or a gleam
of gold,
Some vernal glintings, some a paling
rose,
Each but a ray from the Eternal
Light
Here flashed in Truth, God's
radiant, perfect white,
Blending all beauty in its lustres.
Told

Full many a poet since old Homer
sung
What Poetry was to him; but
to me
It seems the inner sense, the power
to see
The Light of God in leaf, in flower:
among
Life's mists to throw its star-
gleams: mid its din
To hear and echo what He speaks
within,
To live time-fettered, in Eternity.

The Rosary in the Dominican Missions of Tonquin.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

I.

IN view of the persistent opposition that has ever met the attempts of Christian missionaries in their evangelization of the people of China, and considering the violent persecution, even in our own day, of that portion of the native population that has accepted the doctrine of the true Faith, one may well marvel that every spark of Christian charity has not been utterly extinguished from the hearts of those that have escaped the fury of the pagans.

It is interesting to note, that despite the frequent outbursts of anti-Christian hatred, that have decimated the ranks of faithful Catholics throughout the Empire, many localities have not only retained the Faith, but, at this moment, boast of congregations of earnest souls, whose religious fervor and devout practices may serve as a model for so-called Christians who cannot allege encroachments upon their religious liberty as an excuse for the omission of the duties of their holy religion.

Foremost in glorious triumphs for the Church stands the faithful of Tonquin, whose unnumbered martyrs—judicially condemned by the tribunals of the land to the most revolting tortures that demoniacal hatred could invent—still attest the divinity of the Faith for which so many cheerfully gave up their lives.

Six bishops, numerous priests and catechists and millions of native Christians have suffered martyrdom since the advent of the first Christian teachers—the Spanish Dominicans, who labored in that region as early as 1676.

Three hundred thousand Christians, scattered among probably six millions of pagans, in the province of Tonquin, have survived the persecution of the intervening centuries. Three Apostolic vicariates supply about two hundred European and native priests, who minister to the spiritual needs of these people.

The Dominican missionaries of Tonquin—originally from the Province of the Holy Rosary—immediately established Confraternities of the Rosary in all towns through which they passed. This devotion to the Queen of Heaven was rapidly propagated among Christian converts and proved to be their consolation and mainstay in the obstinate persecutions of the majority of pagans. A few instances recorded by the missionaries will serve to illustrate the simple character and noble faith of the Tonquinese as exemplified in their practice of this precious devotion to the Mother of God.

As early as 1688 a missionary wrote: "We have established forty Confraternities of the Rosary, the members of which are already very numerous." Some years later, he wrote. "The confraternity is already established throughout the kingdom. The Rosary is recited publicly every day; even children of twelve years of age are able to announce all its mysteries aloud during processions, or, on the occasion of funerals." The devotion to the Rosary has assumed the character of a perpetual devotion among the Tonquinese. In the Christian congregations of the present day the children are conspicuous for their earnest piety in the recitation of the Rosary—a piety as astonishing to the stranger as it is impressively edifying to those familiar with it.

Their childlike confidence in the Mother of God increases with years. No church in Tonquin is deserted, either by day, or by night. Devout persons, tertiaries of the Dominican Order, have been known to spend the greater part of the night in the recitation of the Rosary—until, overcome by fatigue, they stretched themselves upon their mats in a corner of the church, to take a few moments' rest.

A missionary of Tonquin tells me that he knew two pious women tertiaries, Ba-Lang-Thien, aged ninety years, and Ba-Lo, also of great age, who spent their nights before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the church, devoutly reciting the Rosary. Ba-Lo spent her days in going from house to house, earning small sums in repairing garments. On these occasions she baptized many children, who were in danger of death, and whose parents were pagans. This fervent soul had no other abode than the church; her few possessions were carried under her arm in a folded mat. All her savings were given for the adornment of the altar of the Blessed Virgin. Thus, these two old women lived through many prayerful years and died in most edifying sanctity.

Consoling, indeed, to the heart of the missionary is the fervent chanting of the Ave Maria by children, six and seven years of age, whose sweet voices may be heard in the streets and along the country roads. Encouraging to his efforts are the practices observed in Christian households—the chanting or recitation of the Rosary in two choirs every evening. Familiar to the missionary are the evening devotions of the poor fishermen whose boats are grouped on both sides of the numerous rivers of Tonquin. Assembling their families in their floating homes, where they were born and where they will probably die, their hearts go out in hymns of praise to God and His holy Mother. Rosaries, Litanies, and other prayers are recited in concert, to the great joy of their Christian teachers. It is the pious custom of the Tonquinese to recite the Rosary,

beads in hand, while going from one town to another. "Father," said a Christian, who once met a missionary on his way to a distant village, "I am at the fifth sorrowful mystery. From our village to this point there are ten decades. I do not feel the way long when I recite the Rosary."

The majority of the catechumens know how to recite the Rosary and meditate upon the mysteries before receiving Baptism. In speaking on this subject, Father Carbo says: "I know a catechumen who can recite all the prayers used by the Christians. His two children are studying the catechism with him, but he surpasses them in simplicity and humility. He ardently prays that his wife may receive the gift of faith—she, as yet, has not been converted. It is to be hoped that his desire will be granted, for his entire conduct is regulated by the true humility of a soul profoundly imbued with divine grace."

Our Tonquinese recite the Rosary aloud every day in the church, many per ones forming the various groups that meet for that purpose. The Saturday Rosary is a special affair; this is regarded as an important devotion from which no one absents himself without good cause. Each family is at least represented. On Saturday evening, therefore, the church is crowded as if it were a feast day. The fifteen decades of the Rosary are chanted in a very solemn tone. The intentions for which the prayers are offered are announced, namely, for the Church and its Head, the bishops and priests, the conversion of sinners and infidels, the spiritual and temporal needs of those present. From time to time, a newcomer arrives, or some one passes from the church to place an alms in the box for the support of the church. When one strikes a gong or tambourine close by it is a signal that some one asks a special intention in the prayers of the faithful.

Should any one fail to wear his Rosary beads around his neck, or should one recite the Rosary but seldom, or fail to assist at the Rosary in common on Saturday, he would be regarded as a bad Christian and would be put under the ban of the parish by the faithful servants of Mary. This earnest spirit of meditation upon the mysteries of the Rosary has proved the safeguard of the Faith of the Tonquinese during the long and frequent absence of the missionaries, and during those periods that persecution demolished the temples of religion and drove the worshippers either into exile, or cast them into prison to share the company of the vilest criminals. Here, again, the Rosary came to their assistance. The Queen of Heaven not only comforted her faithful clients, but made them the instruments of the conversion of their fellow prisoners. The beads upon which so many *Aves* were counted during life have, in

many instances, been dyed by the blood of their martyred owners, and are now treasured as priceless relics by the Christians—perpetual symbols of perseverance unto death in the love of Christ and His Blessed Mother.

The Chinese Christians are especially fond of public demonstrations of piety. Processions of the Rosary particularly coincide with their characteristic love of imposing pageantry expressive of religious worship. The more frequent the occasion the greater the delight of these fervent souls. No expense is spared in supplying flowers, lights, banners, flags, lanterns—and, quantities of fire-crackers—the deafening effect of which, when set off, peculiarly delights the heart of the native and enhances the charm of the ceremony.

Gorgeous floats are prepared by the members of the various congregations. Some churches have two or three floats made of costly wood, beautifully carved and polished. They appear as if made of solid gold. Upon these floats are placed statues of the Blessed Virgin. The filial confidence reposed in the Queen of Heaven by these faithful souls is expressed in the special reverence which they pay to her under the title of “Mother of God, most loving.”

The Tonquinese celebrate the first Sunday of each month, and the principal feasts of our Lady in public processions of the Rosary. These are supplemented by a grand demonstration, once a year, which is called *Ky-Yen*—that is public prayer for peace and prosperity. This procession is conducted with unusual solemnity and is a prolonged religious exercise.

Father Garcia, the Vicar-General of the Eastern Vicariate, in his account of the exercises held during the month of October in the important mission of Kee-Sat, graphically presents characteristics of a typical procession: On the first day of October, at night-fall, the faithful assemble in large numbers, at the church. Each person carries a candle in hand, and, under the arm, a bundle. Bells are rung, tambourines resound, gongs clang, silvery tones from the belfry mingle with the varied sounds. At a given signal each one dons his festal robe (hitherto held under the arm) and, in an instant all are in rank. Kneeling, their foreheads almost touching the ground, all chant the Act of Contrition in solemn tones. Emerging from the church, accompanied by altar-boys with lighted candles, the Cross-bearer heads the procession. The statue of our Lady of the Rosary—borne by six men, in splendid costume—also statues of Saint Dominic and Saint Catherine and a grand banner of the Rosary are incensed by the priest as they are carried before him to their respective places in the line.

Seminarians, chanting the first verse of the *Ave Maris Stella* start the procession on its line of march. These are immediately followed by hundreds of children, decked in gay colors. Fifteen banners, representing the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary—placed at equal distance—are carried by children selected for this honor on account of their piety. A young man, robed in a red dalmatic holds a large yellow umbrella, fringed with gold—which serves as a canopy—over each banner. Between the banners, children are dressed as angels, in costumes of varied brilliancy. These children play upon flutes, violins and other musical instruments, thus forming an admirable orchestra—the chief delight of the listeners.

Next in order march a dozen boys, in red soutanes and white surplices; after these follows an almost interminable double rank of adults with lighted candles and beads in hand; then, seminarians, chanting the *Magnificat*, precede the banner of our Lady of the Rosary, which is borne by a young seminarian; four silken cords, held by children, dressed as angels, keep the banner in position; next follows the priest, assisted by attendant ministers and acolytes; the young women of the mission dressed in red silk with sashes of various colors come next; these are accompanied by thirty native religious women tertiaries of the Order of Saint Dominic; these are followed by the female members of the congregation.

Viewed as a whole, the procession is most imposing in spectacular effect. Numerous banners gently swaying in the breeze, gorgeous lanterns—the pride of the Tonquinese—flashing in a sea of undulating brilliancy, costumes of gorgeous combinations most harmoniously blended, produce a lasting impression upon the mind of the beholder.

The announcement of each mystery is preceded by a loud stroke of a cymbal; the children make an offering of the decade while chanting; this is followed by a short meditation, the conclusion of which is marked by another stroke of the cymbal. The procession moves about the esplanade in front of the church until the last glorious mystery has been chanted.*

This procession is repeated on Sundays—during the month of October. Evening devotions during the week are concluded by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, after which these devout people return to their homes happy and contented, confident of the powerful protection of Mary—their “Mother most loving”

*Father Garcia, speaking of the fervor of the Christians at Kee-Sat, in their devotional demonstrations on the annual Feast of the Holy Rosary, says that he “never witnesses a procession, nor listens to the solemn chant of the Rosary, but that he is affected to tears.” This is not to be wondered at when he tells us that the Christians of Kee-Sat who participate in this religious ceremony number about five thousand people. This number is augmented by thousands from surrounding Christian districts. Who will say that the Faith has not taken root in China?

The First Year of Marriage—An Open Confession.

ELIZABETH A. ADAMS.

MY friend Ida and I were very fond of visiting Mrs. Landthorpe, whose home was always so agreeable. There was never a jar in kitchen, dining-room or parlor—an ideal visiting place. Well, my friend and I, having each won the “very best man in the world,” received his proposal to enter into a trust company of two, and answered affirmatively, even to the fixing of a certain day soon after Easter for the ratification of the contract at the altar of His Majesty King of kings and Lord of lords, we poured forth our heart’s happiness into the friendly ears of Mrs. Landthorpe, confident of her unbounded sympathy.

“Girls, I congratulate you,” she began, “but, listen to the story of my first year of wedded life, the most unhappy one of my experience. When I pledged my troth to Mr. Landthorpe, my heart throbbed with an enthusiasm like yours, but—

“My parents were practical Catholics, yet when they emigrated to this country, they located where there were no other Catholics. The consequence was that for a number of years they were deprived of Holy Mass and whatever pertains to the public manifestation of our faith. I was their eldest child. They took pains to imprint on my soul the doctrines and practices learned in the home of their fathers—a village of Catholics. But deeper teaching than that laid in occasional instruction, is required in a non-Catholic locality.

“When not more than seventeen years of age, I became enamored of a stylish gentleman who was without faith; and when he proposed marriage, I almost broke the hearts of my parents by accepting him. A few months of constant devotion ensued. Scarcely a day passed without my seeing him or receiving a note and some love token. Then this exquisite of my foolish fancy, assured of quickly making a princely fortune in the far West, with tender parting words, bade me good-bye. For a few weeks his letters came regularly. Suddenly, the anxiously-looked-for missives came no more. This turn in affairs gratified my parents, until they perceived that with constant weeping and anxiety my health was seriously threatened. The first change in my feelings was, however, due to a former rival who had sought to win my quondam lover’s affection. I chanced to overhear her entertaining a group of our associates with the recital of my persistent efforts to win him, only to be jilted at last. Pride was roused by this view of the matter; my weeping was actually interrupted for the moment by a petulant complaint against this false-hearted cause of my humiliation. Bye-and-bye this wound to my pride nerved my will to conceal my disappointment. I determined to enter society with my old cheerfulness. A dream of retal-

iating coquetry whiled away some moments. I assured myself that I should never trust one of the male sex again. Yielding to this mood, I found a certain zest and relish in establishing the fact that I could command the attention even of the favorites in our circle. It was not in my nature to be a coquette, yet playing the unworthy role, my bogus love affair ceased to give me pain.

"Nearly a year had passed. Mr. Landthorpe had been received with marked favor. He was the first Catholic gentleman thus to be recognized; at first, however, his religion was not suspected. I must explain the mystery of his appearance in our town. Scarcely a year before a zealous young priest had been sent to reside in our district. He had built and neatly furnished a small church. Now, as I learned long afterwards, this priest, even previously to his ordination, persuaded that practical Catholic young men were a desideratum in a newly-formed parish, had spared no pains to place exemplary young people in the congregation. By persuasive argument, he induced his old-time friend, Mr. Landthorpe, to share the future of our town. A devout monthly communicant, he won his way speedily in a non-Catholic atmosphere. His head is now sprinkled with many a white filament of wisdom; you may fancy him in his early maturity. Some one has said that whatever culture persons outside of the Catholic Church may have acquired, one thoroughly trained from childhood in the unfailing courtliness of Catholic manners, which, if real, must spring from Christian ethics implanted and flourishing in the heart, will win, at once, notice and commendation in the midst of any select four hundred. With marked affability, Mr. Landthorpe, by his dignified bearing, effectually repelled coquetry and flirtation, yet he soon became a favorite.

"This, girls, is a lengthy interlude. I was not pious, yet the day came when, with the cordial approval of my parents and of Mr. Landthorpe's reverend friend, I gave my heart and hand to him, whom I now delight to call my honored husband, at a nuptial Mass, which all my friends attended. One of my companions afterwards said, it was the most solemn and beautiful ceremonial she had ever witnessed. I was not worthy to be the bride on that occasion—you will see. Our honeymoon passed all too quickly. A series of receptions given in our honor were all that could be desired; then we entered upon the sacred duties of home. Suddenly, an envious angel from the bottomless pit seemed to swoop down upon our Eden. One day, just before our dinner hour, a letter was handed to me from my ill-starred lover. Refraining from explanations of my unreasoning folly, I must admit that the familiar assurances of tender regard, protestations of ever-abiding faithfulness, notwithstanding an enforced and prolonged silence, appealed to my sympathies; I burst into tears and wept so freely that my eyes were swollen to distortion. My hus-

band's approach startled me; quickly drying my eyes, I hid the letter in a fold of my dress. Coming to my side he begged to know the cause of my distress and bent over to kiss me. Fearing that the letter would be discovered, I repelled his advances. I should have frankly confessed the real reason of my emotion and trusted his noble generosity to charitably extenuate the fault. My nerves, however, were more demoralized than my heart and the movement to repel his advances effected what I had tried to avoid. The letter fell at his feet, and, in spite of my endeavor to prevent him, he picked up the letter and read it. He insisted upon being told what it all meant.

Certainly, I had not the slightest affection for the writer of the letter; yet, instead of answering, I shed tears. Casting the letter into the flames, Mr. Landthorpe left the house, his dinner untasted. Ordering its removal I repaired to my sleeping apartment to pass the remainder of the day in the tortures of a nervous headache. My anger was roused by his destroying the letter without my consent, and, over and over, in the paroxysms of pain, I mentally repeated: 'He could not trust me to destroy my own letter; a woman must, forsooth, have a master to act for her; he does not know the American woman yet.' By considerations gathered in my early environment, I resolved to let my husband understand, for the future, that in marrying, American women do not relinquish their rights as rational beings. This time I would let it pass with a simple statement of my displeasure, but never again.

"Learning of my illness upon his return, my husband came at once and greeted me most tenderly. I asked his pardon for not replying to his question at noon, rehearsed the story of the old love affair, adding that for the life of me I could not tell why I was so foolish as to shed tears over the letter which I should quite willingly have destroyed. In an offended tone of voice I continued—that he ought to understand that I felt his taking, reading and destroying the letter without my consent as a personal insult. He petted me a little, and our first rupture was ended.

"Similar misunderstandings occurred through the summer, ever and anon, and I was always the one to ask forgiveness. The subtle passion, pride, ruling, I firmly resolved that the next time, though the heavens should fall, he would be the suppliant. During all this period I failed to consider these ruptures of the bond of matrimonial peace, matter for the confessional, so I had no inclination to resort to that tribunal for advice. Pride told me my own judgment sufficed for the case, and I was assured that the whole blame was on my husband's side.

Time passed, Christmas was near, when an old school companion, Letty Taylor, asked me to dine with her one even-

ing, and after dinner to accompany her to a Woman's Rights Convention, where she thought there would be interesting speeches and amusing entertainment. Choosing to accept, although for the first time my husband would be left to himself, I penned him a note, telling that Letty wished me to dine and spend the evening with her, but I should not be out late. Observing, as we seated ourselves, the class of persons congregated in the hall, I should gladly have escaped and gone home could I have excused the act to Letty. Judge of my discomfiture when, about half-past eight, I espied my husband slowly moving down the aisle, casting glances right and left until he reached my side. He courteously saluted Letty, then, in a low voice said: 'This, my dear, is no place for my wife; you will please be so good as to accompany me home.' My face reddened with intense anger; but, making pretence that he had brought alarming news, I begged Letty to excuse me, and followed him. When outside, I accused him of impertinence and asked if he employed a detective to dog the steps of his wife. He made no reply, but handed me into the carriage. In unbroken silence we reached home. I thought he designed purposely to provoke me by his silence and assumed patience. It would be too great a humiliation to expose to you, girls, the ridiculous revenge to which I resorted. Christmas, not a very merry one, came and glided into the past and New Year's day also. My mother expressed her surprise at not having seen me approach the Communion rail on those great feasts. To blind her to the unpleasant facts, I felt obliged to go to confession.

"When actually in the confessional, without premeditation, I, almost the first thing, complained of the sorrow my husband caused me. Calm, as the agent of Christ should ever be, the confessor asked, 'And, my child, have you no sins of your own for which you are sorry and want absolution?' Who, but God, can explain the special grace which accompanied these words, in a twinkling revealing my hideous pride—myself to myself? I burst into tears. I wept like a child. By the grace of God and the aid of my confessor, I trust I made a worthy confession. It was the pivot on which our home life changed from unrest and repining to the harmony which you, girls, have often told me is not to be found elsewhere. From that date I went regularly with my husband to Communion. Affection has led me to this disclosure. Two living, breathing microcosms cannot come into one united life without mutual and continuous sacrifices. The grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony suffices for this, united with the good will of the parties concerned, and the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist. Begin at once to form the habit of at least monthly Communion and keep it up religiously after marriage. My story ends with this advice."

Beatæ Virgini Mariæ Guadalupensi.

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

Maria, Mater provida
 Ut Mexicanis panderes
 Benignitatem Gentibus
 Tepejacensi in clivulo,
 Sicut petræ in foramine
 Columba candidissima,
 Apparuiti lucida!
 In horrido cacumine
 Lectos amœnos flosculos
 Tui Joannis Didaci

Servi locasti in tegmine!
 In veste coram Præsule,
 Depicta mire manibus
 Castissimorum cœlitum,
 Amicta stellis aureis
 Et luce fulgentissima
 Comparuisti Mexici!
 Fac semper ut te percolam
 Tibique pulchros flosculos
 Devotionis colligam!

*Amen.***A Christmas Plea.**

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

O Mother, by thy joy to-day,
 A joy that driveth far away
 The vision that upon thy sight
 Might conjure up dark Calvary's
 height,—
 Bring cheer to those who know it
 not,—
 Whose hearts are burdened with
 their lot;
 Whose eyes shall not be giv'n to see
 Such bliss as now belongs to thee;
 Whose hands Love's service ne'er
 shall know,
 Nor, all for Love, sweet-wearied
 grow;
 Whose feet may not in gladness speed,

Responsive to a dear one's need;
 Whose lives and thoughts may not be
 set
 On one bright hope like thine. Oh,
 let
 These lonely hearts thy gladness
 share,
 And help them life's repulse to bear;
 Thou hadst thy cross, O Mother
 mine,
 But joy, yes, joy untold, was thine
 When in thine arms, a Babe, there
 lay
 Thine only Son, on Christmas Day!
 By this high Gift I ask that thou
 All saddened lives will brighten now!

A Christmas Task.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Who'll help me to send out my love? Better than to most things I know—
 I have to shape each glad heart-beat So, to a fairy summer grand,
 Into some worthy gift for friends— To hot-house Junes I'll haply go,
 I think they'll take to flowers sweet Within my own, dear Mem'ry's
 hand.

Should I o'erlook one precious name,
 That spelled itself upon the Past
 She will remind me of the same.
 Love's debt shall be paid to the last.

The Monk's Christmas Gift.

ALIDA M. BIBBY.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago, the traveler among the snow-clad Alps might have discerned from distant heights, firmly planted upon the brow of a rugged crag, a huge wooden cross, upon which was suspended the figure of the crucified Saviour. Illuminated by the vivid hues of an Alpine sky the features assumed an expression of ineffable sorrow; the thorn-crowned head drooped in agony; the pierced hands and feet, the emaciated body told the story of the supreme agony of the Redeemer of the world. Through wind and rain, snow and sleet, through winters of funereal shadow, through brief moments of golden sunshine, through chilling days of autumnal frost, the great crucifix had remained unchanged.

Father Placidus remembered well that Christmas morning nearly fifty years ago, when his devoted brethren had erected the cross in his honor. He vividly recalled the circumstances that had been the occasion of this testimonial of love and devotion from his brethren—the Christmas gift of this marvellously wrought image—so startling in its semblance of expiring life. He was now nearing eighty—but then he had been young, fleet of foot and strong of frame, valiant in virtue and benevolent to his fellow-men. Each succeeding year had increased his sanctity; he commanded the reverence of all. How could the brethren manifest their appreciation of his goodness? No word of his expressive of any particular desire had ever dropped from his lips; they must patiently wait and watch for an opportunity to please him. At length the long looked-for opportunity came.

According to a custom in the convent, the fathers were allowed one afternoon in the week—in which they were free to recreate at will—so that they might better attend to their duties of study and prayer. The younger members of the community usually employed this time in the garden or in beautifying the little graveyard which held the remains of so many of their brethren. Some of the fathers sat about in groups conversing of heavenly things. But Father Placidus was wont to wander a distance from the monastery with no other companion than the old house-dog, Fidelis. During these rambles through picturesque scenes the sublime beauty of God's creation appealed to his sense of gratitude and his heart

thrilled with thankfulness for his unmerited participation in the glories of creative omnipotence.

On these occasions Father Placidus, undisturbed, would pour out his soul in earnest prayer that God might be better known and revered by all his creatures,

To the dumb animal at his side he would often say, "thou art a good and faithful servant, and, truly, thy name is most appropriate." And Fidelis would fawn upon him, licking his hands, expressing, in his own way, his understanding of the words of praise.

Thus the days went on. Dreary winter filled the Alpine passes with snow and ice. The air was bitter cold. The roads were often hidden from view; still, Father Placidus and Fidelis took their evening walks to a distant eminence that towered above the neighboring valley.

On an unusually cold day, as Father Placidus was hurrying towards the gate of the monastery, followed by Fidelis, about to take his customary walk, his attention was arrested by the words, "My son, my son, you do not intend to set out this stormy afternoon?"

The words were spoken by a tall, kindly-looking monk, clad like the rest of the brethren, in a gray habit; his girdle was a knotted cord, representing the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, to which was attached a wooden crucifix; his feet were encased in sandals, his cowl was drawn over his tonsured head.

"Yes, my father," answered Father Placidus, "if it be with your consent; for, I have heard a voice which bids me go. What signifies a little pain when there is a possibility of saving an immortal soul?" Here Fidelis whined piteously, as if in response to the question.

"Hear you, reverend father, the poor brute instinctively scents danger."

"Then, my son, I have no more to say; may the blessing of God attend you."

As the gate closed behind them the dog looked up into his master's face, gave a prolonged whine, and then ran forward with his nose close to the ground. After some minutes he returned barking loudly. Then fawning upon his master he caught the priest's habit in his mouth and pulled vigorously.

"Lead me on, thou faithful friend," said Father Placidus.

Wagging his tail and growling the dog proceeded until he had passed a turn in the road that hid the monastery from view. At this point the passage was blocked by a great ridge of ice and snow; but this did not daunt the courage of Father Placidus. Although

his bare feet were protected only by thin sandals, he bravely commenced the ascent and finally cleared the ridge and obediently followed the path indicated by the maneuvers of the sagacious dog. Soon they were almost at the base of a rocky eminence from which the snow had blown, leaving it quite bare. What was it that loomed upon the vision of Father Placidus, stretching its black arms over the drifts of snow? It had the semblance of a cross. The father's heart began to throb painfully as he hastened towards it. Surely it was a cross! But, where had it come from? He had been there a week previously—there was no sign of it then. Still nearer he hastened, almost out of breath; the cold was so intense that his feet began to ache, and he would have fallen had not Fidelis, seeing the look of pain in his face, approached and licked his feet until circulation was restored to them. Then, on they hurried; now he could see the outlines plainly. It was a cross, its dark outlines standing in bold relief against the wintry sky. The dog ran to the base of the eminence, wagging his tail excitedly, and dug the snow away with his nose and paws. Fidelis scattered the snow wildly, encouraged by the words of Father Placidus. At last the face of a man, haggard and rigid, was disclosed. It appeared as if it had been chiseled from the snow which had encased it. The dog continued his labor until the form of the man was almost freed from snow.

"Brave Fidelis," said the master, "finish thy work, the hand of God is in everything."

Leaning down Father Placidus placed his hand over the stranger's heart—all was still; from the stiffened form the soul had apparently departed. What should he do to obtain help? Then, speaking to Fidelis, as though he were capable of understanding, he said: "Watch thy charge until I return with aid, thou good servant." The dog lay down, licked the cold hand, placed one paw upon the still breast, and took up his guard of the dead.

At this moment the thought of the mysterious cross that he had seen recurred to Father Placidus. Looking up, he saw it distinctly; he could almost touch its base. Had the poor man planted it there to attract some one to his rescue? Then it flashed upon the mind of the priest—what a magnificent spot upon which to erect a crucifix! A crucifix on this eminence—a beacon to the weary soul; a message of loving forgiveness to the unfortunate who, like the frozen stranger at his feet, might need peace and consolation! Reflecting upon the infinite mercy of God, Father Placidus hastened his steps to the monastery, whither we shall precede him.

(Conclusion in January.)

	Some Recent Books and Music	
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A volume that we cordially announce, because it bears the marks of its author's learning and piety is THE SYMBOL OF THE APOSTLES—A VINDICATION OF THE APOSTOLIC AUTHORSHIP OF THE CREED ON THE LINES OF CATHOLIC TRADITION, by the Very Reverend Alexander MacDonald, D. D., Vicar-General of the Diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

The title is descriptive of the work, the arrangement and style of which are admirable. To Doctor MacDonald's theses a chapter has been added, on the name of the Church, an appropriate closing. The reader whose tastes are refined and devotional, and whose education is competent, will find this volume, which the Christian Press Association Publishing Company of New York has brought out with good quality of material and becoming style of make-up, an intellectual treat.

S. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC FOR 1904, published by the Society of the Divine Word, for the benefit of S. Joseph's Technical School, Shermerville Illinois, has already appeared. A serviceable calendar, to which interesting and edifying reading matter is lib rally added, after the manner customary in such annuals. S. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC pleads for a good cause, and, therefore, we recommend it to our charitable friends. A German edition is also published.

BOOK OF NATURE, by Johnnie Jones, contains the results of his earnest scientific researches in zoology, poetically expressed. Birds, bugs, beetles and mosquitoes appeal to his poetic fancy and are vividly portrayed:

"Mosquitoes drive you almost mad,
They come around at night,
And when you're not asleep they buzz,
And when you are—they bite."

His penetration and attentive observation have enabled him to select for study the habits of animals that practically illustrate some phase either of social or of political life.

"A lobster has two great big horns
And two big claws that pinch,
So when it comes to taking hold,
I guess he's got a cinch."

Johnny admits that his mother managed his spelling, but the verses with the accompanying illustrations are all his own. This

unique booklet is published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco.

From the same house, elaborately draped in *crepe* with the suggestion of her "heart on her sleeve"—comes the widow—WIDOWS GRAVE AND OTHERWISE—"that subtle generation of people," whose fortunes have been followed by venturesome swains since the Lord made provision for the widow in her father's house after the death of her husband.

Cora D. Willmarth has found a widow for every day in the year. Proverbially, the widow has her own way—with the sterner sex. The present compilation includes epigrams illustrative of the faults and virtues of various widows from time immemorial. Biblical and modern records agree in the main point—that they are "ever-present dangers."

Appropriate illustrations by A. F. Willmarth have been excellently reproduced by the publishers.

The Life of the REVEREND MOTHER M. XAVIER WARDE, the foundress of the Order of Mercy in the United States, has recently been published by Marlier & Co., Boston.

The interesting sketches of the early foundations of this venerable religious have been furnished by the Sisters of Mercy of Mount Saint Mary's, Manchester, New Hampshire. All reveal the excellence of the character and the nature of the sacrifices of this noble woman whose earthly career of seventy-three years was marked by the accomplishment of untold good—fifty-three years of religious life—a life spent in caring for the "poor, sick and ignorant," in founding convents, schools, orphanages and hospitals in the "wilds" of America, under peculiarly discouraging circumstances, speaks volumes for the unbounded trust Mother Xavier reposed in Divine Providence. The monuments of her success are incentives to perseverance in good works to thousands of her spiritual children. The book is beautifully illustrated.

THE FOUR LAST THINGS by Sir Thomas More, and A SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION by Bishop Fisher, edited by D. O'Connor, have been published in separate volumes of convenient size, by B. Herder, Saint Louis. Both treatises are produced almost entirely in the phraseology of sixteenth century literature. As spiritual exercises these books are of superior excellence, breathing, as they do, an intense love for God, practically illustrated in their devotion to virtue during an ordeal of flattering temptation. The most casual reader of the writings of these two illustrious martyrs can not fail to be impressed by the strength of their authors' convictions that eternal consid-

erations should control all our actions—even to the laying down of life in preference to the sacrificing of one principle of religious truth.

SONGS AND STORIES FROM TENNESSEE teem with enthusiastic praises by the appreciative writer, John Trotwood Moore. In the introductory description of the Basin of Tennessee eloquent tribute is paid to the beauty of this favored region, its sturdy citizens, and its gallant patriots.

Oh, the glorious, Middle Basin	Oh, the loyal Middle Basin!
The rose in Nature's wreath!	So quick for fife and drum!
With her purpling sky and hills on high	She stood in the breach on the crescent beach
And her blue grass underneath.	When the hated foe had come.
'Tis here our fathers built their homes,	Her Jackson made our nation safe,
'Tis here their sons are free—	Her Polk—an empire free—
For the fairest land	For the truest land
From God's own hand	From God's own hand
Is the Basin of Tennessee.	Is the Basin of Tennessee.

Henry T. Coates & Company, Philadelphia, have brought out the book in good style, excellently reproducing the effective illustrations of Howard Weeden and Robert Dickey.

Under title of *SICK CALLS* the Reverend Alfred Manning Mullan of Birmingham, England, has embodied in a small volume some pastoral notes on medicine gathered in his wide experience with various kinds of sickness. These brief treatises are intended as hints to young priests who have not yet been familiarized with premonitory symptoms of disease—malignant or otherwise—primarily to guide them in the valid administration of the last Sacraments of the Church. From this view point the book is a valuable auxiliary to the neophyte who is often called upon to act as physician and spiritual consoler on "sick calls."

Benziger Brothers, New York, have published the book in convenient form. Clear marginal notes and charts enhance its utility.

Among the recent publications of Silver, Burdette Co., New York, of educational effectiveness, may be noted the Edward G. Ward series entitled *THE RATIONAL METHOD IN SPELLING* and *THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING*. The Fifth Reader completes the series according to the author's plan. The selections, varied and instructive, are dominated by a high moral tone. Longfellow, Bryant, Shelley, Hans Christian Andersen, and the brothers Grimm are at their best. Other authors of prominence who never fail to delight the boys and girls are well represented. The books are beautifully printed and artistically illustrated.

In his admirable work *THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: APPARITIONS, REVELATIONS, GRACES*, Bernard Saint John presents in one volume the history of the manifestations of Divine favor towards France during the past century, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The story of the picturesque sanctuaries of France, famed for their national pilgrimages, the miraculous restoration to health of thousands of afflicted persons are subjects of unfailing interest. The detailed description of these shrines and the spiritual favors granted will be read with fervent thanksgiving by the Catholic world. Viewed in the light of France's amazing apostasy and violent acts of impiety at the present hour, the maternal care of the Blessed Virgin, during the nineteenth century, of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" is a consoling revelation of infinite love and pity—a presage of tender guardianship whose chief attribute is compassionate mercy.

The book, beautifully illustrated, is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

In his work entitled *STUDIES CONCERNING ADRIAN THE FOURTH*, Professor Oliver Joseph Thatcher presents in a most agreeable style the results of his investigations on the several points involved in the celebrated historical contention concerning the nature of the grant of Ireland by Pope Adrian the Fourth to Henry the Second, King of England. Reviewing the story of the controversy, and considering the main features of the Pope's right of investiture, the author clearly shows that there is no existing evidence that the investiture of Henry the Second with the government of Ireland ever took place; on the contrary, when Henry "took possession of Ireland he did so neither by virtue of the papal investiture nor by the papal offer of investiture. Henry the Second got possession of Ireland, *vi et armis*, and not as a fief, but as an absolute possession. Neither Adrian nor Adrian's offer, as recorded by John of Salisbury, can in any way be made responsible for Henry's seizure of Ireland. And after he had taken forcible possession of it, he tried, but without success, to persuade three successive popes to acknowledge the absolute character of his title to it."

Professor Thatcher sets aside the slanderous imputation that Adrian conferred the government of Ireland upon Henry out of the natural pride of an Englishman to favor an English king, and pays a just tribute to the nobleness of the Pope's character:

"There is nothing in Adrian's conduct or letters that would indicate that he was filled with the patriotic desire to see England's authority extended over her neighbors. There is no evidence that he labored out of patriotic motives to increase the power and

prestige of the English king. There is no proof that he was inclined to favor his native land at the cost of Saint Peter. He never was influenced in his papal policy by his nationality. As Pope he labored for the whole Church, not for the aggrandizement of a single power, even though it were his native country. He had a high, sane, and true conception of his office. Few popes have been more thoroughly imbued with what we may call the universal spirit of their office than was he. He was a fine exponent of the universal character of the papacy. From motives of simple friendship or of patriotism, to have diminished the possessions of the Church would have been to make the papacy subservient to particular and private ends. And that would have been malfeasance in office and treason to Saint Peter. The whole pontificate of Pope Adrian the Fourth shows that it would have been impossible for him to have acted in so treasonable a manner. The Church had a tremendous transforming power. Witness Thomas a Becket."

Finally, Professor Thatcher shows that the bull *Laudabiliter* and the congratulatory letter of Henry the Second to Adrian the Fourth are forged documents. The STUDIES, which are published by the University Press, Chicago, evidence an impartial judgment and are commendable for historical documents hitherto unpublished.

A ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS has been presented to the literary public through the courtesy of Benziger Brothers, New York.

While partaking of the excellent feast provided we are refreshingly entertained and instructed. Tales of love and adventure, of prince and peasant, of hope and of sacrifice are spiritedly related by Conrad v. Bolander, Fred von Brackel, Otto von Schaching, Antonie Jungst and several others.

SONGS BY THE WAYSIDE is the title of a volume of poems by William J. Fischer, M. D., which the Gorham press of Boston has issued in a handsomely printed volume, bound in cloth with a most attractive design in colors. The frontispiece portrait of the author will be appreciated by his readers.

The name of Dr. Fischer is not new to DOMINICANA, for he has been a frequent contributor to our pages. Of his work we can speak, "as one knowing," and we, therefore, deliberately adopt as our own the following estimate of Dr. Fischer, from the graceful foreword to his volume written by Mr. Charles J. O'Malley, editor of *The New World*:

If the truest poets are they who sound every chord, then Dr. Fischer is a true poet. More commendable than all, perhaps, is the

healthy optimism which pervades his pages—the faith, the hope, the charity, the constant looking toward God, and the inclusion of all beauty, which leads toward the higher life. In this, William J. Fischer is distinct among present-day American poets, and, if he be true to his ideals, he will win a place of which his native land may one day be proud.”

As a specimen of his style we quote two poems :

A Christmas Reverie.

From the fire-place, so olden,
In the Yule-log's ruddy glare,
Leap up mem'ries that are golden,
While the twilight breathes a prayer;
And, before mine eyes, dear faces,
Glad with love's fond overflow,
Beaming brightly, leave their traces,
On the hot coals, red a-glow.

Beaming faces! in your splendor,
Drifting down the silent years,
Oh, the joy pure, that you render,
Has controlled a flow of tears!
Come! together let us wander,
Down the aisles of long ago,
While the Christmas bells clear,
yonder,
Ring their tidings o'er the snow!

Let our old songs swell with feeling,
Let our spirits bright return,
While old dreams come backward
stealing
And in Mem'ry's treasured urn,
Thoughts, sweet, slowly light the
fires,
At the dear shrine of the Past,
While they burn, the old desires,
In our hearts, now beating fast!

A Madrigal.

I prayed for Joy.
My cheerless heart was sad and lone
And in a tender, gentle tone,
A lark, poised in the skies afar,
Like morn's last, pale, ethereal star,
Welcomed the daylight o'er the hill—
The green earth smiled and all was
still—

And Joy was mine

I prayed for Hope.
Life's afternoon was clouded deep
And rained thick tear-drops on my
cheek
And birds sang songs across the lea—
Oh, weary heart! they sang for thee!
And, when the sorrow-clouds were few,
God's sunshine, pure, came stealing
through—

And Hope was mine.

I prayed for Love.
And Love it came, from God's white
throne,
And made its presence rare mine own;
It turned my heart's sad, pulseless
strings,
And sang for me fond whisperings
Of peace, that brightened life's glad day
With sunsets golden, twilights gray—
And Love was mine.

As a Christmas gift to a friend SONGS BY THE WAYSIDE will be found appropriate and valuable. To the gifted and promising author DOMINICANA offers hearty congratulations.

The American Book Company, New York, has published in excellent style of printing and illustration, a re-arrangement of Orton's Comparative Zoology, by Charles Wright Dodge, M. S., entitled GENERAL ZOOLOGY; also, LE PETIT ROBINSON DE PARIS, a popular French classic, by Eugenie Foa, a story of adventure related in an easy, graceful style. The present edition is the work of

Louise de Bonneville, whose concise notes with the extensive vocabulary amply elucidate the text

Professor MacClintock, Principal of the Normal High School, Cebu, has written a primer of local geography entitled the PHILIPPINES. The book is well illustrated and contains several good maps. The "small boy" having familiarized himself with some picturesque scenes, in which the nude savage generally figures, is more than startled at the information that "schools are provided in Manila for all who *want* to study. *They* are located in all parts of the city, and any child who wishes may attend *them*. There are also night schools conducted for those who cannot *come* during the day. Besides, there are special schools like the *Normal School* for the training of teachers, the Nautical School for boys who *want* to enter the merchant marine, the Trade School for those who *want* to learn carpentering, plumbing and telegraphy, and the University of Saint Thomas for those who wish to study a profession."

In the closing chapter, devoted to the memory of the Filipino patriot Rizal, Professor MacClintock tells us that "Dr. Rizal wrote some books about his country, the aim of which was to show *how the friars mistreated* the people. These books and the active opposition he made to their large claims of property, finally made the friars determine to crush him."

Should Professor MacClintock care to know the truth, he might consult the Spanish State documents in Manila; he will there find the record of a lawsuit commenced by the Rizal family against the Dominican corporation, to unjustly possess themselves of land that the Dominican Fathers had allowed them to use RENT FREE! He will also find instances of the friars' liberal kindness to this family.

Of the real character of this so-called hero, Dr. Rizal, the world is not in ignorance. Deluded by the high idea that he was to deliver his country from oppression—he became a corrupt "tool" in the hands of political schemers who sought their own advantage.

Convicted of conspiracy against legitimate authority, Rizal realized to his own chagrin, that he had been but a marionette in the filibustering campaign, deserted in his hour of need by those who had made a "cat's-paw" of him.

Individually bright and intelligent, Rizal, in different hands, might have occupied a noble place in history. Previously to his execution he confessed his sins and received Communion from the hands of a Jesuit father. After long consideration he made a formal retraction of his errors in the following terms:

"I declare myself a Catholic and in this religion in which I was born and educated I wish to live and die. I retract with all my heart all my words, writings and actions that have been contrary to my

condition as a son of the Catholic Church. I believe and profess whatever she teaches and I submit to whatever she demands. I abominate masonry as an enemy of the Church and as a society condemned by the Church.

"The diocesan prelate, as superior ecclesiastical authority, may make public this spontaneous manifestation, to make reparation for the scandals which may have been caused by my works, and that God and my fellow-men may pardon me "

JOSE RIZAL.

Manila, 29th of December, 1896.

Witnesses:

JOSE DEL FRESNO,
Chief of Picket.

ELOY MAURE,
Adjutant.

Professor MacClintock may not have intended to mislead the "young idea," but the "small boy" of to-day must be fully satisfied as to the truth of historical narratives. Inaccuracies are likely to displease him.

The American Book Co., New York, have published this volume.

EDGAR, OR FROM ATHEISM TO THE FULL TRUTH, is a volume which deserves strong commendation. The work of a German Jesuit, Father Louis von Hammerstein, written in a very agreeable style and under the form of letters between an unbelieving young jurist and a learned priest, EDGAR deals with the vital and fundamental principles of religion and faith. A timely publication we may name it, for though it covers ground with which scholars are familiar and to which students can find easy access because of various other treatises on similar lines, this present volume has merits quite special to itself. Therefore, we take pleasure in announcing EDGAR, and we compliment B. Herder, of Saint Louis, the publisher, because his house is conspicuously identified with the best efforts of the Catholic press.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN CIVILIZATION by William Samuel Lilly, is the title of a revised, enlarged and re-written work which the author originally published as "Chapters in European History." An admirable introduction is furnished in a dialogue on the philosophy of history. Much new matter, formerly contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Lilly has also embodied in the present volume.

Ever holding in close range of view the main purpose signified by the title of his book, the author, whose erudition is well known to students of England's best nineteenth century literature, discourses

through a series of scholarly essays on topics that are vital: "The Nascent Church," "The Age of the Martyrs," "The Christian Revolution," "The Turning Point of the Middle Ages," "The Ages of Faith" "The Inquisition," and "Holy Matrimony."

With a keenly analytical judgment, a fearless love of truth, and a courageous readiness to state facts, Mr. Lilly's profound learning is in constant evidence, as he passes from theme to theme in his wide-reaching treatment of a complex subject. His intensely critical spirit and his determined purpose to avoid seeming partiality suggest, at times, that he draws dangerously near the precipice's edge. Sincerely admiring his ability and recognizing the merit of his performance, we are disinclined to express dissent from his method, at least, in a too positive manner. We feel, however, that while we greet his volume as a work of erudition written in a style that is stately and yet delightfully pleasant, we must also speak of it as a storehouse into which only well prepared readers should venture in quest of intellectual provender. Mr. Lilly has not written for babes; he has provided meat for strong men.

The publishers, Chapman & Hall of London, offer the work to the American public through the well known house of B. Herder, Saint Louis.

The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio, has issued in a well printed, neatly bound and compact volume of five hundred pages, a revised edition of the DOMINICAN TERTIARIES' MANUAL, originally compiled by Father Hyacinth McKenna, O. P., and now edited by Father Raymond Volz, O. P.

To our Dominican Tertiaries we are pleased to make known this valuable guide, and we trust that the editor and the publishers will find, in a large sale, a due measure of encouragement for their praiseworthy efforts. The price of the manual is only fifty cents.

Music

From Wm. Pond & Co., New York, has been received: JESUS PLEAD FOR ME, (Medium voice in C); OPEN THE GATES, (Alto in C, mezzo-sop. in E, sop. in G); both songs by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp. The first consists of a flowing melody, full of feeling. The second is pleasing, joyous, hopeful. THE BELLS OF EASTERTIDE (D) by Robert Coverly, is a sacred song of strong character. A DREAM MELODY, by Maribel Seymour, a simple, pretty little ballad. SWEET SYMPATHY, by Luscombe Searelle, a songlet in the comic opera Estrella, by M'lle. Cornelia D'Anke. THE CITY OF ZION, by Robert Coverly, in three keys; a strong sacred song, with full chord accompaniment. LULLABY, by Jessie V. Simons, a plain little cooing song in gentle rocking rhythm. COME OUT SWEETHEART by

Jessie V. Simons, a bright, spirited ballad. JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL, by H. P. Danks, a melodious sacred duet for contralto and baritone; simple and refined. CANADIAN BOAT SONG, an old English melody, arranged for piano, six hands, by Alberg W. Berg. A pleasing recreation for young piano students. CHOPIN ALBUM, Vol. I, Pond Edition, containing the following well-known compositions of Chopin: GRAND VALSE BRILLIANTE, Op. 18, Nocturnes, Op. 32, No. 1 and Op. 9, No. 2; IMPROMPTU, Op. 29; VALSE, Op. 64, No. 1; MAZURKA, Op. 5, No. 1; POLONAISE, Op. 26, No. 1; BALLADE, Op. 47; BERCEUSE, Op. 57; MARCH FUNEBRE, Op. 35. EASTER CAROLS, Annual, No. 35, the Grace Collection, by various authors, consisting of melodious Sunday School hymns. THE STRIFE IS O'ER; WE SING TODAY, both by W. D. Armstrong, simple and church-like. AS IT BEGAN TO DAWN, by W. C. Williams, an anthem for Easter. THE REIGN OF CHRIST, by Mrs. J. F. Knapp, pleasing. THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH, quartette for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass. Sweet melody in even flowing rhythm, by A. H. Taylor. MY HOPE, MY ALL, a fine bass solo and quartet, arranged from Mozart, by H. P. Danks

From the Boston Music Co. (G. Schirmer, Jr.) we have received the following selections. GATHER ROSEBUDS (Sop. or Ten. in E; M-Sop. or Bar. in D flat) by Benj. Whelpley, a brisk little encore song. A LONELY GARDEN, by Gustave Strube. O LIKE A GARDEN IS MY HEART (Sop. or Ten. in E flat; Alto or Bar. in C), a lovely melody over a fine accompaniment. SECRETS, (Sop. or Ten. in G; Alto or Bar. in E. flat), a sprightly, piquant accompaniment and a pretty melody. THIS DAY IS BORN A SAVIOUR (Sop. or Ten. in D min; M-Sop. or Bar. in B min.) a fine, strong sacred song working up to a noble climax. All these songs are by the well-known composer H. J. Stewart. MY BELOVED QUEEN (in five keys), by Fabian Rose, a good, broad song. A SUMMER WOOING (Sop. or Ten. in F; M-Sop. or Bar. in D), a short, gay melody set to a brilliant accompaniment. IF NO ONE EVER MARRIES ME; both songs by Jas. H. Rogers. THE SONG OF THE SOUTH by Geo. L. Osgood, a martial hymn, patriotic and strong. BID ME BUT STAY, in three keys, by Hartwell Jones, a satisfying song. SONG OF LIFE, (Sop. or Ten. in A; M-Sop. or Bar. in G). EAST COAST LULLABY in two keys; both songs are by Clayton Johns. CROSSING THE BAR, (Sop. or Ten. in E flat; M-Sop. or Bar. in D flat), the text is the well known poem of Lord Tennyson, finely set to music by Edward Broome.

Among the Organ Compositions is: OFFERTORY IN C by Marcus H. Carroll. A pleasing number with registration, manuals and pedals well defined. Ethelbert Nevin's popular NARCISSUS

arranged for cornet in B flat and piano, by Gustave Strube. For piano solo are: *LEGATO* (Tempo di Valse) by Gustave Strube. Arranged for string orchestra. *A SHEPHERD'S TALE*, Op. 16, No. 1. *LOVE SONG*, Op. 2, No. 2; both compositions by Ethelbert Nevin. *THE HOLIDAYS*, a series of *SIX LITTLE RECREATIONS FOR PIANO*, of the very first grade, by Florence Maxim. *EN ROUTE*, Etude for piano, by Clayton Johns. *AN APRIL HEART*, song cycle. Six lyrics by Chas. Hanson Towne set to music by H. Clough-Leigher. The accompaniments are dazzling and brilliant all through. Ethelbert Nevin's lovely song *DORIS*, harmonized for three female voices, with violin and cello obligatos. This is unique and lovely. Choral societies should be pleased to welcome it into their repertoire. *MY LADY CHLO'* a negro song harmonized for two soprani and two alti by H. Clough-Leigher.

We have received from Wm. A. Pond & Company, New York, the following: *ONLY A DREAM*, by George W. Persley, and *OLD MOTHER HUBBARD DANCE*, by Fred Baker, two simple mandolin solos for beginners. *PANSY DANCE* by F. W. Meacham, a moderately difficult mandolin solo. Two piano pieces by James H. Rogers, No. 1, *INTERMEZZO*, No. 2, *TOCCATINA*, a bright bubbling piece of staccato work. *THE MODERN FAD TWO-STEP* by W. F. Sudds, is a vivacious and catchy little bagatelle of a piece, pleasing to the ear, well pedaled and with an attractive title page. *JUST AS I AM* (Sop. in C; Alto in G), a sacred song by Henry Tucker. *THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING*, for Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone, a sacred song, choral-like and melodious, by Arthur Sullivan. *ERE THE WORLD IS GRAY*, by Jos. S. Roeckel; text by Clifton Bingham, a sweet ballad working to a good climax and altogether satisfactory. Wm. A. Pond's collection of *Quartets and Trios for Male and Mixed Voices*. No. 1 (2nd Series) *DOWN ON THE SANDS*, by R. B. Shepherd, a good quartet for male voices. No. 2 (2d Series) *OLD BLACK JOE*, No. 3 (2d Series) *SWEET GENEVIEVE*, by C. F. Shattuck; both for mixed voices, and harmonious and pleasing to hear.

The John Church Company of Cincinnati has published a collection of *Sacred Songs* in four volumes—vol. 1 for soprano; vol. 2 for alto; vol. 3 for tenor; vol. 4 for bass. Each comprises a selection of the very best sacred music from the pens of the best known song-writers, as well as from the Oratorios. Among the composers we note: Ambrose, Bach, Beethoven, Bizet, Cherubini, Dvorak, Faure, Franz, Gounod, Handel, Haydn, Liszt, Mozart, Pinsuti, Rossini, St. Saens, Tosti, and a host of others, equally as good.

They are attractively gotten up, and in clear, bold type. Singers especially church singers, should inspect and procure these volumes, for they are worthy of a prominent place in their musical library.

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DOMINICANA greets its readers in the spirit of the Christmastide, with an added hope that for them the old year will close with all needed blessings.



As our subscribers have had an opportunity of reading the first Encyclical of our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, the full text of which has been published in the Catholic weekly press, we have decided to print this noble and notable document in installments, hoping thereby to renew and quicken interest in the Sovereign Pontiff's solemn utterances. By this means, we trust, the Encyclical will be studied in a more leisurely and more profitable manner. Opening in the usual style, as a greeting to the Patriarchs Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries in peace and communion with the Apostolic See, the Pope says:

"Addressing for the first time from the Chair of the Supreme Apostolate to which we have, by the inscrutable disposition of God, been elevated, it is not necessary to remind you with what tears and warm entreaties we exerted ourself to remove from us this formidable burden of the Pontificate. Unequal in merit though we be with S. Anselm, it seems to us that we may with truth make our own the words in which he lamented when constrained, against his will and in spite of his struggles, to receive the honor of the episcopate. For to show the dispositions of mind and will with which we subjected ourself to the most serious charge of feeding the flock of Christ we can well adduce those same proofs of grief which he invoked in his own behalf. "My tears are witnesses," he wrote, "and the sounds and moanings issuing from the anguish of my heart, such as I never remember to have come from me for any

sorrow, before that day on which there seemed to fall upon me that great misfortune of the archbishopric of Canterbury. And those who fixed their gaze on my face on that day could not fail to see it. I, in color more like a dead than a living man, was pale from amazement and alarm. Hitherto, I have, with true reasons, resisted, as far as I could, my election or rather the violence done me. But now I am constrained to confess, whether I will or not, that the judgments of God oppose greater and greater resistance to my efforts, so that I see no way of escaping them. Wherefore, vanquished as I am by the violence not so much of men as of God, against which there is no providing, I realize that nothing is left for me, after having prayed as much as I could, and striven that this chalice should if possible pass from me without my drinking it, but to sink my own feelings and my will and resign myself entirely to the design and the will of God."

In truth, reasons both numerous and most weighty were not lacking to justify this resistance of ours. For, apart from the fact that we deemed ourself altogether unworthy, through our littleness, of the honor of the Pontificate, who would not have been disturbed at seeing himself designated to succeed him, who, ruling the Church with supreme wisdom for nearly twenty-six years, showed himself adorned with such sublimity of mind, such lustre of every virtue, as to attract to himself the admiration even of adversaries, and to leave his memory stamped in glorious achievements?

Then, again, to omit other motives, we were terrified beyond all else by the disastrous state of human society today. For who can fail to see that society is now, more than in any past age, suffering from a terrible and deep-

rooted malady which, developing every day and eating into its inmost being, is dragging it to destruction? You understand, venerable brothers, what this disease is—apostasy from God, than which in truth nothing is more allied with ruin, according to the word of the prophet: "For behold they that go far from Thee shall perish." (Psalm lxxii., 17). We saw, therefore, that, in virtue of the ministry of the Pontificate which was to be intrusted to us, we must hasten to find a remedy for this great evil, considering as addressed to us that divine command: "Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up, and to pull down, and to waste, and to destroy, and to build, and to plant" (Jeremiah, i., 10). But, cognizant of our weakness, we recoiled in terror from a task as urgent as it is arduous.

Leo the Thirteenth had decided to celebrate the fiftieth year since the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854 with great festivity. Pius the Tenth, in a letter addressed to the Commission of Cardinals appointed to carry out this decision, declares it is his duty to avail of the teachings and examples left to him by his august predecessor. He sent to the Cardinals a prayer which he composed, granting an indulgence of 300 days once a day to those who recite it. The following is a translation of the prayer of our Holy Father:

"Most Holy Virgin, who hast found grace with God, and hast become His Mother, spotless in body and soul, perfect in faith and love, in this solemn jubilee of the declaration of the dogma which proclaimed thee to the world as conceived without sin, look down with compassion on the poor sinners who implore thy powerful patronage. The serpent of evil against whom the first malediction was hurled continues to attack and lead into danger the poor children of Eve. O thou, who art our Blessed

Mother, our Queen, our Advocate, thou who from the first moment of thy Conception, hast crushed the enemy's head, receive the prayers which, united with thine, with one heart and one mind, we beseech thee to present at the Throne of God, that we may always avoid the snares that are set for us, and so arrive at salvation, and that, escaping all dangers, the Church and the Christian world may sing once more the hymn of deliverance, of victory, and of peace. Amen."

Father Vincent McNabb, a well-known English Dominican, has contributed to the October number of *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* a learned and prudent article on the "twelfth promise" of the Sacred Heart, the careful reading of which should stimulate enlightened piety.

According to our promise in November we set before our readers the substantial text of the last will and testament of John A. Mooney, to whose memory we can pay this further tribute, that his distribution of his property was accomplished in a spirit worthy of the ages of faith. A rare document we have called this will, and such it is. That it is most edifying our readers will admit. We quote from *The New York Tribune*, August 21:

The will of John A. Mooney, who died at Hurricane, Adirondack Mountains, on July 25 last, was filed for probate in the Surrogate's office yesterday. The value of the estate is given as over \$100,000. With the exception of leaving \$5,000 to a second cousin, Mr. Mooney left his estate to churches and schools.

To the S. Patrick's Cathedral trustees he leaves \$1,000; to S. John's, \$500; to S. Ann's, \$500; to S. Michael's, \$500; to S. Jerome's, \$500; to S. Gabriel's, \$500; to S. Vincent de Paul's, \$500; to the Church of S. Joseph and the Holy Family, \$300, and

to the Church of the Assumption, \$100. All these legacies he hopes will be devoted to masses for his father, Patrick Mooney.

To the Home of the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in memory of his parents, he leaves \$1,500; to the S. Vincent's Hospital, to establish a bed to the memory of his parents, \$5,000; to the Society of S. Vincent de Paul, for charitable purposes of the society, \$5,000; to S. Joseph Seminary, Dunwoodie, to found a professorship to be known as the Mooney professorship of Sacred Scriptures, \$25,000, and \$5,000 to establish a scholarship in memory of his mother, and he hopes that in return for these funds perpetual masses will be said for himself, father and mother.

To S. Francis Xavier College \$1,000 each is left for scholarships in memory of his father, mother and himself, and \$1,000 for a gold medal to be given annually, and to be known as the Shea medal, in memory of his professor, Joseph Shea, of the Society of Jesus, to be awarded to the student in philosophy, rhetoric or belles lettres for the best essay on some purely literary subject; \$1,000 for another medal to be called the Deluynes medal, in memory of his friend, the Rev. Hippolyte Deluynes, of the Society of Jesus, for the best philosophical essay; \$1,000 for a medal to be known as the Mooney medal, in memory of his parents, for the best essay of a student of the university course on the subject, "The Social Importance of the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue."

To the S. John's College, Fordham, \$1,000 is left for a medal to be known as the Jouin medal, in memory of the Rev. Louis Jouin, S. J., for the best ethical essay; \$1,000 for a Mooney medal, in memory of his parents, for the best essay on the History of the Roman Catholic Church; \$2,000 for the education of poor lay scholars, and \$2,000 to the Sisters of the S. Vincent de Paul Society for the education of poor lay scholars.

To the Archbishop of the Diocese of New York \$1,000 is left to establish a gold medal for the best essay by a student of the Girls' Catholic Parochial School on "The Importance of Virtue to a Happy Life," and the same amount to the boys' school for an essay on "The Importance of Frugality to a Happy Life."

All books and coins are left to the College of S. Francis Xavier, and pictures, statues and bric-a-bac to the Sisters of Charity of the S. Vincent de Paul Society.

The sum of \$5,000 is left to Anna Gould Patterson, of Bangall, N. Y., a second cousin, and the residue of the estate to the Archbishop to be devoted to such charities as he may select.



Our Holy Father Pius the Tenth, having confirmed the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites (September 1st) whereby the immemorial veneration of the Blessed John of Vercelli, sixth Master General of the Dominican Order, was approved, has added another name to the bede roll of the beatified children of S. Dominic. The office and Mass in honor of the Blessed John will be duly promulgated. In a subsequent issue we shall publish a sketch of his life. An interesting feature of the proceedings marking the culmination of the process for the beatification of this illustrious son of Vercelli is the fact that the present Archbishop of that city, the Most Reverend Charles Pamphilio, is also a member of our Order.



On October 12th the Holy Father gave his apostolic blessing to the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The Federation has also received the approbation of fifty-nine members of the United States Hierarchy.



From the Pontifical Brief addressed by Pius the Tenth to Cardinal Gibbons, in commendation of the work of the

Catholic University of America, we make the following excerpt, which needs no comment:

Wherefore, we learn with genuine satisfaction that the bishops charged with the administration of this worthy institution have proposed, with the approval of all others interested in its welfare, that a collection be taken up in all the churches throughout the United States, annually for ten years, on the first Sunday of Advent, or the first convenient Sunday thereafter, with a view of enhancing the dignity and enlarging the influence of this noble seat of learning.

This plan, the result of their joint deliberations, we consider most beneficial. It is, therefore, our earnest wish and prayer that all the bishops of the country, as well as the faithful who have at heart the progress of learning and religion, should labor strenuously for the good of the University.

We commend to the special attention of our readers, Sister Anthony's noble poem with which this present number is opened.

Among the excellent features of *Sunset* for November we note, with special pleasure, a sketch of Father Crowley's praiseworthy work in behalf of the boys whom he is fitting to become intelligent farmers. As a development of the Youths' Directory, the ranch enterprise deserves and should receive generous help. Calling attention to the very interesting article on the "Boy Farmers in Napa," we gladly avail of the opportunity to commend, again and most heartily, Father Crowley's apostolic labors; and as earnestly we trust that every friend of DOMINICANA will also be a friend of the Youths' Directory and of the Napa farm school.

The discussion of the school question as a publicly maintained institution, depending for its financial support on the taxes paid by citizens in general, is not waning. Rather does it wax strong. The principles so clearly set forth by Archbishop Montgomery in his address published in our November

number, have been recognized by different non-Catholic authorities, as founded on equity and justice, while they are also in harmony with the cherished American doctrine of separation of Church and State.

For some timely contributions to this discussion we are very pleased to refer our readers to *The Freeman's Journal*, New York, October 24-31, November 21, and to *The Sacred Heart Review*, Boston, October 24. The articles published by those journals are valuable.

To an unsympathetic, carping, slander-loving world, and to the mean-souled multitude to whom neither action is valuable nor motive sacred, when another is the agent, we should like to offer Edmund Burke's noble thought: "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on—for God's sake—let us pass on."

On the occasion of the funeral of the late Marquis of Salisbury the following was cabled to the press of the United States:

London, September 5. — Lord Salisbury's funeral, by his express wish, was not to cost more than \$100. As a matter of fact it cost only \$70. The late Duke of Westminster set the example of cheap funerals, the outlay for his interment having been only \$35. In both cases, however, the wood of the coffin was supplied from the private estate of deceased. Undertakers are perturbed lest their fashion spread, as even already there has been a modification of the taste for elaborate funerals."

It would be well, for the preservation of a becoming Christian spirit and for the abolition of growing pagan customs, if the dead statesmen's sentiments were shared by our extravagant people. Nowadays the funeral of the humblest citizen often takes on the pomp and circumstance of war, the trappings and ceremonies of which cannot be

justly considered save as a gratification to the worldly spirit and imprudent vanity of those who form the funeral train.

For the best English translation of Father Twaite's beautiful tribute to our Lady of Guadalupe, which we shall receive from any of our subscribers who are students attending school or college, the editor of DOMINICANA offers a handsome prize, available till January 31, 1904.

Again we bespeak the interest of our friends in our work. With little trouble each of our subscribers could enlist another, and thus, at one stroke, the field of our activity would be doubled. And may we not suggest that a suitable gift, at this season, would be a year's subscription (or better, several years' subscription) offered to an appreciative friend?

We shall be duly grateful for the co-operation sought, because our purpose is one of good to be accomplished in the work of Catholic education, without any desire of money gain.

The September number of the *University Chronicle*, Berkeley, opens with the address of President Roosevelt delivered to the students, at the commencement exercises of the University of California in May last.

While placing before the minds of the students the loftiest ideals of American citizenship, their obligations of service to their fellow-men and to the nation, the President emphasizes the necessity of the conscientious "performance of duty in all the little things that come up day by day in business, in domestic life, in every way, and then if the opportunity comes," he concludes, "if you have thus done your duty in what appears lesser things, I

know that you will rise to the level of heroic needs."

Adolph C. Miller, in an able address considers "Some Demands of the New Industrial Order on the Universities," in view of the fact "that the best talent of the nation is going into the field of business enterprise." Hence "the strenuous insistence" that the universities should undertake to equip young men for specific work in practical business life.

Jacques Loeb, in his consideration of the "Limitations of Biological Research" is inclined to hope that the future efforts will reveal the secrets of biological truth, even though Science herself has at present "called a halt."

The review by President Ide Wheeler of the augmented sources of equipment of several departments of the University is an encouraging incentive to the promoters of education and a subject for congratulation among the friends of the University.

Among the bright stars that illuminate Ireland's literary firmament, brilliantly shines the name of Gerald Griffin. This gifted son of Erin was born at Limerick, of poor, but devout Catholic parents. When Gerald was about seventeen, his parents emigrated to America, leaving him to win his name, fame, and fortune, in his native land.

Though a mere boy, he chose a profession—that of medicine. He began his studies with zest, and in time, might have attained eminence therein, had not other tastes prevailed. His heart ever inclined to Literature; do what he would, he wandered into her fields, plucked her flowers, inhaled their perfume and became intoxicated by their sweets: so, shaking hands with Medicine, he bade adieu to her domain and sought glory where his heart had

been, with what success only fumes can reveal. London then queen of the world; thither he led his steps, his heart aglow, his dizzy from dreams of anticipatory glory. Alas! poor human weak, ever doomed to disappointment! he produced the work that was nately to win him fame. Few it notice. He forgot that John on had difficulty in finding a isher for "Paradise Lost." What l he expect in a city already ded with literary men? But h is ever hopeful, and Gerald was s ranks. Hence his courage. "I ; succeed," he said to John Ban- his only friend in his dire need; ave it in me." "That may be," ed the more experienced of the d, "you believe it, but the thing make publishers believe it. Per- e the world of its truth by your ."

his remark struck the young man; effected upon it, and soon after to the world his "Collegians." was followed by "The Rivals." eforth Fortune smiled upon smoothed his difficulties and lav- her gifts. Still her favors daz- not his imagination, nor won his . Like most young writers, his n was of a real evil—the refor- on of the stage—a reformation beyond the power even of his s, as subsequent facts disclosed. he deserves merit for his brave opt.

ities gave to his novels a high in literature, and they would ranked higher had Gerald ed conscience and written to fy the taste of his time, for he ssed the qualifications of a pow- writer: sound understanding, i imagination, high moral virtue ripe scholarship. These, had not alled him to a higher and holier might have won him undying as an author.

wever, his soul grew weary of orld and longed for rest; so one he bade good bye to worldly as he had before, to medicine; turning from the world, walked

the ways of God, in the ranks of the Christian Brothers. Thenceforth, he whose gifted pen had given to literature such brilliant effusions as "O Brazil," "A Place in Thy Memory," "Matt Hyland," and other contributions, occupied a desk, in an unpretending class-room, teaching the poor and the holy how to love and serve God.

Gerald had never been strong; now, austerity of life and constant duty hastened the fatal disease that had long threatened his life. For two years he lingered; at the end of the third he gave back his glorious soul to God, after a short but well-spent life.

In the cemetery of the North Monastery in Cork, Ireland, the traveller may see a headstone with the simple inscription, "Brother Joseph." That marks the honored grave of Gerald Griffin, saint, poet, dramatist, novelist—patriot—one of the best, greatest, and most gifted men ever produced by Ireland.

The centenary celebration of the birth of Gerald Griffin, during this month, demands the homage which we gladly pay to virtue and talent.



As an evidence of the danger to our youth, in the reading of the average secular journal when matters Catholic or historical are discussed, we refer to a recent editorial utterance of *The Bulletin* of San Francisco:

"Theodore Mommsen who died a few days ago at the age of 86, was a giant of the golden age of German scholarship. He was a noble example" etc.

Mommsen wrote much, and was reputed to be Germany's greatest thinker who never penned a foolish thing nor said a wise one. A politician of the socialist type, his philosophy and theology were of the kind that can see in nature no design of God's creative power and wisdom. Of the Catholic Church he spoke as "a curse to humanity and a menace to the peace of nations."

Great thinker, forsooth! and noble example!

Calendar for December.

- 1—S. John Francis Regis, S. J., Priest (from June 6). Model of Catechists. Love of God's House.
- 2—B. Osanna, O. P., Virgin (from June 18.) Meekness. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 3—S. Francis Xavier, S. J., Priest and Apostle of the Indies. Missionary zeal.
- 4—S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr. Desire of perfection.
- 5—S. Aloysius Gonzaga, S. J. (from June 21.) Virginal purity. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 6—First Sunday of the month—Second Sunday of Advent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; (1) C. C.; visit Rosary altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers.
- 7—Ordination of S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor. Trust in God.
- 8—Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, Patroness of the United States. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries; C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 9—S. Joachim (from August 16), Father of the Blessed Virgin. Devotion to the Holy Family.
- 10—Translation to Loretto of the House of the Blessed Virgin in which the Annunciation took place.
- 11—The Maternity of the Blessed Virgin.
- 12—Our Lady of Guadalupe, Patroness of Mexico.
- 13—Second Sunday of the month—Third Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.
- 14—B. James de Benefactis, O. P., Bishop. Religious instruction.
- 15—Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
- 16—B. Sebastian, O. P., Priest. Religious observance. Commencement of Christmas Novena. Ember day.
- 17—S. Nicholas (Santa Claus), Archbishop. Patron of children.
- 18—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Ember day.
- 19—Ember day—S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 20—Third Sunday of the month—Fourth Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 21—S. Thomas, Apostle. Lively faith.
- 22—B. Mary Mancini, O. P., Widow. Care of the sick.
- 23—S. Dominic, Abbot. Patron of our Holy Father S. Dominic. Spirit of penance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 24—Vigil of Christmas. Fast day for all the faithful, including workmen and their families.
- 25—Nativity of our Lord. Two Plenary Indulgences may be gained by Rosarians; (1) C. C.; visit; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained by Tertiaries and members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 26—S. Stephen, Deacon and Protomartyr. Forgiveness of enemies.
- 27—Last Sunday of the month—Sunday within the Octave of Christmas. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.
- 28—Holy Innocents — Martyrs. Commencement of Novena for the Epiphany.
- 29—S. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr.
- 30—Of the Octave.
- 31—S. Sylvester, Pope. Punctuality.



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An examination of the colored plates discloses the fact that several of these have been entirely redrawn, and now show all the changes made during the past ten years in *coats-of-arms*, *decorations*, *flags*, etc. Several new plates have been added, and among them may be mentioned one of American and European *butterflies* and *moths*, showing ninety-three varieties reproduced on a uniform scale of one-half the natural size, in twelve colors. The key to this plate gives both the vernacular and the scientific names of each of the species illustrated. Another plate shows 20 examples of the common *woods* of America and Europe in radial section. This plate has been produced from slices of live woods cut from one-sixtieth to one hundred and sixtieth of an inch in thickness. The specimens show both heart and sap-woods, all perfect in color. Every fiber in the structure of the wood is shown. A third presents the uniforms of the armies of the six great powers of Europe; a fourth, the uniforms of the army of the United States drawn by H. Ogden, artist to the United States Department of War.

The *Addenda*, which, in the first edition, consisted of but two scantily filled pages, has been amplified in the new edition to about one hundred pages closely packed with new words, and new meanings of old words, covering all fields, as will be seen from the following, which we quote at random: *authors* (a game); *electron* (electrophysics); *escalator* (moving stairway); *gold-brick*; *grajt* (new meanings); *greengrocery*; *gridiron* (in football); *marconigram*; *megafog* (fog-signaling apparatus); *merger*; (recent sense); *osteopath* (medical); *roof-garden*; *Rosh Hashana* (Jewish New-Year); *syntony* (wireless telegraphy); *tee* (verb, in golf). It is hard to believe that such words are now recognized by a dictionary for the first time, but comparison with other dictionaries proves this to be a fact.

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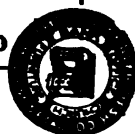
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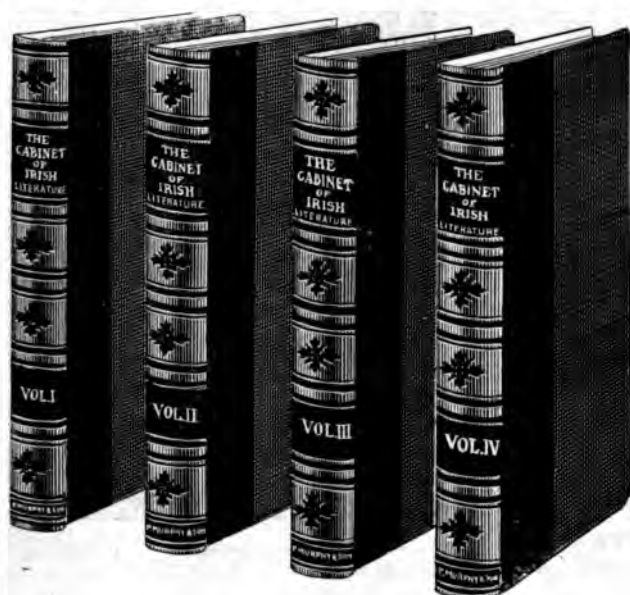
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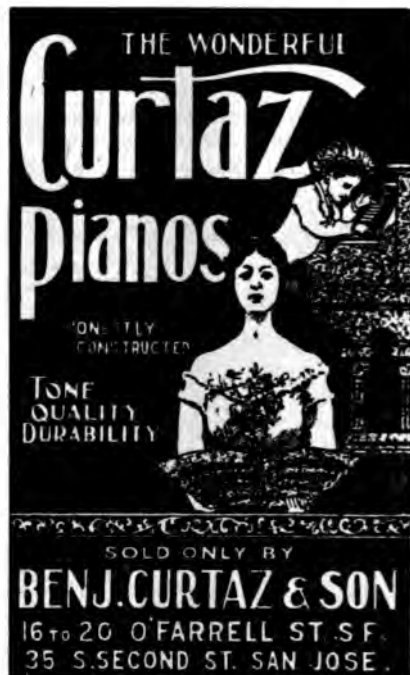
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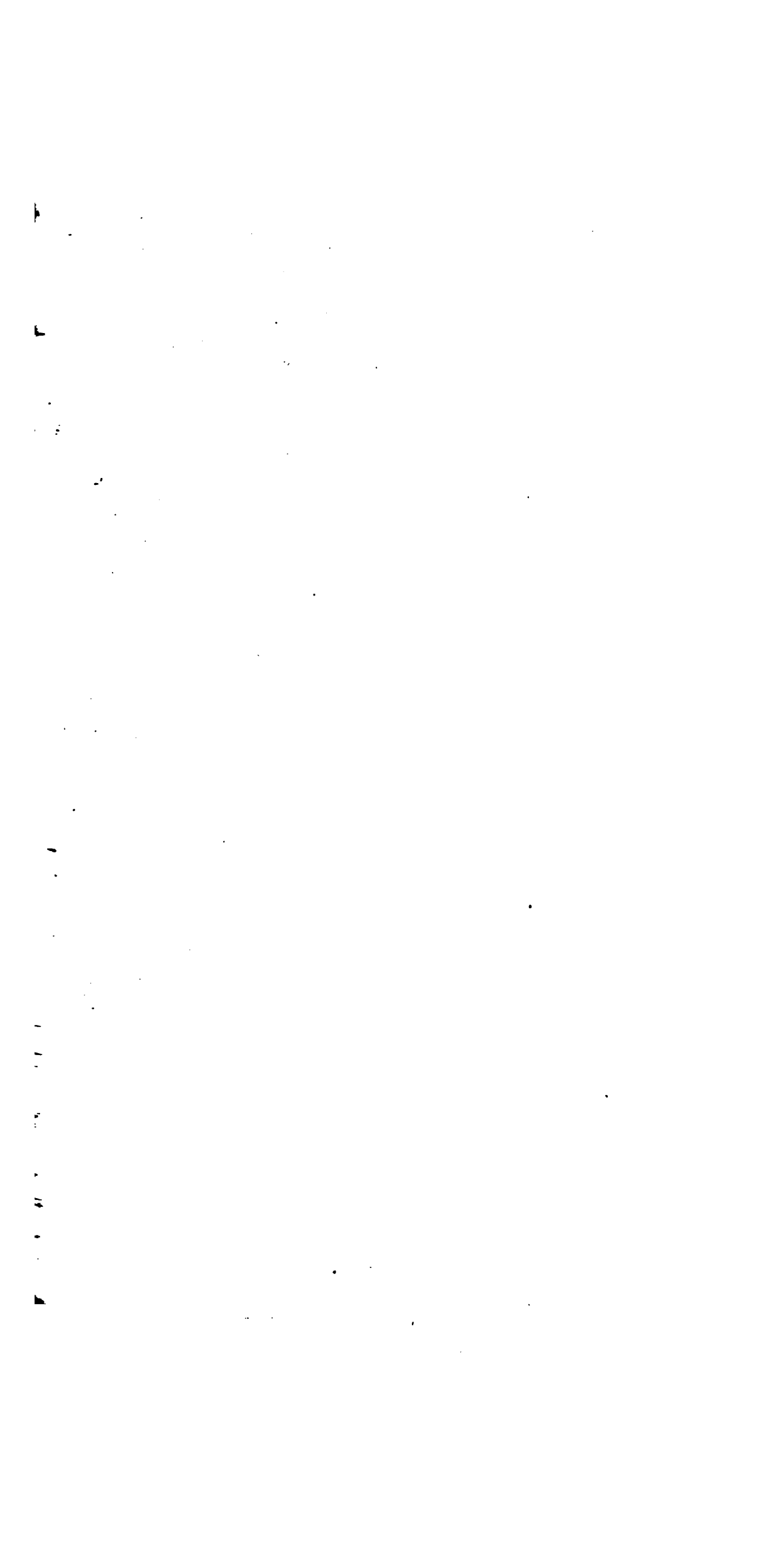
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